

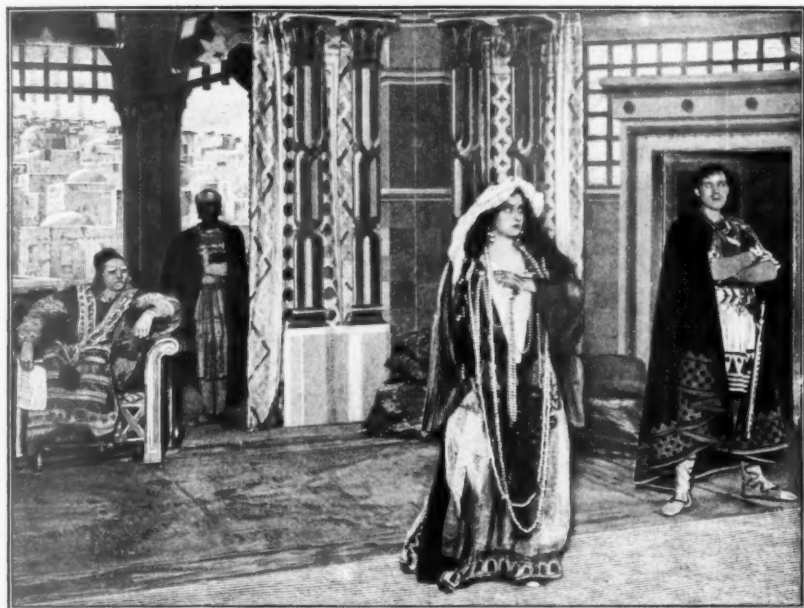
THE COSMOPOLITAN.

From every man according to his ability: to every one according to his needs.

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No. 5.



Photograph by Byron.

SCENE FROM ACT VI OF "BEN HUR."

THE DRAMATIC REALIZATION OF THE NOVEL.

BY JOSEPH W. HERBERT.

OF course, it looks very easy at first. There is the dialogue all ready for you, and the characters all clearly drawn out by the novelist, and all you have to do is to put life into these paper dolls. Yes, that is all. But did you ever think of the difficulty of putting action into these paper puppets?

Begin at the mathematical end of the operation. Take, for example, "Ben Hur." Every one has read the tale, of course. There are five hundred and sixty pages. Reading at the average speed, say five minutes to a page, it would take twenty-eight hundred minutes, or one day, twenty-two hours and forty minutes, to finish the book, allowing no interval for rest or refreshment, and that would tax

even the endurance of a six-day bicycle rider. Now, the great difficulty is to compress these five hundred and sixty pages into a performance of three hours' duration. But, mind you, even then you haven't the entire three hours. In a six-act piece there are five waits. These waits will average eight minutes. There are forty minutes to be taken away from those three hours that you are "allowed," and you cannot beg any more because an audience is not at all indulgent after eleven o'clock, and so short a time as half an hour often means disaster to a play.

It takes one man to write the novel. It takes five hundred to make the play. I refer only to those who are directly connected with the play. I won't go back

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to the pine forest for the plank, or to the looms for the canvas, or mine the pigments used by the artists. We will take those directly concerned.

The man who adapts the play for the stage must first of all consult the author—not that the author knows anything at all of dramatic effects, but this is a ticklish point with authors, and they always insist upon being consulted. After the author has been "consulted" by the dramatist, and the author "satisfied," the next one interviewed is the management. The management in this case is a collective noun, and possibly each individual has to be "satisfied." More brushing up on the part of the dramatist. Managers nowadays are practical men.

One page of dialogue may involve an expenditure of five thousand dollars. How? Take a passage in Book Fourth of the novel—"Yes, I know the meaning of the flags," et cetera. "Has the owner many ships?" "He has." "You know him?" "I have dealt with him," et cetera. While this short conversation is going on, two pages of scenic description are silently performed. For example, "He occupied a seat in the shade of the sail." You build your ship first, so as to find a place for the sail. After you have the sail, the electrician arranges his lights so that the sail will throw a shadow. I am anticipating

slightly in this explanation, so as to prepare you for some of the work involved. The management bears all of these things in mind, and every word of the dramatist is wrought by his imagination into a picture.

After the management has thoroughly

considered the play, he looks about for the godfather, as he is sometimes called, the stage-manager, of whom, sad to relate, we have too few—Belasco, Teal, Conried, Freeman and Mitchell. I will not vouch for the correctness of the figures, but I've heard it stated that there are fully three thousand actors in America, and only five godfathers to go around amongst them all.

Well, the stage-manager is called in. He is always supercilious at the first reading—such a superior person. It would not do for him to be enthusiastic with the dramatist. The dramatist hesitatingly asks the stage-manager what he thinks of it, meaning the play, to which the stage-manager invariably replies, "We will fix it." This is what crushes the poor dramatist, modest creature that he is.

Mr. Stage-Manager indulges in his preliminaries. The first people consulted are the scene-painters.

The scene-painters have the book read to them by the stage-manager. Some time later the models (miniature settings of the play) are sent to the stage-manager. He passes on them, and gives them to the management



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SCENE FROM ACT I OF "SAPHO."

Photograph by Ayres.

SCENE FROM ACT I OF "HEN HEN."





SCENE FROM ACT IV OF "BECKY SHARP."
Photograph by Byron.

for inspection. The management may have mentally painted an entirely different picture of the scene, and again must be "satisfied." A tree is transplanted, a wall

a Roman costume is very exacting, and you take an actor who has never indulged in the sports of the arena, who is hollow-chested (though possibly a giant mentally), he might not impress you in this very trying garb of the Romans; and the prevaricating costumer, who knows thoroughly that things like actors are seldom what they seem, supplies the "symmetricals." I heard a matinee girl say the other day, "Maud, hasn't he a glorious figure?" And he had—eighteen dollars, and warranted not to shrink in the wash. This is one of the tricks in the trade. Thus we have put the costumer to work on the plates.

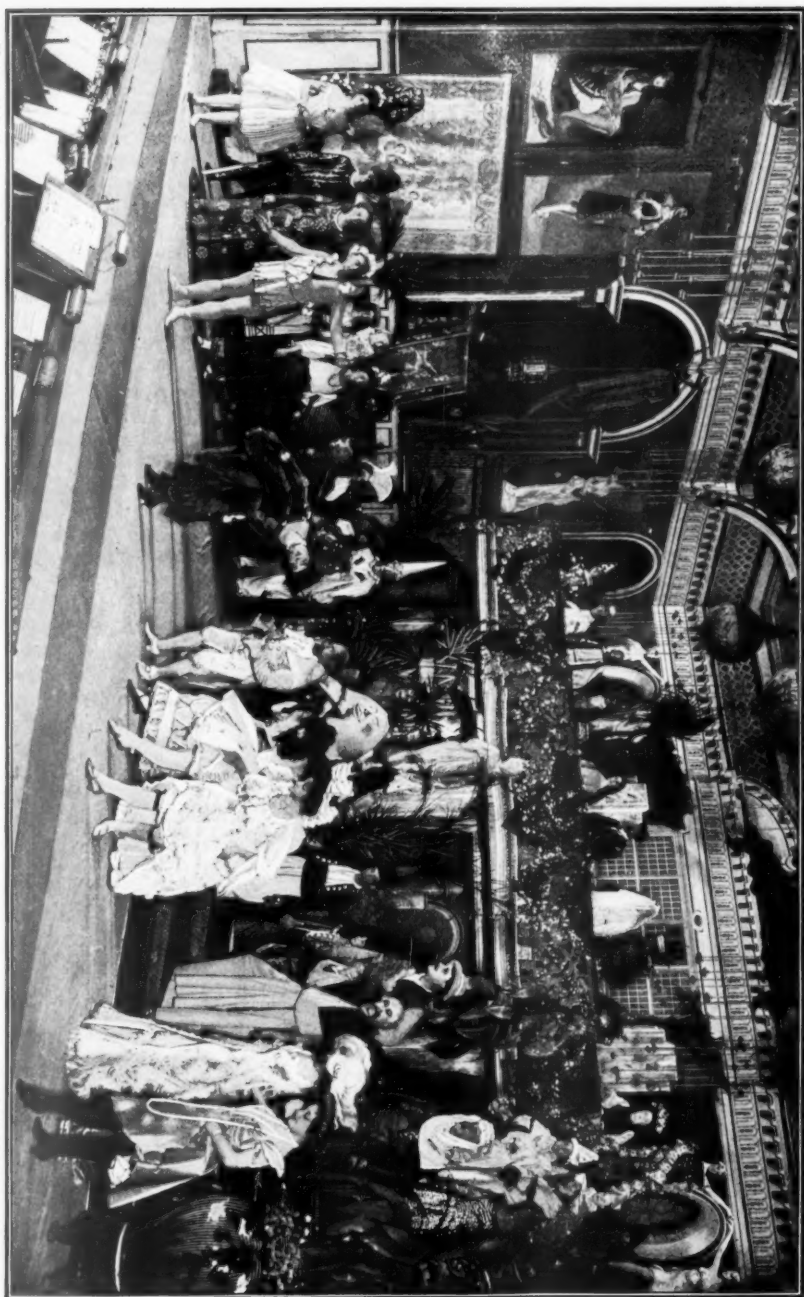
made lower. Perhaps he may object to the style of house, but this is where collision will occur between the management on one side, and the stage-manager and scene-painter on the other. While we will grant the management is possessed of wisdom and taste, he has to submit to the artist's ultimatum—"Preservation of architectural correctness." The model is finally passed upon, and every one is "satisfied."

Now the stage-carpenter is sent for. He is the builder. He looks at the models, figures it out on a piece of wrapping-paper, with a very short and thick lead pencil, and gives his estimate. If accepted, he goes to work. Just as the architect figures girders, posts, couplings, bolting, and orders the same from Pittsburg to produce his sky-scraper, so does the carpenter set about his task, with the exception that he takes the raw material and makes his own girders, posts, couplings, et cetera. He is excavator, bricklayer, mason, carpenter, joiner, cabinetmaker, lather, plasterer and plumber all in one.

Then comes the designer, the inventor of the costumes. A number of people are under the impression that the individuals pick out their own dresses. Never. At least, not in a first-class production. Haven't you very often seen in one of the—well—we will say, lower middle-class comic-opera companies, a yellow-draped girl making love to a green cavalier in purple tights? And while you may have no conscious eye for colors, hasn't it given you a sickly feeling that even the blue effect produced by the comedian in the organization could not harmonize? Yes, that is important. The color scheme must be preserved. The designer must be well versed in ancient and modern dressing, and must be absolutely correct in historic detail.

The property man is the next. In him we have the most wonderful being connected with the stage. He is ready at all times to supply anything from a raspberry tart to an upright piano. A statue is called for—say that of Isis. Perhaps he has never heard of the lady, but he will never show his ignorance on any subject. This is why he is a property man. He makes a trip to the Astor Library, tells his tale to the man at the desk, and receives a reference-book on heathen mythology. It is alphabetically arranged. He finds the I's, discovers the lady in cold black and white, and makes a picture of her on the back of an envelope. He never has a book. This is always the way with these property men. With a small compass the drawing is measured off proportionately. Then he goes home to his workshop. There was one property man in New York who used to call it a studio, but he was never in much demand. I think that was the reason. I have told you that the property man could

We have the models and the designs. The plates—that is, the costume pictures—are sent to the costumer, and he must be thoroughly versed in this class of work. A dressmaker couldn't do it, nor could a tailor. The cutting is entirely different, and draping, as understood by the costumer, is an art in itself. The garments are weighted with small pieces of lead, buckrammed to preserve the folds, padded to accentuate a broad shoulder. I really ought not to say so, but you know



Photograph by Byron.

SCENE FROM ACT I IN "SAPPHO."

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Photograph by Byron.

SCENE I, ACT II, OF "BECKY SHARP."

and the storing and the packing away. The Isis of the stage must be of lighter and sterner material—papier-mâché—and this is how he goes about its manufacture. From his model he makes a mold of plaster of Paris. When the mold is sufficiently dry, it is varnished, so that the paper will not stick to it. Then the duplicate Isis is made. Wrapping-paper, soaked for a few hours in water, torn in little bits, is pasted and stuck along the mold. This portion of the work is usually done by the property man's assistant, a young man whose family name is rarely ever known, he usually being called "Pugwash," "Cinders," or something of the kind. Finally Pugwash announces: "Sis is dry"; this is pretty close for Pugwash. Isis is taken from the mold, a most unsightly creature. Her back hair is a mixture of daily paper and Number Four heavy wrapping, but a coat of white paint transforms her into a dream in—stage marble. While Pugwash has been supplying Isis with her papier-mâché anatomy, the "old man" (Pugwash always calls his chief the old man) has been busy looking after the furniture: rugs, chairs, chariots—in fact, everything from the bay-window in the drawing-room to the farthest plank in the stable. The rugs must harmonize in color; the chairs, divans and stools must be shaped and finished according to the period. The upholstery must harmonize in color with costumes and draperies. If there is wine to be drunk on the stage, he supplies it—usually cold tea—the glassware, cutlery—everything.

draw. That is not his limit. In a few days you are made aware of the fact that he can model. He has your Isis all ready for you in clay. That would never do for the stage, a clay model. Isis would not last very long with the bumping

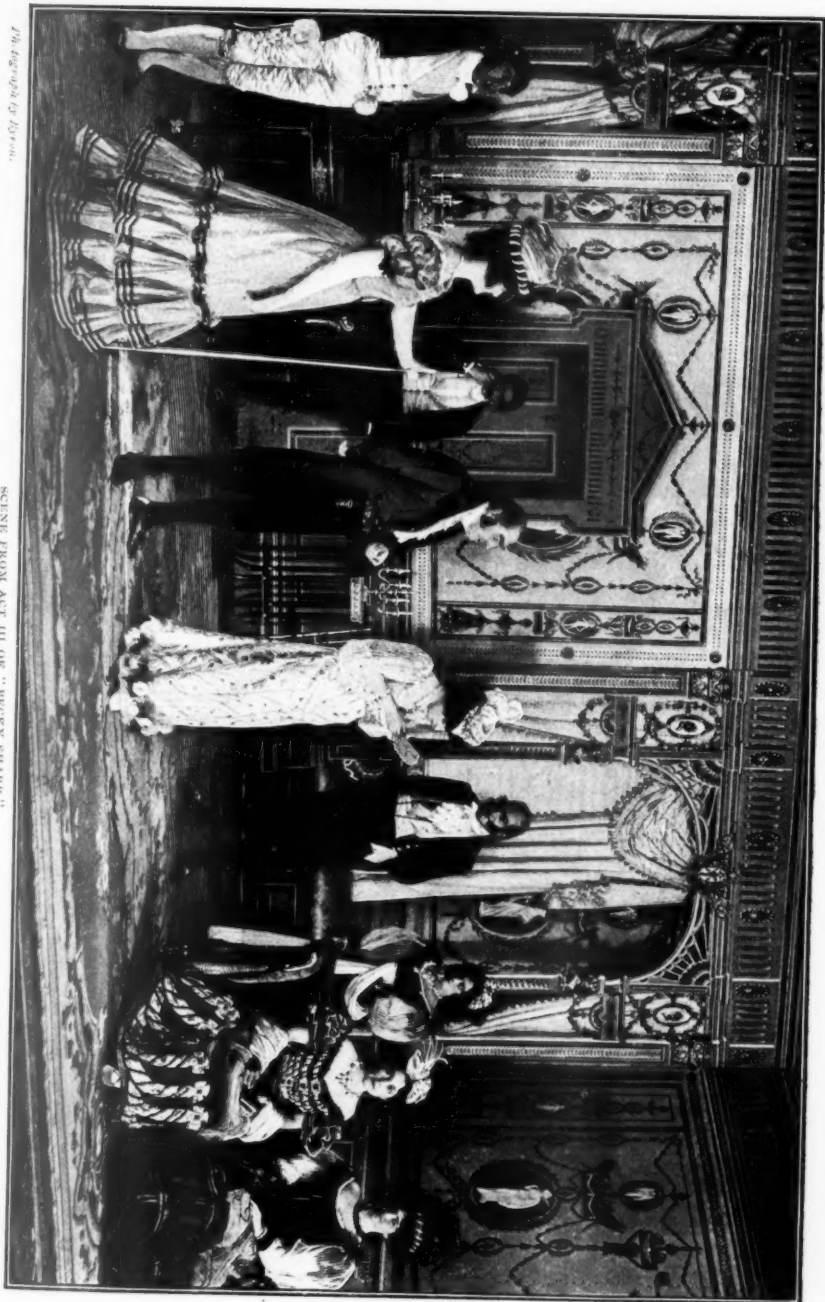
Then comes the electrician. I suppose you think the electrician supplies only the footlights, the border lights, and the calcium that is thrown from the front. These are the smallest parts of his work. The placing of his strip lights is of great importance in the lighting of the stage and the carrying out of the painter's idea properly. A strip light, to make it very plain, is a piece of wood, of almost any length, on which several electric bulbs are fastened, to disperse shadows. Haven't you very often seen on the stage a moon eclipsed by the shadow of a five-foot man? Well, that is where the business of dispersing the shadow comes in. A column reflected on the azure sky would hardly be correct, and I am sure would drive some painters to suicide. The backs of the columns, the walls and the houses, or any of the set pieces that would throw a shadow, are lighted at the back by these strip lights, which are fastened to them. Then again, the electrician, after consultation with the scene-painter, discovers what mediums he is to use. Mediums are colored transparencies, usually made of isinglass, and these must be judiciously handled, for any one who understands combinations of color and their results would realize how ridiculous it would be to throw a blue light on a yellow temple, and produce a green house.

Next comes the musician, who supplies the incidental music. (He hates that word incidental, as he is positive his music is the feature.) The book has been read to him. His orchestra must wait wherever the play becomes wailly. Where it is joyous he giggles with the piccolo. His marches must take on the character of the individuals in the scene—plenty of brass for the soldiers, while the strings must predominate for the chil-



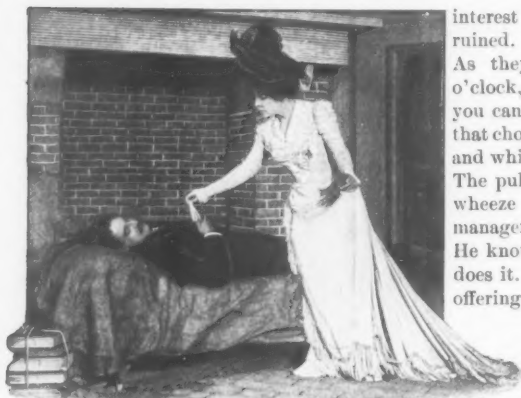
Photograph by Byron.

A PORTION OF A SCENE IN ACT III OF "SAPHO."



The photograph by J. J. J. J.

SCENE FROM ACT III OF "BUCKEY SHARP."

*Photograph by Byron.*

SCENE FROM ACT IV OF "SAPHO."

dren. In a storm scene, aided by the property man, who has charge of the wind, or, at least, the wind effect (a piece of canvas held tightly over a revolving drum), the musician gives you watery music, then subsides into a calm, which is always led by the oboe. The oboe always suggests peace. I suppose it originated with the flocks-and-shepherds idea.

Then comes the scene-painter, I beg your pardon—artist. As he is the most worried man about the place, and seems to know it all, we will carry him through as guide. And the actor? Well, he will speak for himself, unless the stage-manager cuts his lines.

Now comes the dress rehearsal. Dress rehearsals are always depressing. Everything goes wrong. The actors are nervous and miss their lines. The scenery works imperfectly. The mechanical effects work so badly that scenes appear ridiculous. The management frets, and casts a vengeful eye at the author as much as to say, "This is all your fault," while the author in turn looks at the dramatist as much as to say, "You are the fellow who's ruined my novel"; and so it goes. No one has hope. The actor comes to what he thinks is a fine situation, and reads his speech very well at the beginning. But there is no audience. The stimulus of applause is lacking. He loses confidence in himself, and instead of being a Demosthenes, he feels he is a gibbering idiot. All

interest in the play by this time has been ruined. The chorus people begin to chant. As they have been working since eight o'clock, and it is now three in the morning, you can imagine the beauty of the tones of that chorus. They don't sing. They wheeze, and while they wheeze a scene is drawn up. The pulleys have not been oiled, then it is wheeze and wheel in different keys. The management lights a cigar in the house. He knows it is against the rules, but he does it. The dramatist approaches him, offering a suggestion; the management walks away. And this is the way it goes. The curtain falls. Everybody is tired and disgusted. They go home without speaking to each other. The management says: "No help for it. We have got to face the music." A nervous

day precedes the opening night.

Eight o'clock, and there is no going backward now. Overture. Curtain up. We will take it scene by scene. First of all the curtain symbolic of Rome and Jerusalem. This is exhibited for about one minute, during which the chorus chant impressively. A red light is thrown on the scene. This is the first mesmeric pass made at the audience. Of course, the symbolic curtain has nothing to do with the play at that period, but it impresses the audience, prepares them for what is to come, and this is the trick. First get your audience in your power, and the rest is easy. This is precisely what is accomplished by the curtain, chorus and lights.

The second scene: In the book we read, "The time was noon-day, in the middle of July, when the heat of summer was at its highest." The fierce rays of the July sun are reproduced—by the elec-

*Photograph by Byron.*

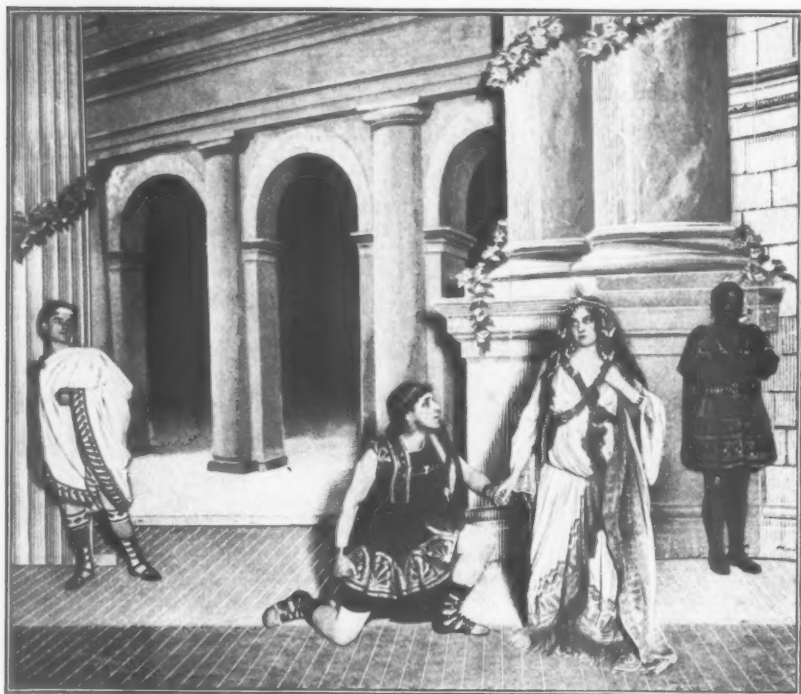
A PORTION OF A SCENE IN ACT I OF "BECKY SHARP."



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SCENE FROM ACT I IN "SAPHO."

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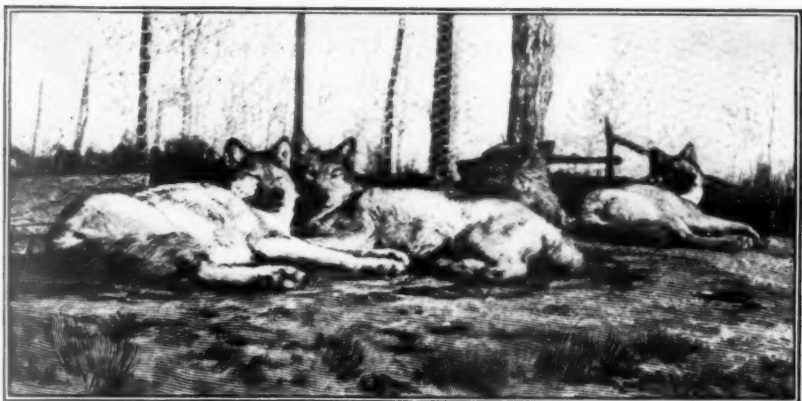
Photograph by Byron.

SCENE FROM ACT V OF "BEN HUR."

trician. His lens-light with its covering of light-canary medium reproduces with almost absolute accuracy the sun's color. Again, as the story tells, "patches of grass and shrubbery, rare specimens of the palm, grouped with the carob, apricot and walnut." Now there is not one man in ten who knows a carob from a Jerusalem artichoke. Here is where the stage is an educator. Mr. Albert, the scene-painter, may never have heard of a carob before, but he immediately made its dictionary acquaintance, or looked it up in some botanical book of reference at one of the libraries, and then the busy man sees a carob for the first time. He may never refer to it again, but he can revel in the proud consciousness that the beauties of the carob have been revealed to him. And so it goes from pictorial treat to treat.

The novelist is very closely allied to the stage. Dumas has been seen in action. Potter's "Trilby" created as great an impression as Du Maurier's book. The

"Little Minister" drew more money at the box-office than that famous story did in the counting-room of the publishing house. Interest in Thackeray is apparently revived by Mrs. Fiske's magnificent production of "Becky Sharp." Olga Nethersole, who is playing in Clyde Fitch's dramatization of "Sapho," has created a new interest in the great but (in America) somewhat neglected Alphonse Daudet. Apropos of "Sapho," Mrs. Leslie Carter was to appear in a dramatization of the book by Mr. Belasco when "Zaza" presented itself. "Quo Vadis," recently produced in Chicago, dramatized by Stanislaus Stange, has made such a favorable impression that people are actually learning how to pronounce the name Sienkiewicz. There is another novel, written by an American, that Mr. David Belasco, the playwright and stage-manager, is now "investigating." Why can we not have a stage revival of Dickens? "The Only Way" is, I hope, a forerunner of the series.



THE RESPECTABLE WOLF.

BY WILLIAM MARSH.

“THERE is nothing good in the wolf. He has a base look, a savage aspect, a terrible voice, an insupportable smell, a nature brutal and ferocious, a body so foul that no animal or reptile will touch his flesh. It is only a wolf that can eat a wolf!” So says Buffon, in a characterization well-nigh as savage as the nature of the beast characterized.

M. le Comte's unscientific spleen may be accounted for by the fact that the wolves from a neighboring forest more than once had had to find their winter's food in his sheepfolds, and by the further fact that one of the cubs he had in confinement got free and destroyed some choice specimens in the Montbard menagerie. Even the scientist is not always proof against personal prejudices. Cuvier protests against the popular judgment of the outlawed canines, and berates later naturalists for blindly following Buffon's estimate of the wolf's, and even the hyena's, character.

But the trouble began before Buffon's time. Give a dog a bad name, and you may as well hang him at once. Nothing illustrates the proverb more forcibly than the fate of the dog's forest cousin. An evil reputation fell to him centuries ago, and it has proved indelible.

No doubt his reputation has had a reflex effect upon his character; he has tried to live



LOOKING "PLEASANT" FOR THE PHOTOGRAPHER.

NOTE.—The photographs used in illustrating this article were taken especially for THE COSMOPOLITAN by Mr. A. J. Bothwell, of Denver, Colorado.

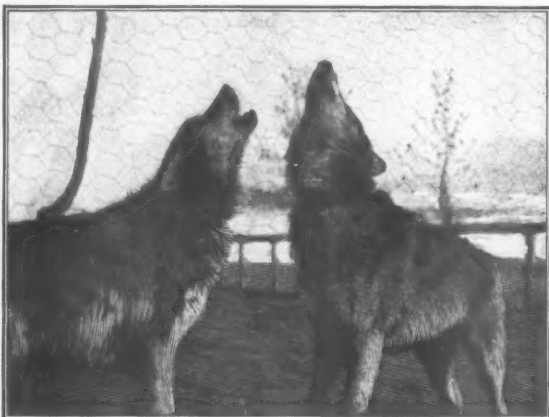
down to his bad name. Amid more propitious surroundings, under kindlier circumstances, the wolf might have developed into a decent and respectable personage. But from the first, he has had little chance. Every man's hand was against him. Kings made him the subject of proclamations; his own lands were bestowed upon those who exterminated him from them; the tribute of principalities was remitted for a few thousand of his heads. He was driven to the forest, and there the other beasts shared the human prejudice against him. There was no respectable place for him. He did not have the advantage of polite society. His haunts did not afford him the refinements of civilization. His work was hard, the struggle for existence against beasts bigger and better armed, against snow and hunters, precarious, and he had little time for the amenities of life. What wonder that his teeth and his wit grew sharp, his sense of honesty dull?

So he passed into a proverb. He stood for whatever was outlawed, whatever was cruel, false and rapacious. Whoever fell under the ban of church or king, and was driven from men and from the protection of the law, was "wolf's-head." Wherever poverty threatened, it was the wolf that was at the door. Wherever hypocrisy preyed on guileless victims, it was the wolf in sheep's clothing. He became the pariah of every literature, the synonym of the abject, the base, the savage, in every dialect and patois, the scorn of every countryside.

His evil reputation made him a great figure in fable. It was his fate to become the villain in the dramas of beasts, and the *bête noir* of the world's nursery literature. For centuries the infantile bosom has throbbled with pity over the frightful trag-

edy of Little Red Riding Hood; for centuries it has swelled with indignation over the dire accusations of the wolf on one side the stream, and then grown elate with righteous triumph at the forensic acumen with which, strong in innocence, the lamb on the other side replies. To nurture in the youthful mind regard for truth and abhorrence of sinful levity, it is the wolf that is called in to execute terrible wrath against the boy in the field who presumed to joke of a serious matter. It was he who was used as a foil to every, even canine, virtue, and the youth of every land were taught to hate him in inverse proportion to their love for faithful Geleert.

There is no mistake about his cunning. Captain Lyon tells of a wolf he had captured,



GRACE BEFORE MEAT.

which pretended death, until, a slight movement of its eyelids being observed, it was hung up by the heels, when it began to snap at everybody within reach and to gnaw the ropes that bound it.

The French hunter Hou-

detôt relates that he was once standing on a rock overlooking a pasture occupied by a flock of sheep, attended by a boy and a dog. Presently he saw skulking out of the neighboring woods, first a single wolf, and then a second. Advancing cautiously, they reconnoitered, and appeared deliberately to draw up a plan of operations. Then the dog-wolf sprang out, ran straight toward the flock, though without attacking them, passed directly in front of the shepherd, and, seeming to hesitate a moment, turned and fled. The shepherd jumped to his feet, and, followed by his dog, started in pursuit. Meanwhile the sheep stood huddled in terror. Their suspense was short; in a moment the second wolf appeared on the scene, sprang in amongst them, selected a nice



A FROLIC WITH A FRIEND.

fat wether, and dashing away was soon lost to sight in the covert. There, in some central, well-hidden tryst, she doubtless awaited, well satisfied, her mate's return to supper.

A single wolf played a similar, though not so deliberately planned, trick upon a peasant of Frederickshald in Norway. One day, looking out of his cottage window, he saw a wolf attack one of his goats. He happened at the time to have in his arms his child, eighteen months old. He laid the child down on the doorstep, and, snatching a stick, fell upon the wolf. The beast let fall the goat, and pretended to retreat, but suddenly appearing from around the house, he

snatched the child, and escaped with it.

The literature of wild beasts gives more space to adventures with wolves than perhaps with any other enemy of man. Col. Hamilton Smith, Captain Forsyth, Captain Lyon, Daniel Boone and Davy Crockett thrill us with authentic narratives in which Siberian, Indian and American wolves exhibit the same relentless cruelty, while in

fiction no Russian journey is complete without at least one escape from their pursuing fangs, and no Burgundian cottager but listens long winter nights to their terrifying howls. Many a wolf-hunt by northern sportsmen has turned into a man-hunt by wolves. A typical story is that of a party which started from the vicinity



THE FATE OF AN OLD COAT.



AN EIGHT-FOOT JUMP FOR A HAT.

of Forsbacka, Sweden, one severe winter day. They were well provided with guns and ammunition, and plunged gaily into the forest, amusing themselves with a young pig which they had brought, whose lusty squeals were expected to invite the wolves. Sure enough, the party was soon surrounded by packs of the famished beasts. When they came within range, fire was opened upon them. The killed and wounded were immediately devoured, but the taste of blood excited the survivors, and in spite of the firing, they came nearer, and threatened an attack upon the party. Frightened by the demonstration, the hunters threw the pig to the wolves. This diverted them for a few minutes, but presently they boldly attacked the horses, which plunged, broke away and escaped. The hunters were barely able to keep the infuriated pack at bay while they overturned their sleigh and took refuge beneath it. All night long the wolves attacked their fortress, now by teeth, now by united bodily onslaught, but it remained intact and in place until in the morning deliverance came.

Wolves, especially when hard pressed to find food, do not hesitate to attack men. A soldier one day in the depth of winter was crossing, on the ice, the lake Starsov, in Bohemia, when he was attacked by wolves. He had a sword at his side, and

defended himself successfully, killing and wounding a number of his enemy, and driving off the rest. An hour later, the survivors again attacked him, but this time he found himself unable to draw his sword—he had neglected to wipe it, and the blood had frozen it in the scabbard—and so miserably perished.

A farmer on the border of the forest of La Madeleine who had trapped four wolves, met with a terrible fate from his captives. Having, the better to shoot them, seated himself astride the walls of the pen, he was seized by the foot, dragged in and devoured.

The wolf's supposed character made him, from the earliest times, a personage in the world of superstition. He was the companion of evil spirits, and the familiar of witches. The wicked—sometimes the merely unfortunate—were transported into the hated shape of this beast, and were looked up to by bands of forest marauders, teaching them, and leading them into, outrages which could only be humanly conceived. From the classic case of the Arcadian Antai down to modern times, the folk-lore of all lands abounds in such tales. Outside of the witchcraft persecutions in New England, it would be hard to find anything more horrible than the trials, tortures and executions of alleged werewolves. The tale is told in a dozen departments of France, for example, of a prowling wolf which escaped, but left behind its severed paw; of the finding, in the morning, of this paw turned into a



A CONTENTED WOLF.



FEEDING THE BABY WOLVES.

human hand; and of the trial and burning of the neighborhood witch, who was discovered wounded and bleeding, with one hand gone.

A more gentle class of legends is that which tells of the nursing by wolf-mothers of human children. It is indeed difficult



PLAYMATES.



AFFECTION.

to believe that these stories are mere legends. Suppose some of them were true:—what could be more significant of the possibility that the popular estimate of the lupine character may be wrong? A mother who receives into her family a son of her chief enemy—can she be of a race utterly unregenerate and hateful? What could more powerfully indicate that the wolf is affectionate and forgiving, and that it could easily be tamed and brought into fellowship with man? There are innumerable records of the wolf's having sought that fellowship, from the days of Romulus and Remus to the present. The more modern testimony concerning wolf-children one cannot review without conviction of its essential truth.

For example, Sir William Sleeman tells of passing at noon along the banks of a stream, and seeing a she-wolf leave her den, followed by three whelps and a boy. "The latter moved on all fours, and, when chase was given, ran as fast as his companions, having no difficulty in keeping up even with the old one." The family was captured, however, the boy was confined, and efforts were made to humanize him. He remained true, though, to his upbringing, "struggled hard to dive into every hole he passed, exhibited alarm in the presence of adults, but would fly at, and bite, children." Cooked meat he rejected in disgust, but was "delighted with raw flesh

and with bones, cracking the latter in his teeth, and hiding them under his paws, after the manner of dogs. He could never be induced to speak, and no sound could be got from him but snarls and growls."

Clothing he would not wear, and a cotton quilt, given him for protection from cold, was torn up and partially devoured. He died in August, 1850, after three years of captivity, being apparently about twelve years old. "He had never been known to speak, smile or laugh; had formed no friendships nor attachments, seemed to understand little of what was said to him, habitually ran on his hands and knees,

these parts being calloused to leather."

It is singular that in the case of this beast, the usual process has been reversed. The human race has not made the effort to civilize the wolf, that the lupine has to brutalize the man. It is as if the inferior animal would prove that the two were meant to understand each other and live together in peace. But wherever, with patience and kindness, man has attempted to tame the wolf, he has succeeded. The beast has proved to be in fact easily capable of domestication. It could not be otherwise, wolves being social animals of high brain-power.

It is the same Comte de Buffon who tells how his friend, M. Valmont de Bommaré, domesticated a cub, which learned to enjoy and return his caresses, to obey him and come to share his bed.

M. Frederick Cuvier enlarges upon the degree in which the race prizes those signs of human affection—caresses of the hand or



A GAME OF TAG.

voice. The horse and the elephant are somewhat susceptible to them. "But," he says, "it is, without dispute, upon the canines that they produce the most marked effect; and this deserves attention, that all the species of the genus which I have had the opportunity of examining, are similarly affected by them. There was a she-wolf in the Royal Menagerie on which the caresses of the hand and voice produced so powerful an effect that she seemed to experience an actual delirium. A jackal from Senegal was affected precisely in the same

Captain Hare, of a well-known Devonshire family, brought home on his return from the Peninsular war, a wolf which he had caught young in the Sierra Morena. By kind treatment it had become perfectly tame, and had lived with him on the same terms of affectionate familiarity as a favorite dog. During many a mountain bivouac, the soldier, his horse and his wolf had slept together beneath a friendly cork-tree or in a sheltered ravine, sharing through campaigns the weariness, the scanty food and the danger. During Cap-



POSING FOR A GROUP PHOTOGRAPH.

manner, and a fox was so strongly agitated that it became necessary to abstain from all such expressions of kindness toward it."

The naturalist Bell tells of a female wolf kept at the London Zoölogical Gardens which used to recognize him as a friend, and come to the front of her cage to be caressed. Her pups, too, she desired to receive the notice of her friend, and was accustomed to bring them forward in her mouth, and finally killed them all by pressing them against the bars as she eagerly introduced them to him.

tain Hare's furlough, part of which was passed at Bristol, his pet accompanied him in his daily promenade—it is said somewhat to the terror of the Bristol citizen, who cheerfully yielded the sidewalk. Upon his departure, Captain Hare left his comrade in the keeping of Sir Hugh Smith, of Ashton Court. The faithful animal never ceased to sorrow over the separation, pacing before his kennel at the length of his tether the whole day long, and keeping always the sharpest lookout for strangers, in the hope that among them might come at last his old master.



CURIOSITY.

But perhaps the most striking of well-authenticated instances of the wolf's capability of affection and faithfulness is one narrated by Cuvier. In this case the animal was taken young, and brought up as a dog would have been. He became familiar with all the household, followed his master, showed sorrow at any absence, obeyed his voice readily, and behaved in no respect differently from a well-domesticated dog. His master, being obliged to travel, presented the wolf to the *Ménagerie du Roi*, where he was received and confined. Here he remained for weeks, uneasy and discontented, pining, and refusing food. Gradually, however, he became reconciled to the situation, recovered his health, and attached himself to the keepers. After an absence of eighteen months, his master returned. At the first sound of his voice, the wolf sprang up, frantically with joy, and being set at liberty rushed to the master and overwhelmed him with caresses. A second separation was followed by the same symptoms of grief, which again was allayed by time, and by the friendship of a dog which had been given him as a companion. Three years passed this time before the master again

returned. When he did so, his coming was at night, but again his first word awakened in the wolf the uneffaced memory of a beloved voice, and happy cries came from the cage. When the door was opened, the faithful creature rushed forward, placed his fore feet on his friend's shoulders, menacing the keepers who offered to remove him and giving touching evidence of his joyful affection.

No more effective proof of the capacity of the wolf for domestication could be given than is afforded by the accompanying illustrations. These pictures show the present conditions under which are living some gray wolves, born in a wild state and dug out of a den when about two weeks old, one year ago. They are completely tamed and domesticated, and are living happily, entertaining, and no doubt being equally entertained by, many young human friends on the ranch of A. J. Bothwell, Esq., on the Sweetwater River, Wyoming. If the life of the wolf may be this, are we not compelled to admit that this animal is, after all, the victim of his environment, and of his bad name, savage only when compelled by circumstances to be so?



SOME PUMPKINS.

THE WORLD'S LARGEST TRUCK-GARDENS.

BY JOHN E. BENNETT.

THE production of common garden vegetables on great sweeps of hundreds and thousands of acres, such areas devoted wholly to a single species, is one of the most remarkable as it is one of the most extensive of the recent industrial developments of California.

It is noteworthy that the output of these farms does not enter, to any but the slightest extent, into local consumption. The cities of California are supplied with their vegetables by Chinese and Italians. The big bean-grower is a grower for export. The great pea man bottles his product in green vials, labels it "Petits Pois Français" and ships it to the ends of the world. The man with lettuce gathers his crop in the three winter months, loads it a car at a time, and sends it to Chicago and New York.

Indeed, the big vegetable-grower is a product of several conditions. The first of

these is climate; the second, soil; and the third, location. Considering these inversely, it is because California has railroads on the east and an ocean on the west that it is possible to get the product to market. Fifteen years ago, before competing railroads and steamships came, the big grower's advent was not possible. The reduction of freight-rates by land and sea, despite combines to resist reduction, is what has brought him into existence. Then the fact that California possesses such a variety of soils and climates, induces the growth on a large scale of particular strains, local peculiarities making it so highly profitable to grow a particular thing that other things planted on the same soil become unprofitable when compared with it. Thus the district about Orange County has shown itself to be so superior as a celery region that nothing else is raised there. The soil is peaty and the cultivated

area is about eight thousand acres. Over all this expanse there is an apparently endless array of deep ridges and high mounds, making long lines in the black soil, the elevations fringed upon their crests with a stripe of green, feathery, delicate tint, telling of the stalks of celery which stand buried beneath.

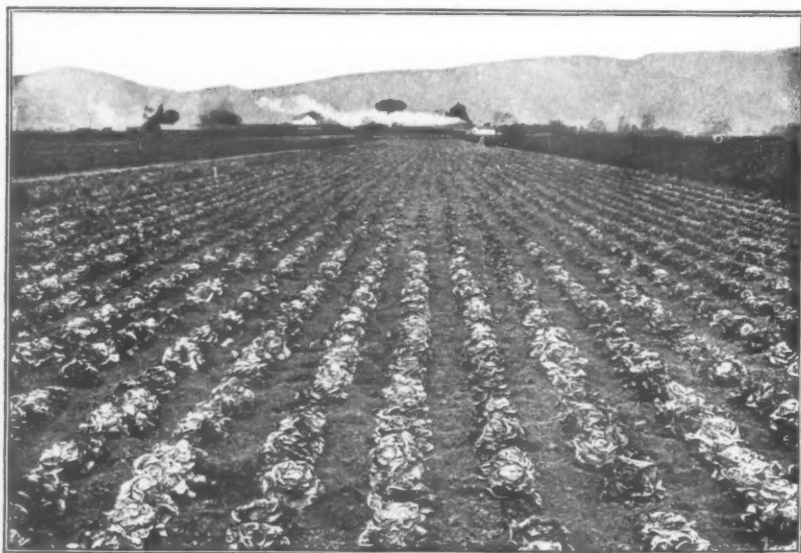
Three hundred dollars per acre is the annual return from a farm of celery, and he who has a hundred such acres may be assured of profits which will impress him with the feasibility and success of vegetable-farming on a large scale.

Beans, however, would not give such returns on celery land. They would grow, to be sure, but they would not be profitable as a large farming investment. This legume requires a light loam, for it draws most of its moisture from the atmosphere. It is, therefore, planted on the sea-coast, and in a large part of Ventura and Santa Barbara Counties beans alone are produced. From the time the crop is sown until it is gathered it does not receive a drop of rain. The ground is opened with the plow as soon as the crop is out, and is permitted to lie fallow through the winter and absorb water during the whole of the rainy season. As soon as this is over, which is in April,

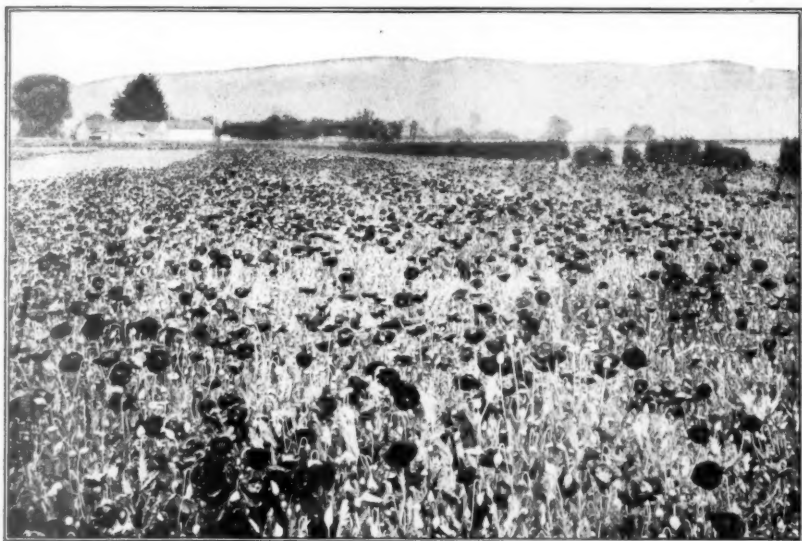
the cultivators are run over the ground, after which it is sown, the seed being drilled in as is wheat. The ground has enough moisture to start the seed and bring the plant above the ground, after which it is watered solely by the heavy ocean fogs which roll over that part of the country. No poles are used, the vines being permitted to run over the ground, and as a result the leaves soon cover the surface and protect the soil from excessive evaporation.

On the peat lands of the Sacramento River many large farms exist, and the soil and conditions have proved themselves adapted to several products. These lands are the most peculiar in the state. They consist of reclaimed swamps in which grew a strong reed called tule, and for thirty feet below their surface they are a compost of the decayed stems of tule and other aquatic vegetation. These lands are, by the river's courses, cut into islands varying from mere mud-banks to stretches of sixty thousand acres. A number have been surrounded by dikes to prevent ingress of the river, and the inclosed water has been pumped out by engines built upon the lands and maintained for that purpose.

Upon these areas many of the great vege-



A FIELD OF CABBAGES.



TEN ACRES OF POPPIES.

table-growers have their farms. Here are vast asparagus-fields, wide tomato-ranches, and endless cabbage-lands with their big knobs of heads tapering away in the distance to become mere buttons. Great fields of salsify,

or oyster-plant, are spread here, and one might walk a day without putting foot on any ground but that which contains an onion.

Successful results in growing these vegetables on such a scale are made possible



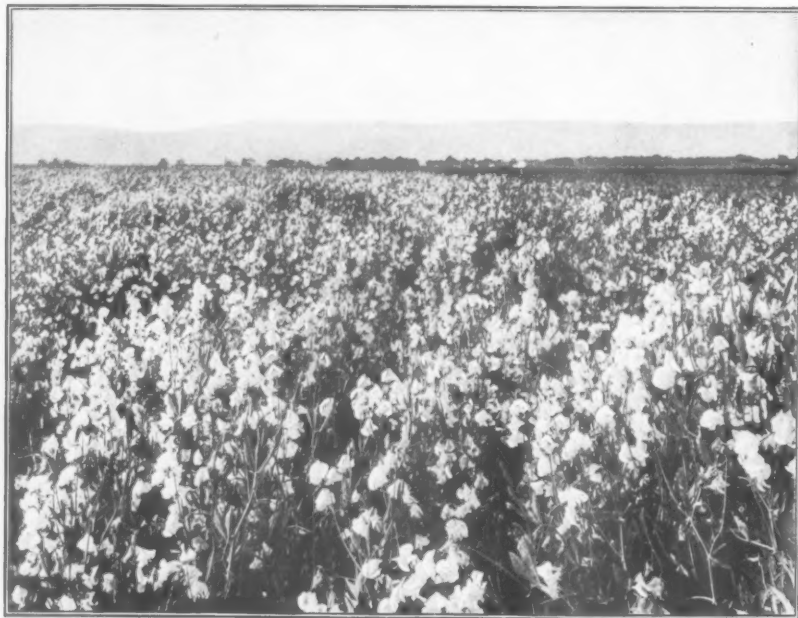
ONE HUNDRED ACRES OF ONIONS.

only by the employment of the wonderful agricultural machinery that of late years Yankee ingenuity has devised. Throughout the work of bean-growing there is no hand-labor. The ground is broken up with gang-plows and stirred with sulky cultivators, and the beans are drilled in by horse-power. The vines are reaped with a reaper, loaded on a header wagon, carried to a dump-pile and threshed out with a thresher worked by an engine. Down among the celery banks the rows are run by horse-power, mounds are raised by special apparatus and the cutting is almost the only

consumers through the stores. On the asparagus plains, plants are cut with reaping-machines which snip off the tender points, gather them into sacks and drop them along the rows like harvesters.

So too with the other vegetables that are farmed on a large scale: the fingers of machinery deal with them exclusively.

But along with the cannery and the bottling works has come another valuable device, whose employment has greatly helped the large ranch—this is the drier or evaporator. Evaporated vegetables are a staple of recent date. The first impulse

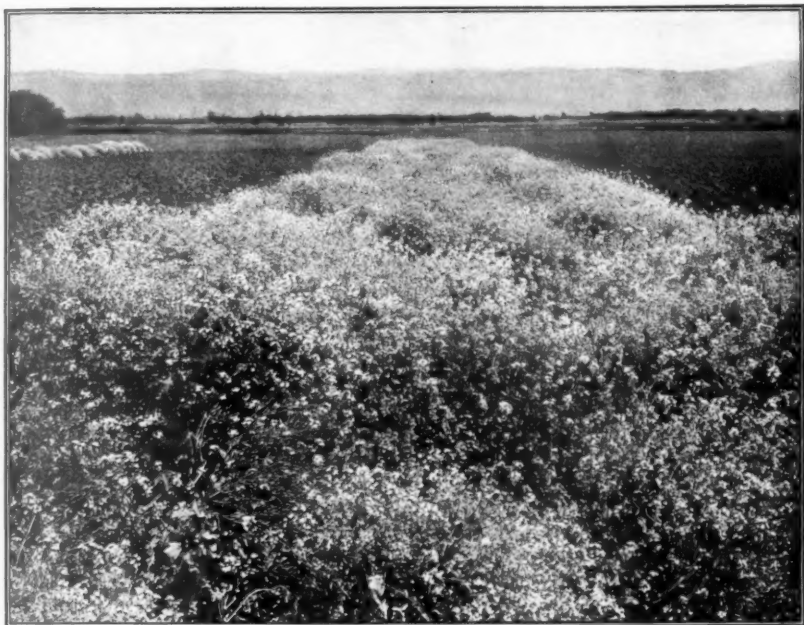


FIFTY ACRES OF SWEET-PEAS.

thing left to be done by hand. In the green-pea fields the peas are drilled in like corn. The vines are cut with a reaper which runs its knives two inches below the tops of the rows and severs the roots. A specially designed wagon drives over them and lifting the vines tenderly up, carries them to an elevator which takes them to the top floor of a building. Here they are turned upon rollers which burst the pods and discharge the peas, which come out of the establishment a corked and labeled article of commerce, ready to reach

to this trade was obtained from the Klondike rush. The trade expanded, not only to Alaska but to Asia; and now whole shiploads of these products leave San Francisco bound to the Arctic and the far East. They feed the soldiers in the Philippines, the railroad-builders in Manchuria and the surveying companies in various parts of China.

Not less interesting and remarkable are the flower farms. These, like the vegetable ranches, have their *raison d'être* in excellent shipping facilities. As a rule they are smaller than the vegetable areas,



A FIELD OF RADISHES PARTIALLY IN BLOOM.

but many of them are a mile in extent. A favorite product is the calla lily. This is in great demand during the holidays and at Easter, in the churches of the East;

the plants are cut at the bottom of their long stems, then wrapped in wet tissue-paper, and so packed they are sent through on express time. Some flowers, like the



TWENTY ACRES OF CALLAS.



FIFTY ACRES OF OYSTER-PLANT (SALSIFY).

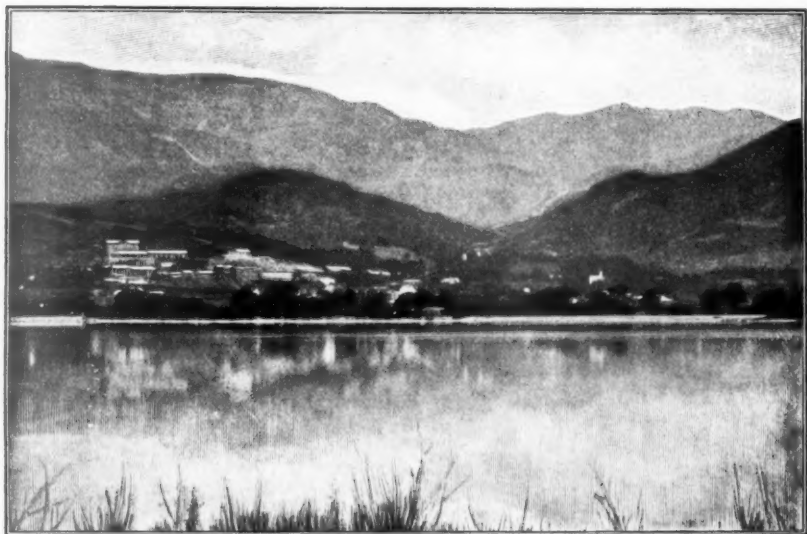
sweet-pea, are pulled while the buds are yet unopened, and packed with wet sponges around their stems they get through while the blossoms are fresh. Other flowers, as carnations and roses, are quite easily shipped, and unless delayed by accident invariably cross the continent with their freshness still on them. It has been demonstrated that California can, with her broad acres, compete with the hot-house flowers of the East, and the flower farms of this state are destined to occupy a high place in the Coast's material assets. The open-air flowers are much superior in strength, beauty and durability to the hot-

house product, and where they can be obtained are much preferred.

In brief, California has introduced to the world new field-crops. Agriculture has been expanded to produce undreamed-of results. The devotion of vast areas to one product is necessary because of the use of machinery and the inability of one sort of machine to work another crop than that for which it was designed. New localities in the state suited to the growth of special strains will be opened up, transportation will become cheaper, and the entry of the United States into foreign markets will bring ever new and larger demands.



CULTIVATING LIMA BEANS (TWO-THOUSAND-ACRE RANCH).



THE VIEW FROM BRANTWOOD.

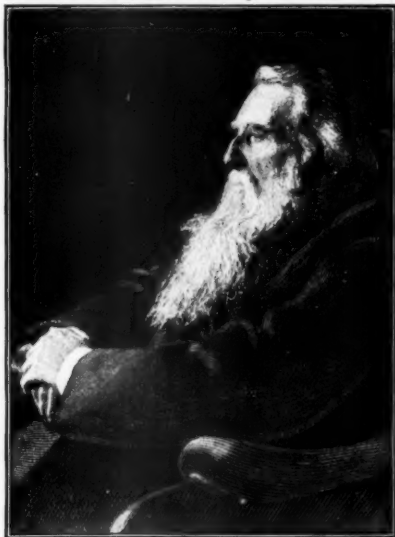
RUSKIN LAND.

BY LEONARD D. ABBOTT.

NO pen could describe the overwhelming sense of contrast with which the traveler passes from the bustle and squalor of the London streets to the rest and peace by Thurston Water. As I stepped from the train after my journey one evening in June, 1897, it seemed as if earth could not present a lovelier scene than that which met my eyes. Far down below, past Coniston village with its gray stone houses, I could see the waters of the lake glittering in the last rays of the sun; at my back towered up the "Old Man," its rugged slopes watered by silver cascades. Nature everywhere forced its luxuriance upon me. Rank grass clustered round my feet, and the air was laden with the scent of wild flowers. Roses red and white grew on the hedges, and clad the cottages in a perfumed mantle. Streamlets rippled past with a soft, musical murmur, and I paused on a small stone bridge to look down at the fires of the smithy, and the village church among the trees.

It was Ruskin Land! I did not need the photographs displayed in the shop windows to remind me of that. My thoughts that

night were all of one man, and the knowledge of his near presence gave a new significance to the meanest objects I saw. He,



Photograph by Hollier.

JOHN RUSKIN.

too, had walked these lanes, and loved the grand old mountains and the still water below. And it seemed to me as if he had hallowed them.

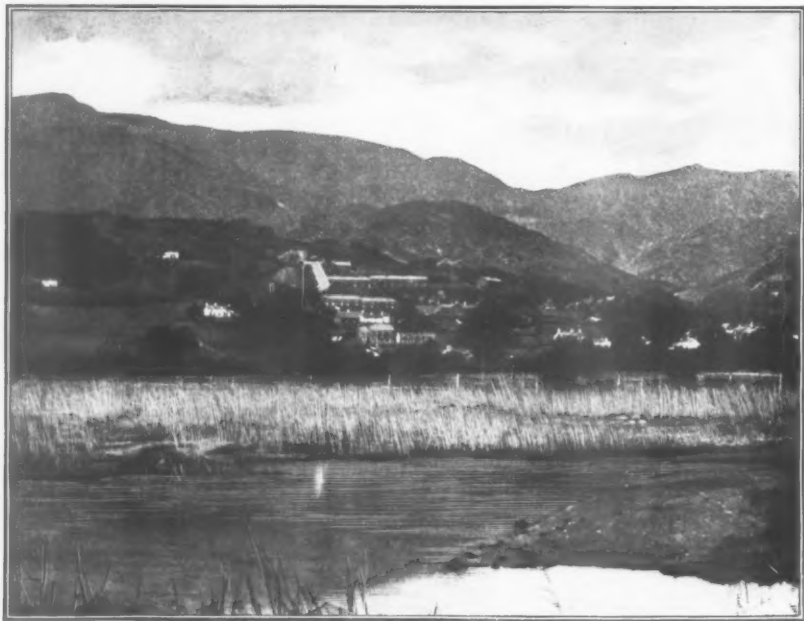
Almost unconsciously I walked toward the margin of the lake. Its waters were shrouded in the evening mist, and lay still as a mirror. Across on the opposite bank, where the green pasture-land rises gradually from the lakeside, dotted with fir-trees, I could see Brantwood, the homestead that will always be associated with the name of John Ruskin.

The sun had long set. A faint glow still

Some boatmen were loitering by the waterside, chatting and smoking, and I turned to one of them.

"Do you ever see Mr. Ruskin nowadays?"

"Occasionally," he answered. "He keeps very close to his house, and only ventures out when it is fine. Sometimes we see him when we are out on the lake, sitting in his favorite seat yonder by the water's edge." He jerked his head toward a wooded headland, stretching from the opposite bank, near Ruskin's house.



CONISTON AND THE FELS.

lingered, lighting up the water and the far horizon, and slowly faded beneath the mountain crests. Coniston village nestled, as if for protection, round the base of the black Fells; away to the north stretched the Yewdale Valley, blurred and indistinct in the uncertain light; and behind all loomed up the "Old Man," like some giant sentinel keeping watch.

The symbol of the setting sun turned my eyes once again to the distant Brantwood, with its dark background of firs. I felt that this was a fitting home for John Ruskin.

"I suppose Mr. Ruskin did much for the village folk in days gone by?"

"No one will ever know the half of what he has done for us all. He has set up scores of needy people in business of one kind or another, and thought nothing of giving the crop of a whole hayfield to a poor family. At one time he introduced a number of pianos into the village for the girls to play; at another he conducted a class for wood-carving among the lads, and many of the men round here have made their homes beautiful with their own

handiwork, and will tell you how Professor Ruskin and his class first interested them in what is now their pleasantest recreation.

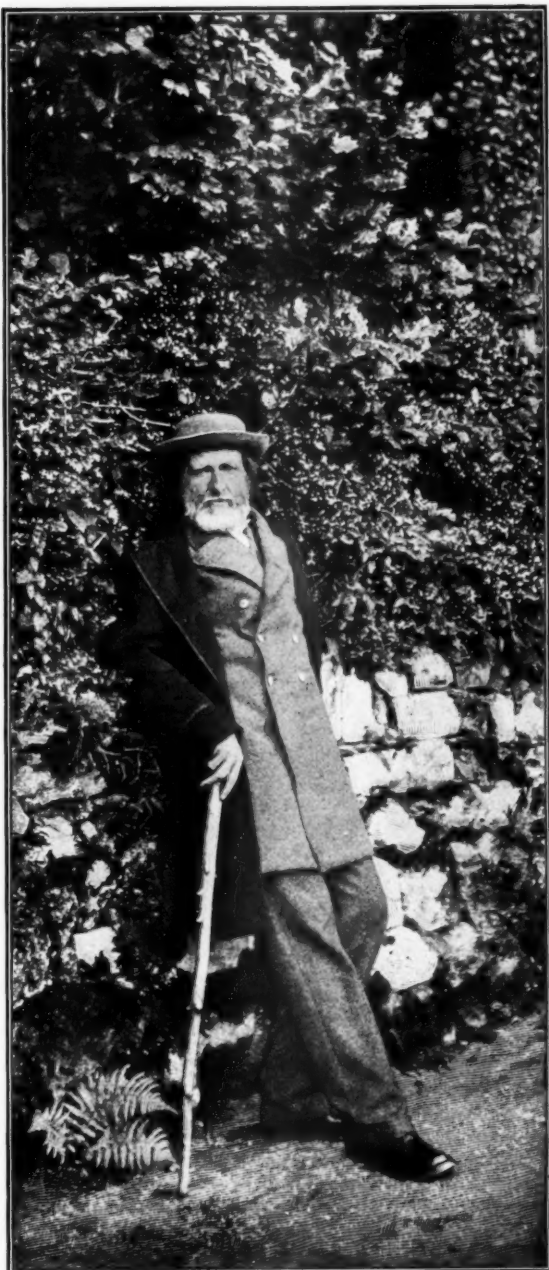
"It was the children, however," he went on, "that the old man loved best of all. When he was we", he liked nothing better than to come down to the little village school, and speak to the children. I can remember, as a boy, the affection we all felt for him, and our excitement when he paid us a visit, for it nearly always meant a holiday, and often he would invite the whole school over to his house, and give us a glorious picnic. Not so long ago he presented to the children a set of valuable Prout water-colors, which are now hanging on the schoolroom walls."

"How long is it since he was last in the village?" I asked.

"It would be about '92, I think, when he took the chair at a concert in aid of our new Mechanics' Institute. He has not forgotten us, however, and only last summer gave a large number of original drawings to be sold at an exhibition organized by Mr. Collingwood and Mr. Severn in aid of the Institute."

"I don't know much about his books," he added, after a pause, "but if they are half as good as he is himself, I do not wonder that you have come all this way to see him."

These few, simple words



A PORTRAIT OF RUSKIN TAKEN ON THE ROAD NEAR BRANTWOOD.

from a Coniston villager threw a strong sidelight upon Ruskin's private life, and spoke to me more than volumes of biography could have done.

Early next morning I walked round the head of the lake, in the hope of seeing Ruskin out for his morning walk. The lane ran most of the way through sunny fields by the water's edge, and as I rounded the lake, I got views more beautiful than any I had yet had of Coniston and the Fells.

Fortune was in my favor. Just as I reached Brantwood, the gate swung open, and I stood face to face with John Ruskin.

If I experienced something of a shock as my eyes rested on his pitiful, bowed frame, that feeling was instantly forgotten as he turned his face toward me. Ruskin was still majestic with his massive brow, and white beard sweeping and tossing almost to his waist; and the sickness and trouble of twenty years had not been able to dim the light in his blue eye.

Every detail of that meeting is indelibly stamped upon my memory, and I remember that as I watched him walk slowly off toward his seat by the lakeside, I noticed that he wore the gray coat and hat, and carried in his hand the white parasol, that recent photographs have made so familiar.

He was leaning on the arm of an attendant, and by his side romped a fine retriever dog.

I saw Ruskin as I should have wished to see him. As he turned a bend in the lane beneath the trees, he paused, and I caught a last glimpse of the old gray figure, amid the honeysuckle and the wild roses, looking out upon Thurston Water.

Later in the day I called upon Mr. Col-

lingwood, the biographer and for many years the secretary of John Ruskin. I was disappointed to find him away from home, but was kindly received by his wife. We walked out on the lawn, and there we sat and talked, while the children played around us. We conversed of many things that sunny afternoon—of Thomas Carlyle and his wife; of bluff William Morris and his superhuman labors in the cause of socialism; of Starnthwaite Colony, near Windermere; of Ruskin, Tennessee, and of social experiments in general; of the periodical pilgrimages made to Ruskin's

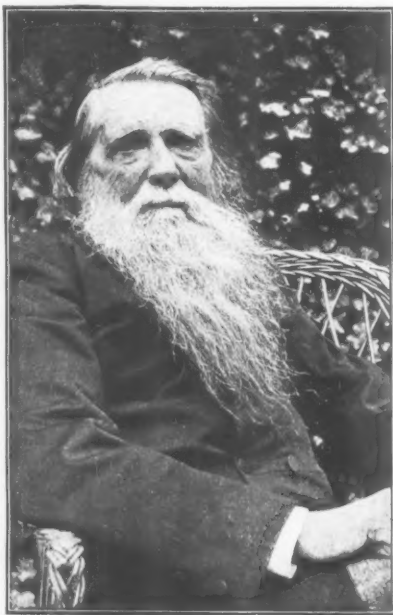
home, the queer requests received from strangers, and the rudeness of visitors (I must confess that at this point I began to fear that I should not be able to persuade Mrs. Collingwood to take me over Brantwood). Finally we spoke of the master himself, his love for village and lake and hills, his kindness to the folk of the countryside.

We walked indoors, and I was shown some of the treasures of the house—a couple of Burne-Jones panels, a few delicate Ruskin drawings and Prout water-colors. Mr. Collingwood is himself an artist of considerable

talent, and his portraits of Ruskin, of which I noticed several on the walls, are especially interesting.

It was twilight before we finally set out for Brantwood. Ruskin and the Collingwoods are next-door neighbors, but in the country that does not count for much, and I found the walk fully a mile.

Brantwood has interesting traditions apart from its present owner. For many years it was occupied by Gerald Massey, the democratic poet, and from him it passed into the hands of a very interesting per-



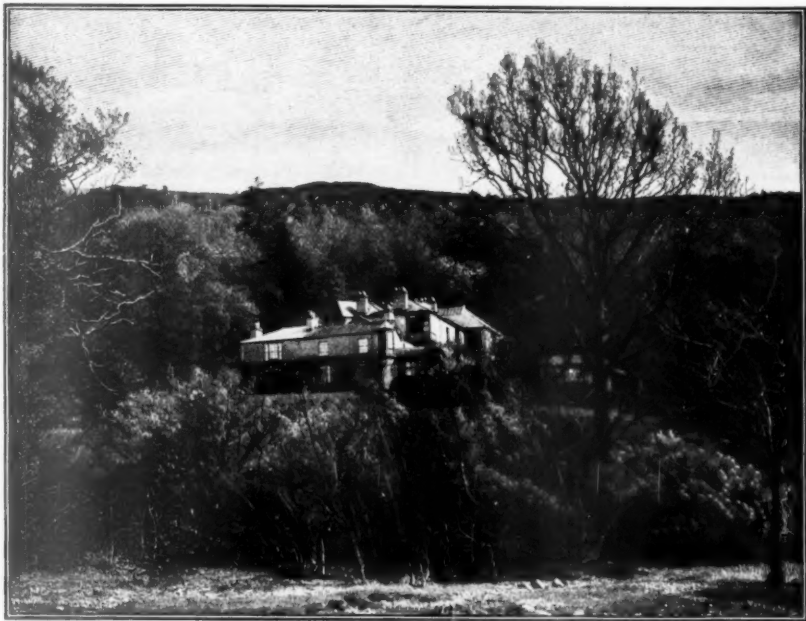
RUSKIN IN 1895

sonality—the late W. J. Linton, engraver and republican. At that time, however, it was little more than a cottage, and when the Severns came to live with Ruskin, a new wing was added and a stable built close by. Ruskin's own special contribution to the change that has taken place is an octagonal window, which has been built out from the front of the house to command a wonderful view up and down the lake. Now Brantwood is a fine country-house, and would hardly be recognized by its former owners. Ruskin took the house under rather peculiar circumstances. His

dence Ruskin did a great deal of sketching and painting, as well as some important literary work, including the much-criticised "*Fors Clavigera*," a striking series of letters to workingmen, and "*Præterita*," an unfinished autobiography.

This information, and much more, I gleaned from Mrs. Collingwood, as we walked along the darkened lanes, and passed up a short drive under the trees to the door of Brantwood, where we were welcomed by Mrs. Severn, Ruskin's cousin and loving friend.

It is not my intention to describe at



BRANTWOOD, RUSKIN'S HOME.

health had already begun to break up, and while spending the summer of 1879 at a seaside resort in Westmoreland, he expressed a great desire to see again the Coniston hills, declaring that if he could do so he believed that he should recover. Strangely enough, just at this time Mr. Linton offered his house for sale, and Ruskin at once bought it. If Brantwood did not effect the magical cure that he had expected, it yet proved a beautiful home in which to spend the closing years of his life. During the earlier years of resi-

length the glories of Brantwood. Suffice it to say that the pictures it contains are unique and almost priceless. There were old masters—Raphael, Titian, Tintoretto; there were examples of the Pre-Raphaelite school—Holman Hunt, Burne-Jones, Rossetti; there were exquisite specimens of Ruskin's own work, and that of his disciples, Tooke, Severn and Collingwood; there were Turner masterpieces everywhere, yet I was told that the finest of these I could not see, for they were in Ruskin's bedroom. I paused at last in the

study. The table was piled with roses, arranged by Joan Severn's loving hands, and upon it there lay open a little book of stories by Maria Edgeworth—a relic of his childhood—which he had been reading that day.

And there, above the lake, among his Turners and the roses, John Ruskin waited for the end.

Ruskin dead! The thought brings a strange tightening of the affections. It seems at first almost inconceivable that this titanic figure can be gone from us forever.

Yet for Ruskin there can be no death. Though the life beyond the grave may be shrouded in obscurity, thus much we know for certain—that to the giants of the human race is assured an earthly immortality that grows in luster with each succeeding year.

And as surely as the sun shall rise over Coniston to-morrow, flooding its dales and its fields with radiance, so surely shall Ruskin's spirit—the spirit of love and righteousness and beauty—rise over this sordid world.

THY SONG.

BY THOMAS BICKET.

SING it in sadness—when the sun goes down
Beyond the vision of thy fairest dream—
And if perchance from some far-distant land
One lonely heart-cry answers through the gloom—
Thy song is worth, O Soul in sorrow torn—
Thy song is worth.

Sing it in sunshine—when thy gladness comes
And all the universe is fair for thee—
It may be somewhere is one weary life
Thy laugh would waken to a smile once more,
And, O light heart, in that this thing might be—
Thy song is worth.

Sing it in silence. When the voices crowd
Shrieking denial of the truth you tell—
Lean low, brave heart, within thy weary strife
Where one, at home, would lisp thy work aright—
And in the signal—soul to kindred soul—
Thy song is worth.

Sing it in shadow—though thy whole life long
No wreath of bay be e'er entwined for thee—
For thou hast trod, O patient heart of thine,
One fearful moment with eternal Truth—
If somewhere, softly, on an unseen shrine
Thy song is sung.

MEN, WOMEN AND EVENTS.

THE MAN ON THE HIGH HORSE.

Riding a high horse has some advantages for which the cavalier, seated in the saddle so conspicuously elevated, is bound to be duly thankful. He sees over the hedges on either hand, thus gaining wide views of open field and verdant pasture, with many a glimpse of what is best in the countryside's pleasant activities. He may well hold himself loftily in the spiritual sense, being able to breathe in which the upper sweets of air,



stray those fine influences so appropriate to the lucky few. And who among us, looking on while he passes by, can blame him for feeling an exaggerated pressure of personal impor-

tance? It is really not so laughable when he ducks his head for fear of bumping against a star—consideration for the integrity of the solar system being right commendable. But yet, in all sincerity, this man on the high horse has little in him that we are not bound to smile at. The feat of mounting his steed was at the start a bit of wonder-work; no one of us all could have done it, and certainly his riding has been superb at every turn and along every stretch of the road; still we do not and we cannot accept him as a hero, nor shall we ever feel a comfortable sense of his fitness for his place. Somehow he cannot so loftily deport himself as to prevent the suspicion that he jingles his spurs and clatters his armor much for the benefit of his own ears.

There is, however, the magnetism of prowess in the high-horseman. All the yeomen and peasantry gaze and gape at him careering by, his plume rising and sinking to the motion of his barb. An honest mind, slow to comprehend the power of mere assumption, has not a doubt touching the divine right of this cavalier to have all that his appearance would claim. Off go as one the rustic hats; up go the perfunctory, hereditary, unsympathetic shouts of greeting; and then all the stupid eyes watch him pass on his merry way of triumph far, far into the tender, alluring film of distance, whither every droning soul would fain go with him to look into wonderland beyond the horizon.

We who do the lowly, practical tasks of life, with our workaday clothes on, our sleeves rolled above our elbows, may sneer vigorously at the man on his high horse and give him but a glance from the tail of an eye—we may deem it a duty to make mouths at him—but, honor bright, are not we diligently dreaming day by day and night by night of the golden moment when we shall doff our overalls and leather aprons to put on armor, spur, plume, gauntlets, vault aloft into the gold-stitched sad-



dle and dash away, the proudest knight of them all? Subtle, indeed, is the ether of inward human impulse, aspiration, ambition. We have not the hardihood to expose it voluntarily; and perhaps we both honor and hate him of the high horse,



largely because the pressure of this rare, essential distillation of his deepest nature escapes perforce and surrounds him with a clamour we dare not ourselves put on.

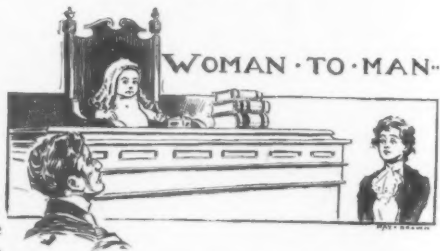
Well, one comfort, at least, the gorgeously caparisoned and overtopping apparition affords us all—the comfort of self-interpretation. In yonder high saddle sits one's own ideal, the despicable, glorious thing! No matter how often we have lain in treacherous ambush, training our arbelist upon the passing knight's armor-joints, just so frequently have we dreamed of how well his gleaming mail would fit our own body, and how superbly we could fill his vacated saddle. Certainly—oh, of course—we believe in the leveling process. We are altruists, socialists, anarchists, philanthropists. Down with the man on the high horse! But when he is down, stand by and see us riot, hear the tumult, what time the strongest and quickest one of us gets away with the horse. Behold him, who but a moment ago was leading the assault upon the lofty rider, now ducking his own pot-crowned and ostrich-plumed

head to escape contact with the constellations!

We are not so bad, however, even when preaching one thing and purposing another and opposite thing. It is more a play than a war, when we scuffle so desperately for the desirable things of life. After all, what a permeating delectation—a very dew of comfort—slips into our souls, when, by some clever turn of deftness and cunning, we are able to cut the other fellow's halter-strap and hitch our wagon to his star! We understand, but never breathe it aloud, that riding the high horse is a little game at which we are all playing for all there is in it. Wisdom rises up to say: Then play the game; but play it honorably, humanely, fairly.

MAURICE THOMPSON.

* * * *



Woman is man's enemy, rival and competitor.—JOHN L. INGALLS.

You do but jest, sir, and you jest not well.

How could the hand be enemy of the arm,
Or seed and sod be rivals? How could light
Feel jealousy of heat, plant of the leaf,
Or competition dwell 'twixt lip and smile?
Are we not part and parcel of yourselves?
Like strands in one great braid we intertwine
And make the perfect whole. You could not be
Unless we gave you birth: we are the soil
From which you sprang, yet sterile were that
soil

Save as you planted. (Though in the Book we
read

One woman bore a child with no man's aid,
We find no record of a man-child born
Without the aid of woman! Fatherhood
Is but a small achievement at the best,
While motherhood is heaven and hell.)
This ever-growing argument of sex
Is most unseemly, and devoid of sense.
Why waste more time in controversy, when
There is not time enough for all of love,
Our rightful occupation in this life?
Why prate of our defects—of where we fail,
When just the story of our worth would need
Eternity for telling; and our best
Development comes ever through your praise,

As through our praise you reach your highest self?

Oh! had you not been miser of your praise
And let our virtues be their own reward,
The old established order of the world
Would never have been changed. Small
blame is ours

For this unsexing of ourselves, and worse
Effeminizing of the male. We were
Content, sir, till you starved us, heart and
brain.

All we have done, or wise or otherwise,
Traced to the root, was done for love of you.
Let us taboo all vain comparisons,
And go forth as God meant us, hand in hand,
Companions, mates and comrades evermore;
Two parts of one divinely ordained whole.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.



* * * *

DWIGHT L.
MOODY.

For a quarter of a century the Evangelist Moody was a large figure in the religious life of America. Among the evangelists who have exerted a great influence in this country his name has an enduring place. And yet he was not educated to be a preacher; he was not a scholar; he was not a theologian; he was not a man of eloquence. But he moved great audiences with a power which was most remarkable, and from the beginning of his career as a preacher, near to thirty years ago, until his last appearance, he never lost that power. The secret was that Moody had that indefinable something which for the lack of a better name we call magnetism. Without this no orator, no singer, no actor, can achieve the highest position. With it the artist who appeals in person to the public can hold the public though the other gifts and the accompanying equipment be small.

But Moody had other gifts and a valuable equipment as well. He had a rare knowledge of the Bible. Not a scholastic knowledge, by any means. It is quite impossible to think of him as ever being perplexed by what we call the higher criti-



cism. He did not split hairs, he did not refine on refinement. He took the Bible with an old-fashioned liberalness that was only modified by a geniality of temperament which made him a thorough optimist as to this world and also as to the world to come. He knew the book almost by heart and every word in it was an inspiration to him to love God and all mankind. So he preached love—the simple and confiding love which children feel, the enduring and unquenchable love which parents know. This knowledge and simple interpretation of the Bible was his equipment to preach. His other gift than his magnetism was his sincerity. That was entirely apparent to all who heard him. It warmed the heart of the believer; it helped remove the doubt of the doubter, and it commanded the respect of the skeptic. And so through the years Moody moved from place to place always with a great following, always leaving behind him a lasting influence.



In some regards he was the most remarkable evangelist we have had. His methods were simple and comparatively quiet. He did not work his audiences into a frenzy of apprehension and remorse so that they became mentally and physically irresponsible. He did not appeal to their fear, but to their love, and in that way they experienced a spiritual exaltation which did no serious hurt even though it passed away. That is the trouble with most revivalists. The aftermath is often worse than the preceding unregeneration. Moody took the whole matter of religion with a simple seriousness which left no doubt, and one of his last utterances shows the man as plainly as possible. Last autumn in Northfield he said: "By and by you will hear people say, 'Mr. Moody is dead.' Don't you believe a word of it. At that very moment I shall be more alive than I am now. I shall then truly begin to live. I was born of the flesh in 1837. I was born of the Spirit in 1856. That which was born of the flesh may die. That which was born of the Spirit will live forever." There was his simple faith, simply and frankly expressed. He had no doubts of any kind, and using this great faith, with the assistance of his magnetism, he moved men and women of all degrees and of all shades of opinion to

a desire to participate in a confidence which made him unfeignedly happy.

JOHN GILMER SPEED.

*A PRACTICABLE
MUNICIPAL
REFORM.*

Conservatives and radicals among municipal reformers seem to be reaching an agreement upon the proposition that city franchises must not be alienated without the consent of the citizens.

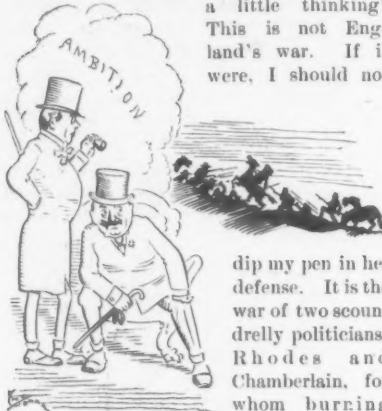
Ever since Jacob Sharp startled the city and the country with his testimony that it cost only one hundred and fifty thousand dollars to construct the Broadway road, which was immediately mortgaged for two million five hundred thousand dollars, it has been more and more clearly recognized that these franchises are property and that they are public property. To allow them to be alienated without the consent of their real owners, not only permits, but invites, the corruption of the city councils. It is here that the corruption of these councils centers, and from this point that it generally proceeds. Therefore, conservatives, who demand the private operation of municipal monopolies, and radicals, who demand public operation, are uniting upon a unanimous report that the agents of the city must not be permitted to act as principals in the disposing of franchises. At the recent annual conventions of the National Municipal League this agreement between the two factions has been notable, and last year it showed itself strikingly in the new city charters adopted. Among others, the new San Francisco charter, which is generally regarded as the best yet adopted by any of our large cities, contains the provision for a popular referendum upon franchise ordinances; while the municipal code which has been reported by the state commission in Ohio to the legislature, now in session, recommends that the voters of a city shall have not only the power to veto grants of franchises to private corporations, but also the right to order the public operation of such franchises whenever a majority shall desire.

CHARLES B. SPAHR.



A POLITICIANS' WAR.

It looks as if this country were to be cursed by another manifestation of the "tyranny of the people." They forced us into a war with a friendly nation, ignoring the wisdom and calm, matured judgment of the men they had elected to power, and now, even if their hands are happily tied in the last issue, they are doing their best to demonstrate to Europe that the sympathy of the United States is with the Boers, and is accompanied by a quite warlike hatred of England. The instinct which animates them is proper, for looking at the question baldly and superficially, the Transvaal Republic is in the right and England in the wrong. But why cannot this many-headed monarchy of ours do a little thinking? This is not England's war. If it were, I should not



dip my pen in her defense. It is the war of two scoundrelly politicians, Rhodes and Chamberlain, for whom burring alive would be too good. There never was a more unpopular war precipitated in England than this was when I left the country on the 2d of November. Conservatives and Liberals alike were aghast and disgusted. For a long time "Chamberlain's bluff" created little uneasiness; the question had been hanging on so long that few people believed in a positive issue. Everybody supposed that a compromise of some sort would be reached. Moreover, the apparent patriotic excitement over the famous Jameson raid was entirely superficial, a mere matter of the music-halls and the official doggerel. The great body of the English people were disgusted, first by Jameson's performance and then by the trumpery enthusiasm which followed. Therefore, knowing these facts, having lived among them, it seems

incredible to me that a thinking people can wish to see a great nation, filled with virtuous and high-minded citizens, overwhelmed and disgraced because two ambitious rascals had for a moment the upper hand. Moreover, the attitude of this country is shamefully ungrateful. During the Spanish war Great Britain kept Europe off our back. This is a fact, not a supposition, and it is a fact of which the Administration is well aware, which has determined its attitude in spite of the chattering of the people.

GERTRUDE ATHERTON.

* * * *

FLORENCE KAHN.

One of the most interesting products of the present theatrical season has been the Independent Theater Movement in New York. What might be described as a proposition to put on the stage dramatic works more distinguished in their literary merit and breadth of thought than in the well-known and easily definable elements that the theater-goer is known to appreciate, has obviously never appealed to the men who are in the theatrical business with the sordid ambition of making money. Therefore it has not been surprising that the history of the four or five "independent" movements in this country has spelled disaster, and that the enterprises have passed into oblivion with the thanks of a grateful but unresponsive public. But this winter not only the public's thanks but the public's dollars seem to have come to the several young enthusiasts who have steered the career of a "Course of Modern Plays." Not only have the promoters shown more ability in the management of this movement than was displayed in its unfortunate predecessors, but, for reasons that none but a close student of metropolitan characteristics can understand, they have chosen both the most self-centered and the most cosmopolitan of American cities in which to repeat the productions of the home town. New York, Boston and Washington therefore witnessed what is inseparable from the prosperity of the organization—the success of Florence Kahn. When the curtain fell on the first performance of "El Gran Galeoto" the audience realized that, whatever might be served up to them in the name of Art, they



Photograph by Zaida Ben Yusuf.

could return to enjoy the acting of a young woman who was wonderful to the top of a glorious head of hair. Whether Miss Kahn is a born genius—as we suspect—or the product of a school of acting—as many claim—it was seen that she possessed great ability with a technique that strikes mostly true and rarely false. Alike as the woman who was sinned against in "El Gran Galcoto," and the woman who was sinning in "Les Tenailles," her work received a generous and merited recognition from the critics. Then recently she has impersonated the visionary Hilda Wangel in Ibsen's symbolic and mystic play, "The Master Builder." Indeed the management showed a bit of the faith that moves mountains in selecting this work for stage presentation. Opinion has been greatly divided as to the success of the performance, but there has been no difference as to what Miss Kahn's personality did for it. There has been a demand for more Ibsen with this captivating young woman as his interpreter.

But more significant than what Miss Kahn has done for the Independent Theater is what the Independent Theater has done for Miss Kahn. After her first

appearance as Christina in Echegary's play she received offers from nearly every manager in the country. Thus was fame secured in one night; but it did not come to a novice. Miss Kahn, who was born in Memphis, Tennessee, twenty-three years ago, has had three years' experience in minor companies, but her New York debut was with the Independents. Next season she will act as Mr. Mansfield's leading woman. The enterprising managers of the Course of Modern Plays have another problem to solve in obtaining a fit successor for the artist they have launched in so brilliant a manner.

* * * *

THE DRAMA OF DISINTEGRATION. In summing up the causes of the downfall of the Second Empire in France, at least one serious historian has put on record his belief that a very important factor in the moral and social decadence of the nation under Napoleon III. is to be found in the wide-spread popularity and insidious influence of the opera bouffe. To his mind, it was Offenbach who helped to prepare

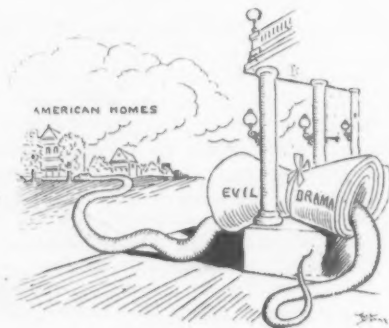


the way for Bismarck and Von Moltke. At first sight, this theory may seem to be somewhat fantastic, but a closer examination of the facts appears to justify it; for the ultimate explanation of the collapse of France in 1870 is to be sought not in the inefficiency of its military preparation, nor in the corruption and the incompetency of its leaders, but rather in the state of mind throughout the nation which made all these things possible. This state of mind was one of a cynical indifference to every-

thing that savored of the old traditions. It was one that mocked at all which makes for seriousness or for strenuousness in life and thought. It was therefore an enervating influence, and it logically and inevitably led to political and military paralysis. Of this state of mind, the opera bouffe of Offenbach was at once the exemplification and to some extent the cause. In his themes and in his treatment of them he was the incarnation of sterile cynicism. In "La Belle Hélène," his ridicule of the Greco-Roman gods is much more than it seems to be. It is really a travesty upon all religious sentiment. "Geneviève de Brabant," which is musically one of the most effective of his productions, has a libretto that is a devil's sermon against chastity and honor. "La Grande Duchesse" gnaws at the foundations of patriotism, and one song in it alone, "Le Sabre de mon Père," made one of the most truly national of all the qualities of historic France appear ridiculous. And in all this there was nothing offensive, nothing in bad taste. The touch that tainted was a light touch; the voice that mocked was a melodious voice; the sneer that killed was a well-bred, decorous, cultivated sneer. All France was at the feet of Offenbach; and the power which he so lightly exercised deserves, in truth, a serious consideration when one sums up the influences that neutralized the best traditions of the nation; and finally infected its whole body with gangrenous putrescence.

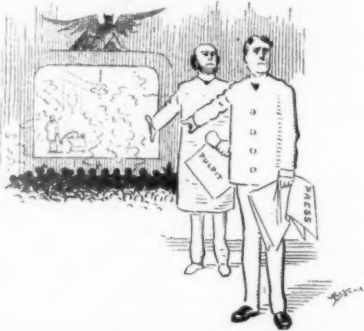
It is rather surprising that no one has sounded the note of alarm over a species of dramatic writing which is to-day becoming more and more accepted on the American

stage and of which the popularity has the same corrupting tendency that wrought such detestable results in the France of thirty years ago. The obviously vicious and the obviously vile are still denounced and still regarded with a certain moral indignation; yet what is obviously vicious and obviously vile can never do much harm. The bane bears with it its own antidote; and whatever makes one conscious of offense, does by that very fact put careful persons on their guard. A play like "Zaza," for example, which frankly and even coarsely sets before us certain phases of ultra-Bohemian life, inflicts no serious injury on the public morals. There is so much about it which is ostentatiously bad that, in the first place, it is ruled out of the list of plays which young and impressionable persons are allowed to see. In the second place, those who form the body of its numerous spectators look at it very much in the spirit with which the English or the American young woman when in Paris visits under proper escort the Jardin de Paris or the Moulin Rouge. It is viewed as something rather queer, fantastic, foreign and disreputable; and that is why, as I noticed, the audiences always snickered at the pathos, and applauded the most inartistic portions of the play. They did not take it seriously. To them it meant really nothing. Far different is the case with certain dramas which during the past season and last year appeared on the American stage, and of which the best or, if you please, the worst examples are from the pen of Mr. R. C. Carton. In "Lord and Lady Algy" and in "Wheels Within Wheels" we have two perfect instances of what might be described as the drama of disintegration. The life exhibited in these is the life of men and women who are well bred, refined, and surrounded with all the elegance of a true patrician environment. There is nothing in the language of the plays to jar upon the most sensitive taste, or to make one consciously recoil with indignation. Yet nothing could be worse and nothing could be more tainting in their tendency than the situations and the incidents of these two plays and others like them. They represent the quintessence of a moral cynicism which takes everything for granted, which at the outset assumes a



lack of decency and honor, which accepts intrigue as a necessity in the life of every man and every woman, and which sports and frivols about all the fundamental virtues such as truth, and sobriety, and chastity, and faith. It is all so delicately done that the hideousness of it is not noticed, and therefore its power for evil is illimitable.

I have often wondered whether some kind of a censorship could not be established in this country; for there is no country in the world which needs a censorship so much, and for the reason that in no other country is so great a freedom given to the young. Yet after witnessing such plays as those which I have mentioned, it becomes most sadly obvious that no such crude device as the installation of a censor would be of much avail; for the plays and the books which a censor would suppress are precisely



the plays and the books which bring about the least results.

The frankly coarse and the frankly indecent might, to be sure, be publicly condemned; but with these the existing laws are fully competent to deal. The greatest danger and the greatest source of mental and moral and social pollution could never in this way be effectually met, for they are much too insidious to be handled in so crude a fashion; yet, the press, and every one who can in any way exert an influence upon the public mind, ought to speak out and seriously show the dangers that are brooding over our whole social fabric by reason of the growing popularity of the drama of disintegration.

HARRY THURSTON PECK.

* * * *



Her HERO ...

A widow had two sons,
And one knelt at her knees,
And sought to give her joy
And toiled to give her ease;
He heard his country's call
And longed to go, to die
If God so willed, but saw
Her tears and heard her sigh.

A widow had two sons,
One filled her days with care
And creased her brow and brought
Her many a whitened hair:
His country called—he went,
Nor thought to say good-by,
And recklessly he fought,
And died as heroes die.

A widow had two sons,
One fell as heroes fall,
And one remained and toiled,
And gave to her his all!
She watched "her hero's" grave
In dismal days and fair,
And told the world her love,
Her heart, was buried there.

S. E. KISER.



* * * *

THE PASSING OF GUERRITA.

Madrid is in mourning.
The Plaza de Toros is
deserted. The palcos
are draped. The toril is empty. Guerrita
has gone. He has experienced what I think
I have seen described as a change of heart.
He has retired from the ring. He was king
of it. Rivalled but not excelled by Frascu-
uelo, preceded but not eclipsed by Mazzan-
tini, Guerrita represented the best tradi-
tions of toromaquia. It was splendid to



WHY NOT?

see him. He had the grace of Talma, the nerve of Blondin, the agility of Jeffries, the air of a Bourbon and the ease of a ballerina. He played with a bull as a child will play with a kitten. It was not a terror to him, it was a toy. The costume he wore was gorgeous. It was diaphanous too. A pin would have punctured it. In it, with a stick of steel he would invite the attack of a maddened and gigantic brute. A second and the bull would be upon him. Yet in that second the stick of steel would flash, straight over the lowered horns it would sweep, sting down through the parting flesh, touch the seat of life and drop the brute dead in his tracks. That coup, in which he excelled, is



regarded as the supreme expression of maestría.

He had others. In Seville a few years

ago I saw him returning from a fight. He was on horseback, his cuadrilla at his heels. From a low roof a manola leaned. "Guerrita," she cried. "Do you love me?" The toreador looked up, kissed the palm of his hand, kissed it widely, kissed it intently and flung it at her. "Siempre, mi vida," he bawled and with an accent so resonant that it filled the narrow street, and scaling the roof must have throttled that girl. I could see her clutch at her throat. I fancied she was going to topple over. But not a bit of it. In a moment she was raining kisses at him. And Guerrita, with an air which would have become Napoleon at Marengo, rode on through the thickening street. After all, why not? Barring royalty his profession is the best paid in Spain. Then, too, it presupposes real art to face the rush of an infuriated bull and with a twist of the ankle and another of the wrist to wipe him out of existence.

EDGAR SALTUS.

* * * *

MADE IN
ENGLAND.

"I am going to London," said an American actress with fine scorn, a few years ago; "I am going to London to get a reputation there. Then, perhaps, my own people will think I can act."

She knew her public, for English approval counts much with the theater-goers in this country, albeit numerous English players with reputations have had sad experiences here with unappreciative audiences. But that is a detail. When Miss Edna May went to London with the "Belle of New York" company she was a rather comely factor in a lively entertainment. She had attracted no more attention than dozens of other pretty misses who sing and act on the American stage. But she pleased the Londoners. She became popular. She was taken up by the newspapers. The gilded youth showered their gilded and gemmed attentions on her. She was smothered with flowers and besieged with invitations to dinner. They declared she was charming and presto! she was famous.

So it came about that when this young woman arrived in New York a few weeks



ago, she arrived as a comic-opera queen. She had made a success in London and New York welcomed her effusively. She is said to be a level-headed young person, and she undoubtedly realizes the full value of the flattering O K secured abroad. At any rate, until the next one Miss May will be courted, feted and applauded, here, there and everywhere, and who is there so crabbed as to begrudge her a jot of any of the perquisites her position affords?

* * * *

- G**'s for *The Gentleman from Indiana*—Western style.
- H** for *Hugh Wynne*, whose author must have made a pretty pile.
- I**, *In Connection with the De Willoughby Claim*, a title long!
- J** is for *Janice Meredith*, more popular than strong.
- K**, *The King's Mirror*, by Anthony Hope, the latest book he gave us.
- L**, for *The Lion and the Unicorn*, stories by R. H. Davis.
- M** is for *Mr. Dooley*, with wisdom in his wit.
- N**, for *No. 5 John Street*, not a pleasant book a bit.
- O** for *The Other Fellow*, short tales by F. H. Smith.
- P** is for *Prisoners of Hope*, a book of force and pith.
- Q** for *Quo Vadis*, out this year in fine, expensive dress.
- R** is for *Richard Carvel*, a salable success.
- S** for *Stalky and Co.*, a book of slangy schoolboy fun.
- T** is for *Tommy and Grizel* (though it's only just begun).
- U** is for *Under the Beech Tree*, a little book of rhymes.
- V** is for *Via Crucis*, a romance of thrilling times.
- W**, *When Knighthood Was in Flower*, a tale of days of old.
- X** is for *Princess Xenia*, romantically told.
- Y** is *Young April*, one of those exciting little books.
- Z** is a new *Zoology* by Dr. Wm. Brooks.

CAROLYN WELLS.



* * * *

An Alphabet of Recent Books



- A**'s for *The Awkward Age*, by James, involved and rather queer.
- B** is for *Bob, Our Mocking-Bird*, by Mr. S. Lanier.
- C**'s for *The Choir Invisible*, which seems to wear quite well.
- D** is for *David Harum*, and how that book does sell!
- E** is *Elizabeth and Her German Garden*—flowers and grass.
- F**'s for *The Fowler*, not so popular as *Ships That Pass*.

DANIEL SHARP
FORD.

Very interesting stories are told of Mr. Daniel Sharp Ford, the editor and owner of the "Youth's Companion," who died last December in Boston. Everybody knows the "Youth's Companion" as one of the most valuable, respectable and successful publications of its class in the world. It is probably the leading publication in its field, and has been a source of very large pecuniary profit to its owner, yet the world at large has never connected Mr. Ford with it, and



most readers never heard of him until they read the newspaper notices of his death.

It seems that he devoted himself to his paper, concentrating his energies in great measure in mak-

ing it precisely the sort of paper he wished to make, and succeeding in a very high degree. One of his associates in his work, Mr. Chamberlain, of the Boston "Transcript," insists that he was not only a great man of business, but a great editor. His aim, apparently, was to make his paper suit an immense number of readers, and doubtless, incidentally, to suit himself. It may be doubted whether any editor has succeeded notably in his profession except by making a periodical which did suit himself. One hears of editors who do violence to their own tastes and sacrifice their own preferences in order to please their readers, but one of the secrets of the really great editors seems to have been that they were so much in sympathy with the mass of readers whom they aimed to interest that what interested and pleased them interested and pleased their readers also. At any rate, in Mr. Ford's case the editor got what he wanted and the presumption is that he liked what he got.

But one circumstance was very curious and unusual. His paper was so absolutely his representative before the world that his personality, by preference, was totally lost in it. His name did not appear in it anywhere at any time. He published it under the fictitious commercial name of Perry Mason & Co. It does not appear that there was ever any actual Perry Mason. He did not found Mr. Ford's paper; that was done by Nathaniel Willis, but for more than forty years the mythical Mason had the credit with the uninformed of the work done by Mr. Ford, and the real man and real worker was content to pursue his labors behind a screen. Perhaps it suited his conveniences not to be a public character any more than he could

help; perhaps it merely amused him. However that may be, Mr. Ford stands among his contemporaries as a man who doubtless liked his work, for he did it admirably; who doubtless liked success, for he reaped it in very substantial masses, but who did not care at all for personal publicity or what men call fame. He was evidently a sagacious man in his business, for he got what he wanted. It seems likely that he was sagacious also in knowing what he did not want, and in persistently avoiding it, for while success brings valuable rewards, the popular reputation which usually comes with it abounds in snares and inconveniences, and some, at least, of its proceeds—adulation, envy or begging letters—are not adapted to promote the repose of the sound mind in the sound body.

EDWARD S. MARTIN.

* * * *

THE SEED, THE
POISON AND
THE ANTIDOTE.

One of the most interesting matters in connection with the end-of-the-century theater is the loss of the critic's influence over its productions. Time was, when men of letters not only undertook with serious purpose to correct the errors of the stage, but impressed their judgment seriously on the public—the time of Steele, Addison, Hazlitt, Charles Lamb and Leigh Hunt, which has gone, apparently never to return. Men of good parts no longer guide the conduct of the drama; and in this country, as in England, critics who least



THE OLD MILISH



comprehend the true aim of the play are most influential in its counsel. When the blind leads the blind, both come to disaster. Wit, discretion and learning having lost their ancient office, the real critics of the modern drama are chroniclers who do not understand it, managers who do not value it and actors who strive by sensational tricks to avoid failure in it.



Our drama threatens to arrive at the scandal of the French stage if present conditions remain. The literary critic has shown bad judgment, the illiterate critic has shown no judgment. The one has abdicated his power to the other, who is unable to exert it for the health of the stage, and between both the noxious drama flourishes. Here we have the poison. What is its proper antidote? The good taste of American women.

HILLARY BELL.

* * * *

Shouldah-h-h ump!

Mar-rk tum!

I'm settin' here tunkin' the floor with my cane—
Kar-rumpty, de-dumpty—oh, rumpty-de-dum,
Drass—front! The milishy o' Maine!

I set here and hum and beat time with my thumb
Till mother gits nervous and in she will come;

Tum-tum, tum-tum!

She thinks for a minit I'm crazy 's a loon
But I'm only jest tacklin' another old tune
That the fife used to play as we tiptoed away—
Fours-right-carry—ump! on the May trainin' day.

Our weskits were yaller—our co'ts were green baize;

Tum-tum, tum-tum!

Our pants they were white and we 'tracted the gaze
Of all of the girls who were round them-a-days—

The gingerbread days and the days o' new rum.

Our cap'n was Britt, and he worked in a mill

And he was a pealer in leadin' a drill.

For a man in a sawmill talks gen'rally full

And Britt had a voice like a two-year-old bull

"Shouldah-h-h ump!"

'Twould make ye jump;

And ye oughter have seen that company hump
When Britt let a beller of "Tension—much!"
With knees like a stallion, with elbows a-touch,
With the slump of a drum and the scream of a fife
To give us the time and some zip and some life,
With eyes right ahead and our backs straighter'n I,
We'd march into Tophet and never say die.

That Liberty Evans was king of a drum.

Rumpty-dum, rumpty-dum!

And Erskine, the fifer, he also was "some,"

And a drum and a fife and a drink o' new rum

Will send ye a-marchin' till kingdom come.

"Dra-a ass clus" till yer elbows touch!

"Carry umps, thar!" For'rud—much!"

This was the tune from the fife and the drum, sir,

This was the tune that they used to play—

"Heads right up and foller yer leader,

Kiss the lassies and march away."

I've set here an hour a-hummin' the tune,

Markin' time with a wagglin' thumb;

Till mother's concluded I'm daft as a loon

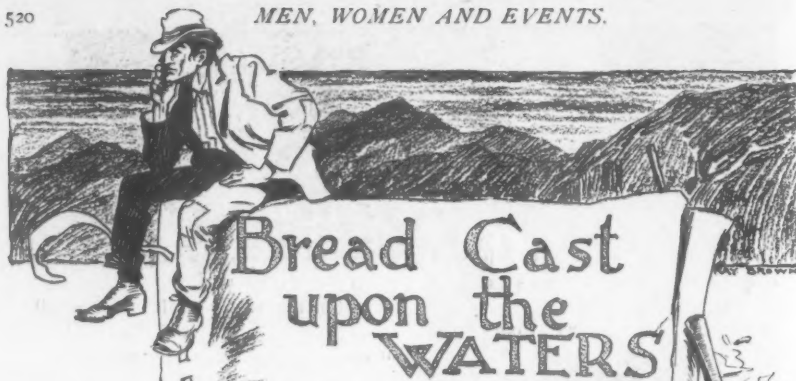
With my humpti-rum and my rumpti-tum—

A-poundin' the floor with my old crook cane—

Dra-a-ss front! The milishy o' Maine!

HOLMAN F. DAY.





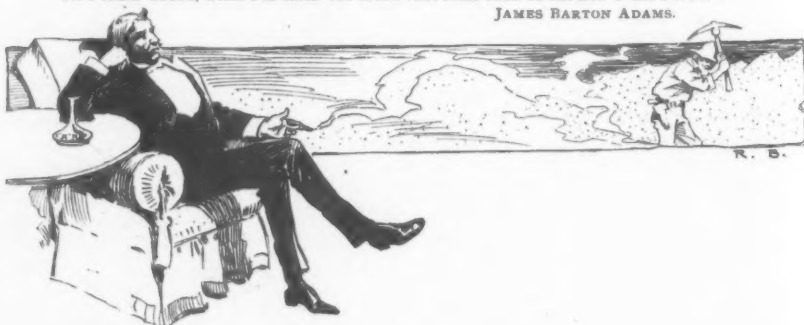
When he come to our camp he was only a tramp, in spite o' the
clothes that he wore,
Which the same I'll admit was correct in their fit, but had
bin a long time from the store,
An' he proved but a shirk too exalted to work when the rest
of us toiled every day—
Wouldn't help us a lick with the drill or the pick, or shovel the
dumplin's away.
He would talk about science and some durned appliance to
fix the location o' gold,
A-ringin' in words that 'd stagger the birds in his language
so easy yit bold,
An' he'd tramp from the light o' the mornin' till night,
a-studyin' natur', he said,
An' tryin' to wrest from her rocky ol' breast a secret t'd waken the dead.

We would give him the scraps from the kitchen, us chaps, not havin' the heart fur to see
A feller unfed goin' hungry to bed, no matter jest what he might be,
An' when in a mood quite exceedin'ly good we would ask him to dinner with us,
Though we knowed 'twasn't right by a deuce of a sight to encourage the indolent cuss.
An' he of entimes said we was castin' our bread on the waters in biblical way,
An' to b'ar it in mind we was goin' to find 't'd come back after many a day,
An' he only jest smiled like a innocent child at a corker from Telluride Pete
That he reckoned the same if it really came 'd be soaked an' unfitten to eat.

With his gentleman style and affectionate smile I begun fur to tie to the cuss,
An' I chipped in a word on his side when I heard the rest of 'em raisin' a fuss,
An' when they allowed that I wasn't the crowd an' asserted with insolent air
That the scientist tramp had to pull from the camp I told 'em to make it a pair.
I cut out my name from the stake on the claim, thus a-cancelin' all o' my right,
An' I packed up my traps an' a pair o' us chaps hit the trail an' got outen their sight,
An' the tenderfoot said that his scholarly head with the science stored up in the same,
Combined with my skill with the pick an' the drill, 'd put the hull outfit to shame.

I would never 'a' thought fur to dig in a spot which his science asserted was rich,
An' he'd smile when I'd say it was time throwed away while a-runnin' the prospectin' ditch,
But we hit on a ledge comin' up like a wedge an' a wid'uin' the deeper we sunk,
An' it tells it to say it's bin many a day since we slep' in a niinin'-camp bunk.
I'm in Millionaire Row an' I reely don't know jest the heft o' the money I've got,
An' my pard in the claim is a-hus'lin' fur fame in a seat in the Senate he bought,
An' the gang in the camp that compelled us to tramp I kin of entimes see in a dream
Yit a-tollin' ahead, while I'm eatin' the bread that come back on the flow o' the stream.

JAMES BARTON ADAMS.



THE SERVANT QUESTION.

BY FLORA McDONALD THOMPSON.

EDITORIAL NOTE.—This paper seems at once the most original in its line of thought and penetrating in the analysis of this subject that has been presented for many a day. It is considered the best of the many submitted in competition for THE COSMOPOLITAN'S prize of one hundred and fifty dollars for a discussion of "The Servant Question."

THE servant question, as commonly regarded, appears from two diametrically opposed and equally hopeless points of view:—

What shall we do with our "hired girls"?

What shall our "hired girls" do with us?

From the former we get domestic-science clubs, training-schools for servants, a quantity of domestic-science literature as vast as it is vapid, and so far as anything practical is concerned, we lose some possibly good housekeepers to make a lot of poor essay-writers, and at best transform Mary Ann from a mutinous slave into a useless prig.

From the other point of view, under various forms, we get rebellion—a rebellion that brings the bitterness of labor vs. capital into our kitchens to sour our children's bread and bully us into a state of submission that is worse than asinine, because human intelligence bows down in the mute, general surrender to unbearable tyranny.

To my mind (and I speak with the authority of years of personal research among the horrors of the servant question), failure to solve this problem proceeds primarily from failure to recognize the scope and character of the matter we assume to settle. It is not a little personal row among women, chiefly of importance to ladies' clubs and comic papers. It is an integral part of the great labor question, and it is an American question. We have first of all to recite the Declaration of Independence in our kitchens—to establish household labor on the clear understanding that this work is performed in our country, not by servants, but by our peers.

To so much as name a servant question in a democracy, is to define an anomaly potent with all sorts of disorders, and dealing with domestic labor under this head tends inevitably to nothing but confusion. The end sought in a servant is—servility.

This is the inseparable condition of all the activities we engage in a servant. To

impose servility on an American is degradation of character intolerable to a democratic spirit. His want and my money may effect a combination making this abuse possible, but a sense of the wrong perpetrated, more or less dumb and brutish according to the intelligence involved, operates constantly to cripple the laborer's usefulness and limit the power of production of the wealth which employs him. No profitable relation between mistress and maid is possible until popular conception of household labor reclaims it from the order of servitude and regards it in its true industrial character. Considering the Americanism of the servant question, it seems to me we must necessarily, for the sake of intelligent action, admit something further on the score of national characteristics. We must admit the commercial spirit of our people, and accept the fact that the relation between mistress and maid is before anything else a money relation, and that not poetic sentiment, not Christian charity, but straight business principles, are to govern. Love of independence and love of gain—the American soul's part in twentieth-century civilization—is the animating spirit of all our conflicts with our kitchens, and but to admit in our own minds that it is lawful and proper—constitutional in the individual and in our form of social existence—that our "hired girls" should demand both independence and the most money they can extract from us, is to bring the servant question out of the dark into the light where we can at least see the thing that is troubling us.

So much accomplished, and we have introduced not alone the servant question into its proper place; we have elevated housework from the petty empire of a petty sex—the realm of woman's backaches, headaches, heartaches—into a necessary and neglected relation with political economy.

Women have forced economic recognition of their labor in men's spheres, but especial woman's work, housework, remains the economic cipher. Domestic labor is

accorded no rational recognition in the mind of political economy or in the heart of labor reform. When the United States Industrial Commission lately was organized with an appropriation of hundreds of thousands for the purpose of investigating and improving the condition of labor and business in this country, I went to the originator of the idea, ex-Representative Phillips, and asked him what he and his commission meant to do for me and my "hired girl." He raised his venerable brow in benevolent surprise, and confessed it never before had been suggested to him that the kitchen has any needs which a paternal government is bound to consider, and the labor done therein had not been taken into so much as remote consideration by his eminent and able commission. United States Commissioner of Labor Wright has exhibited the same well-meaning contempt for domestic labor. He has inquired into the condition of women laboring in factories and business houses; he has compiled statistics showing the cost of living as an element of the cost of production, which go into such minute details as money spent for pew-rent and theater tickets, and include the cost of every article of food consumed from pepper to potatoes. But that the volume of a woman's labor which is expended in converting raw food-material into the finished product has any value in estimating the cost of the world's production, Commissioner Wright does not consider. Mary Ann and I enter into the conscience of statistics as little as into the hope of remedial legislation.

I have found in Simon Newcomb's "Principles of Political Economy" a precise statement of the economic standing of housework. Defining the economic laboring unit, Professor Newcomb says: "Only a minority of the population which inhabits a country is actually engaged in economic production. The general rule is that the laborer has a wife and family. The former is lending him material help by cooking his food and mending his clothes, but there is no need of our complicating the matter by considering her a separate agent of production."

Right here is the root of all our complications with domestic labor, and it grows out of a sentiment so inwrought with

poetry, romance—religion even—that it successfully eludes detection until a woman taking her energy into industrial fields measured by economic standards—trades, the professions, business generally—defines her value as a separate agent of production and thus attains the basis of an intelligent comparison.

My own experience is typical and to the point. Before marriage I earned a salary as a newspaper worker. After marriage, I found myself responsible for the production of all that which the home consumes. Ill equipped for domestic labor by reason of natural ability directed and developed along other lines; having no special knowledge, no taste, and small physical capacity, for housework, my reason was nevertheless so prejudiced by popular opinion concerning my duty under the circumstances, that I stopped working for wages and began working for——?

"The works of women are symbolical.
We slave, sew, soil our fingers, dull our sight,
Producing what? A pair of slippers, sir,
To put on when you're weary—or a stool
To tumble over and vex you . . . 'Curse that stool!'
Or else at best a dinner which you eat,
Then sleep and dream of something we are not
But would be for your sake. Alas, alas!
This hurts most, this . . . that after all, we are paid
The worth of our works, perhaps."

That is the domestic-labor field from a woman-poet's point of view. There is also the man-poet's point of view in the story of "Hannah Jane" who by unflinching devotion to domestic drudgery becomes the illustrious occasion of her husband's success in life and her own untimely end.

"I was her altar and her love the sacrificial flame.
O, with what pure devotion she to that altar came."

Sustained thus by public sentiment concerning the eternal justice and immortal beauty of the cause in which I suffered, I heroically kept at work spoiling a good newspaper woman to make a poor domestic—missing my own excellence to fall short of the cheapest Mary Ann's—and as I saw clearer and clearer day by day that, for me, domestic labor meant suicide, I turned the whites of my eyes up to heaven piously seeking to believe my reward was waiting there.

Inseparable from my martyrdom was the agony of the servant question. Taking

a strictly orthodox view of the obligations of a domestic woman, I considered that, not having wealth at my command, I ought to do without servants. That I was incapable of so doing, I set down to the errors of my youth devoted to "higher aims." I regarded the employment of servants as a reproach—a admission of my failure to realize the full glory of housewifely virtue, and in times of adversity, when finally counsel suggested retrenching on expenses, my first thought always was, the servant must go. This idea I repeatedly acted upon until doctors' bills so contracted, compared with the cost of a servant, began to hint of potential money-value of a domestic woman's energy. As she figures up in this way, or as funeral expenses, the good housewife does acquire well-recognized economic standing, and it was a faint perception of this that inspired my reason to inquire into other economic relations of abstract domestic virtue.

Discerning that according to strict business reckoning, it is cheaper to pay twelve dollars a month to a servant than to pay twice that amount to a doctor, I tried to find out what value this twelve dollars to a servant otherwise represented, that I might figure with equal intelligence with further reference to economy. I thought of the money I had been able to earn at newspaper work, and it occurred to me that this entered into the economy of my household. I did some figuring. Clearly, if I was able to command twenty-five dollars a week at a profession, diverting my energy to domestic labor made this work cost me twenty-five dollars a week. To be sure, in my present situation I was getting my board and clothes and even free soda-water and free matinee tickets, but as I was getting this on the terms of the marriage contract—on the score of connubial love, that is, and not at all in recognition of my industrial value in the household—from an intelligent business point of view the equation remained that doing my housework in lieu of newspaper work was an expense to me of twenty-five dollars a week. Surely it was rank extravagance for me not to hire a girl at twelve dollars a month and work at my profession. Still, what other element of cost, in addition to wages, did hiring a girl involve? What

explained the difference between twelve dollars a month paid to her and one hundred dollars, my own value in household production, for I had found that it took all my mind, and even more muscle than I had, to do housework?

Here my mathematical calculations came to a dead halt. Such is the degree of ignorance and error prevailing in household affairs, so absolutely unrelated is domestic labor to business principles and the conditions of legitimate industry, that I might just as reasonably hope to figure out in dollars and cents whether it would pay better to be queen of a cannibal island or a New York typewriter, as to demonstrate the economy of housework compared with a business pursuit.

However, my mathematical calculations had accomplished this: I had dragged domestic drudgery from the Darkest Africa of its present sphere into the light of business interests, and thereby became able to make a diagnosis of its disorders according to economic principles. Proceeding thus, I discerned:—

Domestic labor is paid on a sweat-shop scale.

The economic organization of domestic labor is barbarous.

The condition of domestic labor is almost entirely unaffected by the general industrial progress of the world.

The condition of the domestic is scarcely distinguishable from that of a slave.

To understand the wage paid domestic labor, it is necessary to trace its evolution.

The American servant question, like our tradition of housewifely excellence, has its origin in the purer democratic conditions of our early development as a nation. When the housewife was the pioneer's "helpmeet," the family servant was "help," and in this situation the servant is logically entitled to merely an extension of what is practically a subsistence wage of the housewife. This amounted to little or nothing in money, but it included equal rights with the family; it gave the girl who "hired out" a place at the family table and at the family fireside, and, equally with the children's, her happiness and well-being were factors considered in adjusting the family economy, all of which represents a value not measurable in money.

Now, however, while we preserve the primitive idea of "help" in determining the wages paid domestic labor, our constantly advancing aristocracy of wealth has eliminated the social perquisites once allowed, until, in the character of the remuneration accorded her, the American "servant" has imposed upon her the condition of social, as well as economic, anomaly. Theoretically, she is domiciled in our homes in part payment of the labor she performs there. As a matter of fact, she lives under our roof on sufferance purely, in an equivocal status scarcely distinguishable from that of a slave. Indeed, selfish interest of the proprietor better insured the slave than the American servant of to-day, who represents no investment to her employer and therefore threatens him with no permanent loss if disabled by lack of care and improper treatment. She is furnished with food left from the family table—a dog's portion—and even if edible, repulsive to a right-tempered American. Her sleeping-room is anything the family does not want. In Washington, the bed-chamber of a servant is commonly in the basement with the furnace-room and coal-bins. She has no place in the house where she is freely entitled to receive her friends. What she enjoys in this and in every social respect, like the amount of money she receives, is determined chiefly by the vigor of her spirit of rebellion.

The terms on which we hire domestic labor place it in the economic category of slave and pauper labor. Legitimate labor we pay by the day of a fixed number of hours, or by the piece, or according to some arrangement which as clearly defines the energy engaged and the product bargained for. We hire a domestic nominally by the week or month; actually, for—all we can get out of her. In Washington, we commonly agree to let her have one evening a week and every other Sunday "off." Aside from this there is no stipulation as to hours which may run the working-day into the night, if the girl is patient by nature or by circumstances hard pressed. The day of the domestic laborer, generally speaking, is not less than fourteen hours as compared with the eight-hour working-day fixed by law in the assumed interest of all industry.

The evils that employers suffer at the hands of domestic labor may be summarized under two heads—insubordination and incompetency. When I set out to establish my household on business principles, the task seemed desperate because of the domestic's aversion to working under orders. It might be possible by training-schools and by sort of thing to improve the skill of domestic labor, but how make this serve the interests of economy so long as the domestic maintained that belligerent, don't-you-try-to-boss-me attitude in which she received all my efforts to organize her work on an intelligent plan, and with such fearful flippancy abandoned her position in my household if I persisted in acting as her manager instead of letting her manage me? At first I thought this confusion arose entirely from the mistake of assuming caste with reference to domestics. I therefore strove to eliminate this idea from my relation with them, by ceasing to require any service from them which was not clearly part of the work they had engaged to do. This excluded especially all personal services which placed them in the position of having to contribute to my ease by doing what I found disagreeable to do, under the authority, not of the managerial office I held in the household, but the authority of my greater wealth and greater social importance. I thus was able to increase somewhat my legitimate control of my own household production, and that I did not so become absolute mistress of the situation, I soon saw proceeded from the inevitable operation of the law of supply and demand. Domestic labor is sustained in its present condition of rebellion and inefficiency by the fact that I do not dare discharge a domestic for even gross insubordination and most exasperating lack of skill because my difficulty in supplying her unsatisfactory service is so out of proportion to the ease with which she can obtain a situation in every respect equal to the one I provide her. Inquiring into the reason of this inequality, I perceived that it results from the inherent unattractiveness of the work she undertakes to do, and analyzing this unattractiveness, it has seemed to me to proceed directly from the error of reckoning household labor as an economic cipher. So long as this labor

is regarded as having no value in estimating the cost of production, clearly it concerns no business interest to advance the cause or condition of this labor. Invention has nothing to gain from perfecting devices for economizing its energy, and capital has nothing to hope from its economical organization. Thus we find domestic labor operating a plant provided with sole regard for the money cost of its equipment, and the work conducted with next to no reference to the cardinal principles of industrial progress—division of labor and specialization of skill. With respect to the matter of equipment, the point of view of an eminent architect with whom I recently had dealing is altogether characteristic. I wanted a gas cooking appliance put in a house, and the man pointed out to me that I should not save anything by this. I answered, "I suppose you mean I shall not save anything as gas and coal bills compare; there is, however, a great saving of the energy of a woman spent in lifting coal from the cellar and playing stoker generally, incidental to cooking with a coal-range." To this the distinguished architect simply sniffed in reply, and turning impatiently to his desk let me plainly understand I was quite too silly for an intelligent man to bother with.

The economic status of domestic labor has not advanced beyond that of the barbarian who is his own carpenter, shoemaker, cook, tailor and blacksmith. Under the head of general housework which one woman will hire out to do, with an equipment insufficient for any one, and absolutely impossible for the success of all, we have assembled such manifestly unrelated industries as cooking, cleaning, washing and ironing, not to speak of innumerable "chores" and an infinite variety of detail determined by the social pretensions of the "lady" of the house. The task of domestic labor is the more hopeless since we demand that among barbaric conditions shall be turned out a product finished according to the refinements of a civilized standard. It is fairly typical of the scheme of domestic labor in this country that one maid washes, irons, sweeps, dusts, makes beds, answers the bell, breaks kindling-wood, runs the furnace, and at six o'clock appears in the dining-room in cap and apron to serve the five-course dinner she

has previously cooked. This dinner, too, has doubtless been ordered according to popular "shin-bone" economy which devises menus enabling a family to live on a dollar a day with total disregard of that should-be sacred truth: "Man does not live by bread alone" but also by the cook whose energy bread-making doth consume.

After I had seen by the light of economic science the stress of the situation from which the servant problem arises, all the comfort of our average American home appeared to me horribly stained with the blood of martyred Mary Anns, and the Slaughter of the Innocents did not seem to me more cruel waste of helpless human life than our conventional treatment of the twentieth-century "hired girl." Casting about for means of a reform, I could not fail to become aware of that newest fetish of the New Woman—domestic science—and I seized upon it as the Moses that was to give me the law by which the banished Israel of our kitchens should reach their Promised Land. I disemboweled the Agricultural Department at Washington of all the literary fruits of its food investigations. I bowed down before Professor Atwater as the tin god of a domestic New Jerusalem, and encouraged my cook with the hope that one day soon she should enter on her eternal reward, obsolete in nutrition as the horse is in modern transportation, and for food we should have "calories" put up in pills, by a chemist working in a laboratory where once our kitchen stood. I went to Drexel Institute for domestic science there, and finally went even to Boston for that knowledge that is to introduce us to the joys of the world to come in our households, if housewives and hired girls will only have schools and clubs, and will study and write essays and preach. The sum total of domestic science I found, naturally enough, in Boston. Here, one day, a leading domestic-science teacher invited me to an exhibition of her graduating class. I saw a dozen or more women go through the performance and prattle with glee over their success in producing a twenty-five-cent dinner. They had marketed for it all the morning before; they had spent the most of a morning cooking it, and heaven knows how many nights they had lain awake planning it, and it cost only twenty-

five cents—just t-w-e-n-t-y-f-i-v-e-c-e-n-t-s—all the women's labor in the meal, that was not worth a penny. While they were given over to the gentle hilarity of their self-forgetting, scientific success, I saw the domestic drudge—the plain cipher of their calculations with reference to the actual necessities of the household—drag in, dish-pan and scrub-pail in hand, to clear away the debris of the dinner and work out the final equation of domestic science as she is taught—

Domestic labor = 0.

This discouraged me with domestic science as a ready means of household reform. I found, moreover, that the graduates of domestic-science schools, instead of looking to home-life as a field for the application of their learning, aim either to become teachers or in another professional capacity to serve the domestic economy of business institutions such as hotels, schools, sanitariums. The effect of this is to leave domestic science quite without practical application to purely domestic needs, and this most widely advertised means of solving the servant problem, therefore, refers not at all to the actual conditions from which the servant problem arises.

The missing link of domestic labor reform is this:

Marriage does not annul a woman's economic relations with the world.

By the exercise of the sex function women do not cease to be responsible agents of economic production, and as much business confusion as moral depravity results from the habit of regarding marriage as a providential means by which weak, lovely woman may substitute sex-activity for toil in the pursuit of a livelihood.

"What's the use of getting married?" I asked a woman one day.

"Lots of use," she answered; "you don't have to work for a living when you are married."

This is the keynote of woman's lack of industrial progress. It is the moral obliquity in which the fallacy of the economic cipher is perpetuated. It is the great first cause of our servant problem. The woman I refer to had been a government clerk before marriage. The benefit she discerned in matrimony is, more explicitly stated, this:—

Being married she no longer labored under the necessity of working or losing her job. By the blessing of a monogamous marriage system, her business in life was no longer subject to the incentives and penalties of competition. A man seldom divorces a wife for shiftlessness. Thus women freely interpret marriage as a license to shirk, and the burden of work to be done in the household they therefore impose on such labor as they can command, concerned about no problem but how to get rid of it themselves. The result is we have servants in revolt, and the whole question of domestic labor involved with general ignorance and depravity. The point on which women most need educating is not hygiene, nutrition, sanitation or cookery. It is economic law applied to themselves. Until the minds of women are enlightened in this matter, not only is no rational reform of domestic labor possible, but neither is it possible to secure the interests of industry in general. So long as we have such a considerable element of the cost of all production as is the cost of living, conditioned by a factor so uncertain, indefinite, and so subject to the control of ignorance and error, as household labor is, so long must it remain impossible to regulate production in any field of labor with exact regard for true economy. Edward Atkinson has estimated that for lack of economy in our kitchens, there is wasted every year one billion dollars of potential energy. This estimate refers not so much to the loss of woman's energy in misapplied domestic labor, as to the depleted energy of all labor resulting from barbaric methods of household production, especially in the matter of bad feeding.

I discern several causes operating to compel recognition of the economic status of domestic labor. There is the revolt of our "servants," which is a manifestation in the household of that same great labor movement that has forced just and intelligent consideration of industry in other fields. The study of domestic science, also, in developing the intellectual and business possibilities of housework, is raising the standard of this labor, specializing its branches, and if at present directing its benefits to business rather than household necessities, the logical outcome eventually

will be a reform of our households on business principles. This is the beginning of the end of the servant question—to introduce business order into household production—and quite the strongest influence at work in the development of the modern woman makes positively for this reform—that is, the wide-spread application of women to business pursuits.

The constantly increasing number of women who direct their energy to professions and business generally, not as the makeshift of a disagreeable necessity but for love of knowledge and believing independence to be a duty, do not gain either independence or knowledge at the expense of their human nature, and, marrying in obedience to the sex impulse not eradicated by their "higher aims," they bring inevitably to domestic disorders, business methods of control. They introduce into the problem of household production a known economic factor, their own business worth, and, after the manner I have indicated in my own experience, they are bound to reckon value in household production as it is reckoned in the business world. In other words, they are bound to make a business of home-making. This is inevitable, for once the business woman has entered the domestic relation, sooner or later she perceives that her continued success in any field depends on the success of the home industry.

The division of labor imposed by nature in the provision of sex makes woman economically responsible for household production. Society devotees may shirk this truth and female-suffrage radicals may dispute it, but the fact remains, and the truly educated—not college-crammed—woman is fast to perceive it, and recognize accordingly that so long as domestic labor—not the labor employed in her own particular household but domestic labor in general—is conditioned by error and subject to disorder, her intelligence cannot profitably occupy itself with any "higher" aim.

Furthermore, the enlightened woman, having defined her value as a separate agent of production before marriage, cannot, as does the housewife of the old order, supply the deficiencies of domestics, applying herself to the task they engage to perform, without being aware of the waste attendant

upon thus devoting her labor to production which accords no value to her service. Neither can she fail to see that by this operation domestic labor is eternally barred from the improvement to result from having its merits and demerits subject to business test.

Altruistic sentiment may provide training-schools for servants and personal ambition provoke patronage, but what is needed for domestic labor is the compulsory education business-conditions secure. So long as the oldtime housekeeper-wife fills in the gap of the poor domestic's skill with the resources of her own, counting no cost of what she thus supplies, so long does the actual value of labor in household production remain undetermined; so long are wages paid with no possible intelligent and just regard for this value—so long, indeed, must domestic labor remain the economic submerged, protected by misguided charity against the penalty of failure and hedged in by false economy from the rewards of success which the drastic but elevating influence of competition in the business world affords industry in general.

In my personal endeavor to subject household production to business conditions, I have considered one of the first principles of business success to be: Don't do anything for yourself that you can hire some one to do for you. This does not imply merely getting rid of work. It requires definite production economically accomplished, and in my own experience, I have found this principle tends:—

To reduce the volume of work done in a household.

To raise the wages of domestic labor, according to inevitable development of special skill.

To relegate domestic drudgery to machines.

To take individual households out of their present absurd competition with well-equipped business institutions performing household labor, such as bakeries, food factories, laundries.

Moreover, by virtue of the law of supply and demand, a general application of business principles to household production must operate to further enlist capital and business organization in the service of do-

mestic needs until we shall have every branch of home industry under strict business control. Thus the sorry empire of Mary Ann will be at an end. No longer permitted to figure as the human cornerstone on which our whole domestic greatness builds, the "hired girl" may "give notice," get married, or by any other rash deed remove herself from our service, and our happy home will as little be plunged in sorrow and confusion as now when our butcher goes out of business or our marketman dies. At all events, this is certain:—

Every effort toward establishing household production on a business basis is bound to succeed in one way or another, because it is in accord with the principles of industrial success the world over.

The interests of domestic labor are also to be served by the particular means labor in general has found profitable for its advancement—organization, special investigations and remedial legislation. I would encourage Servant Girls' Unions, and meet them with Associations of Housewives, organization being the only possible form in which scattered opposing forces may accomplish anything but alternating oppression and rebellion, fruitful only of disorder and mutual loss.

I asked Commissioner of Labor Wright once why he had never inquired into the conditions of domestic labor. He replied that it is not because he fails to appreciate the importance of such inquiry, but because it had seemed to him practically impossible owing to the extremely personal character of these conditions. This difficulty might be overcome and information of value gained if the government were to investigate domestic labor employed in business institutions—hotels, schools, sanitariums, public institutions, asylums, reformatories, et cetera. Knowledge thus to be acquired of domestic labor in relation to business ends would tend to correct some of the existing false equations of value in household production. There is a considerable list of reforms involving domestic labor which require aid from the state to succeed—chief among them, the matter of pure food. As the housewife seeks to extend the problem of household produc-

tion beyond its present personal limits to include economic factors, she at once experiences the necessity of pure food laws. Her economy refers always to her knowledge of nutrition and hygiene, and to make this economy intelligent and true, she must have protection against adulteration and impurity of the food she purchases. There is an immense amount of food-products put on the market nowadays of great labor-saving value in the household—tinned soups, preserved meats and vegetables, manufactured "health" foods of innumerable descriptions. The money-cost is in most instances moderate, but economy demands that their elements be known and their nutritive value in no wise debased by the money-making aim of the manufacturer.

Then there is the matter of laundries. Such a cumbersome special equipment is necessary for laundry work, also special skill in no way related to other branches of housework, that one of the initial reforms of business housekeeping is to "put out" the family washing. The lawlessness that pervades laundries is simply appalling in its menace to health. The spread of contagion thus made possible is so evident that it is mere step-paternalism of government to establish sanitary regulations placing laundries with dairies and food-supply institutions under restriction of law. Then, to the direct relief of the servant question, I would have the law license and register cooks for the same reason that it licenses and registers plumbers, doctors, chemists, and I would have the law abolish the private employment agencies and "intelligence" offices which individual greed operates for the abuse alike of domestic labor and its employers, substituting either government employment bureaus, or business institutions incorporated under a law framed with intelligent regard for the office they assume to fill. But the details of domestic labor reform will result logically and inevitably from the first step in the solution of the servant question—to extend our boasted American liberties to include our "hired girls," and estimate work done in the home as a factor in industrial equations, no longer the economic cipher, the absurdity to which woman's energy in production, through marriage, is reduced.

THE HONORABLE BLUEFORD LIGHT.

BY ELMORE ELLIOTT PEAKE.

THE Honorable Blueford Light leaned comfortably back in his swivel-chair. The gigantic elm that spread out above the little one-story structure which served as Mr. Light's law-office, let in scarcely a ray of the stifling July sun; and Mr. Light, in spite of his avoirdupois, looked deliciously cool in his baggy linen trousers, loose coat and pink negligée shirt. He looked nobby too, if the term may be applied to a staid man of forty-five or thereabout, for he wore a bright silk string-tie, and his capacious waist was girdled about by a broad, tanned-leather belt with a shining, nickel-plated buckle. Also, as he swung his feet some six inches above

then another tired-looking individual drifted in. He was very tired, apparently, for he did not take the trouble to speak. Another period of silence followed, during which Sile lifted his eyes high enough to take in Mr. Light's startling hose. These he studied for some time, with a dawning gleam of humor in his eyes; then he turned and gave the other visitor a deliberate wink.

"Blue, do them come one in a box?" he asked, dropping his lower jaw in noiseless mirth.

Mr. Light, absorbed in his manicuring, seemed not to hear. At the end of half a minute, though, he raised his little gray



"BLUE, DO THEM COME ONE IN A BOX?"

the floor, and complacently pared and scraped his finger-nails, his low shoes each revealed a section of flashy plaid hose.

Presently a loose-jointed individual with sunken lips, as though his teeth were gone, and an appearance of chronic tiredness, drifted up to the door of the office, gave a whistling sigh in token of the heat, and then drifted on in to a convenient chair, from which he began to swing his hat between his legs and to gaze at the floor.

"Hello, Blue," he said, in the course of a minute perhaps.

"Hello, Sile," returned Mr. Light, without lifting his eyes or relaxing his paring and scraping.

Silence prevailed for five minutes, and

eyes, calmly looked his facetious interlocutor over, and said, without a trace of humor:

"Did you want the boxes to bury those coffee-sacks around your ankles in?"

Sile shed this caustic remark as a duck would June rain, and the next moment a phaeton, drawn by a spotted pony, rolled into the shade of the elm and came to a stop at the curb. A stylish young woman leaned forward and looked inquiringly into the office. Mr. Light instantly arose, snapped his jack-knife shut, and brushed the parings from his clothes. "You boys better skedaddle," he said, as he made for the door. Sile and his companion exchanged knowing glances; Sile gave vent

to something that sounded between a chuckle and "By gad!" and then the pair slowly pulled themselves to their feet and dragged themselves out.

Mr. Light was just tying the pony. "Hotter'n Tophet to-day, Miss Shirley," they heard him say, amiably.

Miss Shirley, grasping her purse, parasol and skirts in one hand, and one of the top-bows of the phaeton in the other, swung herself with athletic ease to the ground, before Mr. Light could reach her.

"Fully as hot, at least, I should think," she answered, laughing. "But one would never guess it from *you*! You look cool as a cucumber. But may I ask if this is normal Belmont weather?"

"Well," he drawled, with a grin, "they say if a man can stand three summers in Belmont, the hereafter needn't have any terrors for him, so far as temperature is concerned. I been here thirty summers."

Miss Shirley laughed again at his drollery and stepped briskly into the office. She sank familiarly into a chair, with her shoulders well back and her feet well forward and crossed—a natural, graceful and comfortable attitude, but one which some of the Belmont ladies had seen fit to censure as "bold."

"Do you know, Mr. Light, this is the first time I have ever been in your office," she began, in her energetic way, looking curiously around at the shelves of sheepskin and the dusty, discolored files. It was a wonderful voice, that of hers; she spoke as though the act were a physical pleasure, and the words came bounding out like rubber balls. A good many of the Belmont ladies preferred to divert their tones through their nasal passages, or squeeze them out between their set teeth; consequently they characterized Miss Shirley's voice also as bold.

"I like offices," she continued. "They are something like a clubroom, you know—everything is so delightfully free, and you can come and go without formality." Her blue eyes, on their tour of inspection, had now reached the floor, where certain traces of Sile's recent occupancy and his inveterate habit of chewing tobacco were yet visible. Mr. Light saw her quickly lift her eyes, as though to spare his feelings. "Yes. A couple of hogs just came

and went here that ain't been ringed yet," he observed, drily, and she laughed in a little suppressed way that shook the flowers on her hat, and sent the blood to her temples. He loved to make her laugh that way, and was learning just how to do it.

"Well, sir, how much do I owe you for the first month?" she asked cheerily, fingering her purse.

Mr. Light gazed at her thoughtfully for a moment. "For the cottage, furnished and all, and the horse, buggy and feed, everything, I said thirty dollars. Summer visitors ain't very popular here as a general thing, and the man who brings them in, or nourishes them after they get in, is kind of held responsible by the community, and generally charges accordingly. I notice, though, that you and the Hayden girls, and the rest of that Presbyterian crowd, are thicker'n bees in a clover-patch. I'm glad to see it, though I hope they won't convince you that the chief end of man is to believe that a popular majority of us are bound hellward. It kind of eases my responsibility. I figure that it eases it about five dollars' worth a month. Call the rent twenty-five a month."

"Oh, I didn't expect it!" she murmured, gratefully, with the grace of one used to accepting favors. "You are very kind." For an instant a spark of amusement or coquetry or some other pleasurable emotion shone in her eyes, and then went out.

After this business was concluded, she began, coaxingly: "Now, Mr. Light, I want you to help me. I want you to take some tickets for the entertainment at the church, for the new organ fund. We are trying to see, we young women, who can sell the most tickets; and it looks pretty blue for me, I can tell you, knowing so few. I know you don't want to see me go down in defeat. It's a good cause, too, and you are rich, Mr. Light, the richest man in town"—she began to smile—"and you have never given a dollar to the church in all your life. Don't you think it about time for you to begin to lay up a few treasures above?"

"The Hayden girls tell you that?" asked Mr. Light, placidly. "Well, they're sweet girls, and they wouldn't harm a flea. How many tickets you want me to take?"

"Ten dollars' worth," said Miss Shirley.

and there was no mistaking her intentions.

Mr. Light blinked at her solemnly for a moment. Somewhere, hidden in his little eyes, or tucked behind the heavy folds of his mouth and cheek, was the ghost of a smile. It intimated that he knew he was being "held up," and that he did not especially resent the process. Then without a word he lifted a ten-dollar bill from the money she had just paid over, and laid it down again ten inches nearer her. Again that little knowing look glowed like a spark in Miss Shirley's eyes—the look of a woman conscious of her power. Mr.

"So much the better!" she exclaimed, unconsciously. "We'll sell them over again. This reminds me of a benefit—on a small scale." She stopped rather abruptly.

"Such as they give for actors, you mean?" he asked, shrewdly.

"For anybody—singers and musicians as well. I—you—people often pay for tickets and then, you know, refuse to take them."

"The less likeness you see between this Presbyterian fandango and a benefit, actors' or otherwise, the better off you'll be,"



Drawn by Max F. Klepper

"HOTTER 'N TOPHET TO-DAY, MISS SHIRLEY."

Light saw it and understood it, but his placidity was not disturbed.

"Mr. Light, if you knew just the sensation this will create among the ladies," she said, joyously, "you would understand my gratitude. As a summer boarder, you see, I am especially anxious to make a good showing. Now, I haven't that many tickets with me, but I'll bring them around this afternoon."

"Didn't expect to hook me, I suppose. Well, I don't want 'em."

observed Mr. Light, wisely. "Belmont people haven't a particularly soft spot in their bosoms for actor-folk or any of their institutions."

She quickly opened her lips as if to speak, but did not, and instead took a ticket from her purse. "There's one of your tickets that I won't resell," she said. "I want you to hear the entertainment. I'm going to take part."

"I never go to church," he answered, bluntly.

"This isn't church. It's only *in* a church. You are not very complimentary to me."

"Well, you can leave that ticket if you want to," he answered, relenting. "I may go—if nothing else turns up."

Mr. Light sat in a brown study for some minutes after Miss Shirley's departure. Then he picked up what was left of the rent money—two bills—and tucked it away in his vest-pocket. The ticket he retained longer in his fingers, and finally, moved by some impulse, he held it to his nose. A delicate essence was perceptible, and a peculiar expression softened his rugged mouth. "Yes," he murmured, "I'll go—if nothing else turns up."

Something else did turn up. As Mr. Light was getting into his black suit, in his room in the Eagle House, a man came up to have a deed drawn. While Mr. Light was explaining that it would be absolutely impossible for him to draw any deed that night, owing to an important engagement, at the same time carefully brushing his long-tailed coat—he had not had it out since the last Masonic funeral, a year before—a farmer came in to find out what could be done to a man mean enough to shoot a harmless dog. And before Mr. Light had got out of the hotel office, a tearful, angry woman craved his assistance in the settlement of certain domestic questions through the medium of the law. Yet he was at the entertainment, on time, and occupied a prominent seat.

The house was packed. Miss Shirley's name had done the work. For no particular reason, unless it were because she was a stranger, the people evidently expected something unusual from her. They were not disappointed. She gave them a reading from "Evangeline," and she gave it in a way that left every man, woman and child in the house spell-bound for one breathless moment after she had sat down. Then came a single hand-clap; the spell was broken, and a rattling musketry of applause burst forth. That first single clap came from the Honorable Blueford Light. The entertainment was a success, artistically and financially. The organ debt was lifted, and a comfortable surplus put into the ladies' treasury. The "Enterprise," on the Thursday following, devoted a

whole column to a highly complimentary account of the event; and Miss Shirley's "reciting" was a standard theme of conversation in Belmont for at least a week.

Yet there were eddies in the current. Nearly a third of the article in the "Enterprise" had been given to Miss Shirley's performance, the remaining two-thirds being parceled out among ten or twelve other young women, every one of whom had a mother. While under the spell of Miss Shirley's genius, this division had struck no one as unjust. Indeed, the villagers were proud of their paper's keen artistic sense, and Miss Shirley received anonymously at least half a dozen marked copies. But later it was remembered that Blueford Light held a controlling interest in the "Enterprise"; that Blueford Light, who had never before been known to buy a ticket to a church affair, had bought ten dollars' worth of tickets from Miss Shirley; that he, in all the years since his wife's death, had never before rented his cottage to a summer boarder. Some one remembered, too, that he had said no other woman should ever drive Fanny's pony, and here Miss Shirley was jaunting around the country almost every day with it!

Miss Shirley's costume also came in for some quiet, confidential censure at this stage of the reaction against her. Mrs. Little thought that bare arms and a low neck were not just the proper thing at a church entertainment. Another lady had felt all the time as though she were in a ball-room. A third had felt like covering Miss Shirley's *nakedness* with her shawl. Mrs. Hillyer was sorry that her little Elizabeth had seen her first décolleté gown upon the platform from which she heard the gospel preached every Sunday. Mrs. Spenser was never prouder in her life of her Lola and Mae than when they stepped up on the platform for their duet, immediately following Miss Shirley's reading, with their necks covered to their throats.

Most of this talk sooner or later got to the ears of Blueford Light. Aside from provoking him into some caustic expressions and highly improper expletives, its only effect, if any, was to increase the number of his errands to the little cottage Miss Shirley rented of him. If ever a landlord was obliging, that landlord was he;

and few days passed when no carpenter, painter, glazier, or other artisan, came pottering around the cottage for half an hour or so. All these repairs, of course, required careful supervision and inspection from the owner, until Mr. Light fussed over this little property, according to Sile Beazley, like an old hen over one chick.

Blueford Light was not a young man; but he was not old by any means, he was a widower, and he was rich. He was by all odds the biggest man in Belmont. It was only through his liberality that the new courthouse and the new poorhouse had been built. He was a public man, and no public occasion was complete without his presence and usually his speech. He held as many offices as the county could force upon him.

He was the administrator of a number of estates, and the legal adviser of two or three winsome young widows, any one of whom, it was currently hinted, stood ready to accept him in a nearer and even more confidential capacity. Naturally, people, particularly those with marriageable daughters, hated to see him made a fool of by a

young woman of whom nobody knew anything.

It was not long before this feeling began to manifest itself in more than words. Miss Shirley was treated at church and other public places with marked reserve. Her name was dropped from little select affairs, to start with; and before long it began to be dropped from large, unselect

affairs. Finally came the matter of the corn festival, to be held in connection

with the annual county fair, the first week in September.

A young woman was wanted to take the part of Ceres, and one who had some stability in the way of both voice and figure. Miss Shirley was preëminently the person for the part.

Yet the afternoon the festival committee met in the courthouse to make final arrangements, it

was pretty well understood on the street and in more than one home that Miss Shirley's services would not be requested. Both Mae Spenser and an elocutionist over at Bradford were talked of, the latter more favorably perhaps, for Miss Spenser was a trifle spare to typify a goddess of plenty.

The committee was in the midst of its



Drawn by Max F. Klepper.

"MR. LIGHT FUSSED OVER THIS LITTLE PROPERTY . . . LIKE AN OLD HEN OVER ONE CHICK."

deliberations. A division had just taken place over the two young women in question, and Ralph Endicott, Belmont's leading merchant and Mae Spenser's brother-in-law, had just taken the floor in Mae's behalf. He was a tall, handsome man, though of a bloodless complexion, and carried himself with a provokingly patronizing air. He now paused dramatically before beginning, and surveyed the little group before him with a complacent, superior smile. Just as he brought the tips of his white fingers together, and cleared his throat to begin, the door opened and Blueford Light stepped within.

He was plainly on the war-path. There was a bulldog droop about his shaven lips, and his little gray eyes glowed with a porcine ferocity. He advanced to a chair with ominous deliberation, one chubby hand hanging by the thumb from his trousers-pocket, the other holding his hat in what seemed like mock respect. He looked at no one and spoke to no one. His appearance at this juncture was evidently regarded by the gentlemen of the committee as exceedingly inopportune, if not entirely out of order. But no one said anything. For a moment a pin-fall could have been heard, and Endicott's pose was getting rather ridiculous.

"Gentlemen, I trust I don't intrude," said Blueford, blandly. "Go on, Mr. Endicott. I have only a word, and it will keep."

Mr. Endicott, thus admonished, went on. Very effectively, too, after he got started. An ill-concealed enmity had long subsisted between him and Blueford Light, owing in part to their rivalry for headship in affairs, but mainly to their antagonistic temperaments; and though Endicott now carefully avoided any allusion to Miss Shirley, he dwelt significantly on the fact that Mae Spenser was a *home* girl, while the elocutionist was not. Blueford listened to the arguments on both sides with a face as immovable as a mask, staring straight ahead at nothing, with set lips and protuberant chin, and blinking with the regularity of an automaton. The gentlemen evidently suspected his mission, for they fenced back and forth in a vain endeavor to draw him out, and put off a vote on the question, until the situation was

becoming ridiculous. It was apparently all lost on Light, until finally some one suggested, hesitatingly, that perhaps he might have something to say.

"I have," said Blueford, rising and resting three fat fingers on the edge of the table. "I came here for the purpose of saying it. The objections which have been urged here against both the young women in question, are also the objections I have heard upon the streets and elsewhere. Miss Spenser is too small; Miss Chester is a professional. Both objections are valid. But why all this talk, gentlemen? There is a young woman here in our midst to whom neither objection applies, nor *any other*; a young woman strikingly fitted by both nature and art to play the role of Ceres; one who would, by her lady-like demeanor and amiability, reflect credit on the Brown County Fair Association, of which I have had the honor to be president fifteen years. Gentlemen, it is a strange thing to me," he continued, slowly and impressively, with tremulous voice and smoldering eye, "that her name has not been mentioned in these deliberations. I cannot understand it. I cannot believe that you—men, with a reputation for honesty and love of fair play—have been influenced by the petty jealousies which have been nursed against this young woman by some of the so-called Christian women of this town."

Endicott's wife was superintendent of the Presbyterian Sunday-school and ring-leader of the faction against Miss Shirley, and he now turned perfectly white. Blueford Light paused, with leonine majesty, as though inviting attack, but Endicott said nothing.

"It is unnecessary, gentlemen, for me to say that I mean Miss Shirley," Blueford continued, "and I trust that you will unmistakably express your disapprobation of the shameful and cowardly movement which is now on foot against this innocent and defenseless young woman, by choosing her for the leading role in the corn festival. You will at the same time vindicate your good judgment, for she is the only young woman in Belmont who can fill the role with entire credit to the Fair Association."

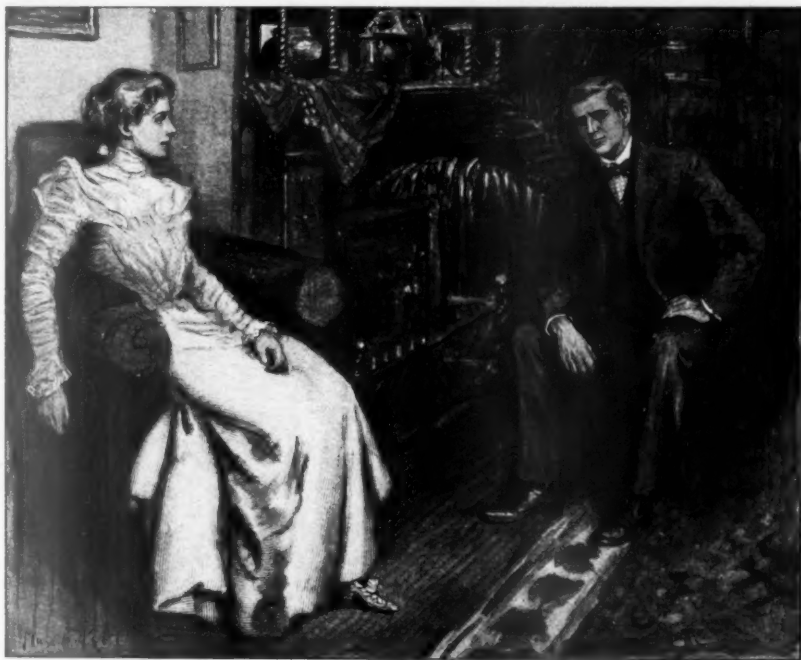
He sat down, his lips trembling with suppressed rage. He no longer stared at noth-

ing, but glared at the individual committee-men with irrepressible defiance. Every man there knew just how far Blueford Light's pledge of pecuniary aid had gone that year, as in other years, toward making the premium-list and the track purses the most attractive offered in the state; every man there knew just the size of the hole which would be made in the exhibits by the withdrawal of Blueford Light and his numerous farm-tenants. Something, too, in Blueford's demeanor seemed to suggest these things.

with indignation, but his notes rang false.

"*It is!*" thundered Light, his pent-up wrath bursting forth with volcanic fury. "It is, because I am riding it down in the cause of justice—in the cause of a tender and defenseless woman. It is, or—mark my words well, gentlemen—it is, or Brown County Fair for 1893 will be a stench in the nostrils of every man who pays an entrance-fee at the gate."

He stood still for a moment after this challenge, confirming it, as it were, by his



Drawn by Max F. Klepper.

"HOW MUCH DID YOU HAVE TO DO WITH IT, MR. LIGHT?"

"Well," began one of the members, conciliatingly, "I *had* thought of Miss Shirley, and for my part I'm perfectly willing she should have the place."

Most of the others, more or less ashamed of the part they had been playing, were assenting to this as gracefully as possible, one by one, when Endicott jumped to his feet, pale and agitated.

"Gentlemen, I want to ask if this committee—this town—is to be overridden in this manner by one man?" he cried

masterful attitude; and then, still holding his hat in his hand, he quietly left the room. An hour later one of the committee-men stepped into his office and notified him of Miss Shirley's selection.

"Your action is most commendable, Moseley," said Blueford, almost sweetly.

"Well, some of us kind of wanted her all the time," answered Moseley, squirming a little, "but, of course, we—well, we——"

"Needed a little screwing up of your

backbone," suggested Blueford, drily, and Moseley shamelessly assented with a grin.

When Mr. Light announced her selection to Miss Shirley, shortly after supper, she was thoughtfully silent for a moment, then asked softly, "How much did you have to do with it, Mr. Light?"

"I am not on the committee," he answered, evasively.

"I didn't ask you that," she returned.

"I stepped into the committee-room this afternoon, and suggested your name," he admitted. "Two or three other names were also suggested by somebody else. I wasn't there but a minute. They notified me afterward of your choice."

His words evidently gratified her, but she asked, frankly, "Do you think I should have been chosen if you hadn't recommended me?"

"Nobody could have been chosen without the recommendation of some one," he answered. "When you come into contact with the public, a bumper is necessary in the way of a friend or two. I couldn't be elected weed commissioner, if I aspired to that high office, without my friends. My recommendation did no doubt have its weight with the committee. But what of it? Suppose my recommendation had had *all* to do with it—what difference would it make? Who would you sooner owe your choice to than me?"

"No one," she answered, looking up brightly. "Only this, Mr. Light—I can't serve," she added, soberly. "I am grateful to you, for this and for many other favors, but I can't serve."

"Why?" he asked, without surprise or resentment.

"Because I don't feel kindly toward these people," she answered, eloquently, with kindling eyes, "and because I don't believe that they feel kindly toward me. I have had too many evidences of their unfriendliness in the last few weeks. I know why it is," she added, bitterly. "It's simply because I am different from them, and different in a way that excites their jealousy. It is because I have been here alone all summer, and have not seen fit to explain why to every curious visitor. I despise their narrowness, and if I took part in the festival it would be only to triumph over such people."

Blueford's little eyes sparkled. "That's just why I want you to take part," he said, confidentially leaning forward. "You will find, Miss Shirley, that if I am with you in this town, it don't make much difference who is against you."

She gave him another quick glance of gratitude, and laughed a little—a round, full, whole-souled laugh. "I'd like to, Mr. Light," she said, cozily, "just to please you. But—I don't think it would be just—womanly."

She submitted the question to him with her eyes. He passed his palm across his lips and chin two or three times, and glanced meditatively at a picture on the wall. "Well, I don't know, I don't know," he answered, slowly. After another pause he said: "So you think you are unpopular here. You remember what I told you about summer boarders? Don't you know that popularity in a village isn't worth that, as a criterion of character?" snapping his fingers.

"I hope not," she murmured, with a plaintive ruefulness that gave Blueford another pause, and made him pass his hand again over his lips.

"If you weren't a summer boarder here, you would be the most popular young woman in town, with your accomplishments. If you lived here, and were married, say—I put it that way because you are old enough to be, you know—and could entertain in some style, these same people that have slighted you would fawn at your feet. You believe that?"

"No doubt," she assented. "That's human nature. But it's all very unattractive to me. I'm a child of the city, and I don't believe I could be happy in a village."

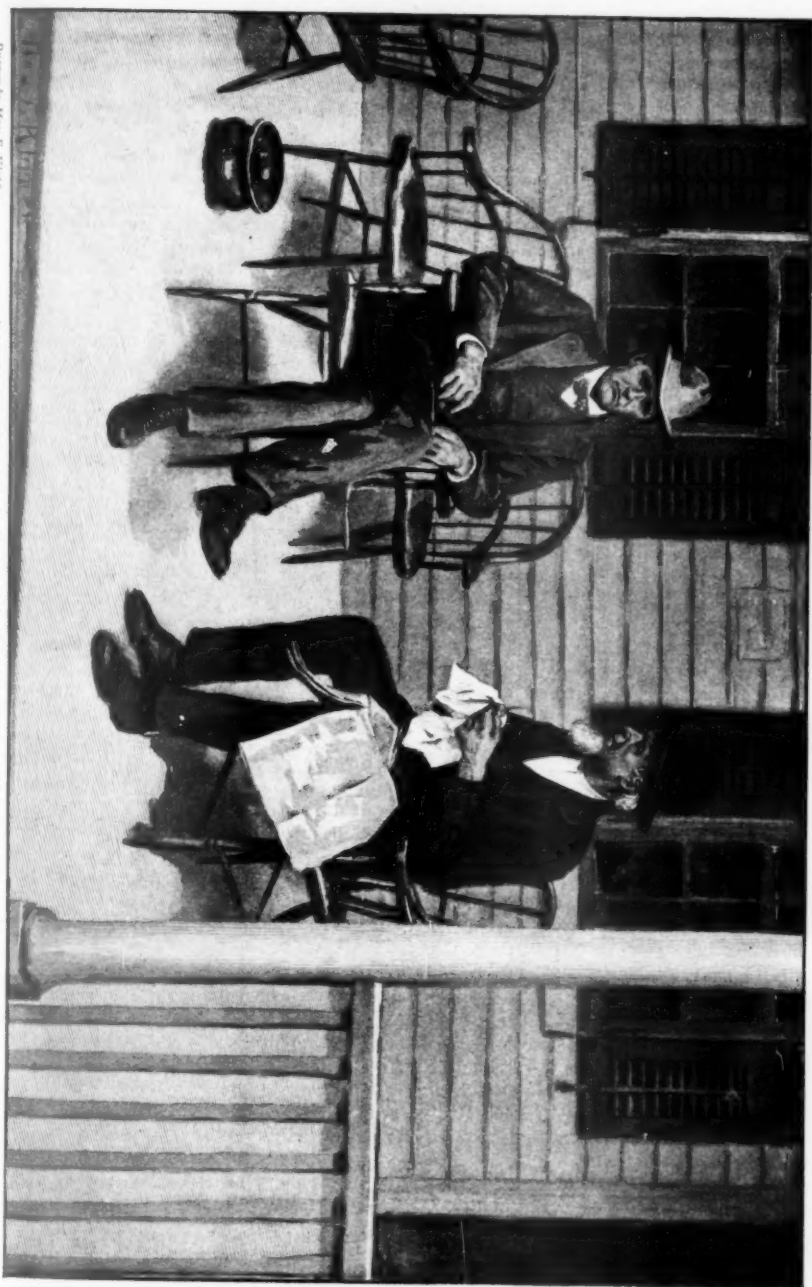
Blueford again passed his hand across his lips, and studied the picture. Miss Shirley stole a searching glance at him, and looked a little serious.

"Another reason for my not taking part in the festival," she said, "is that I ought to leave here by the 2d or 3d of September."

"Why?" he asked, with a little start. "That is, if it's any of my business. It will be hot till the 1st of October."

"I've got to get back to my work," she answered.

He looked at her as if he suspected her



Drew by Max F. Kopp.

"JEDDY POLISHED HIS GLASSES, WITH THE NEWSPAPERS SPREAD ACROSS HIS LAP."

of joking, and asked, half ironically, "What is your work?"

"I am an actress, Mr. Light," she said, stiffening a little.

Blueford gazed at her in his massive, square way, without a change of feature. Then he leaned forward and took her slender fingers in his rough palm. She attempted a little backward movement at first, but something in his sturdy, leonine masculinity enthralled her and held her still. She could not even withdraw her hand, though he held it as lightly as if it were fragile glass.

"Miss Shirley—Victoria, would you be willing to give up the stage and whatever ambitions you may cherish there, for the love of a man who would guard you all his life as a being sent to him for his refinement and exaltation? Will you let me build you a home, enthrone you there, and worship you the rest of my days? Victoria, will you marry me?" he asked, with a pathetic smile of childish simplicity.

She sat quite white and still at first, then placing her other hand on his, with a little endearing movement of her whole body, she cried softly:

"Oh, Mr. Light, I am so sorry!"

At that moment the door-bell rang, and Amelia Hayden's voice sang out: "Victoria! Where are you?"

Miss Shirley rather abruptly left Belmont three days later. On Thanksgiving Day the Honorable Blueford Light attended services at the Presbyterian Church. He sat in the same pew that he had occupied the night of the organ-fund entertainment. When the contribution-box was passed, he dropped in a ten-dollar bill. It was the first and the last time that he ever sat under the Rev. Mr. Grimes, and people paid fully as much attention to him as they did to the sermon.

After dinner of the same day, as he sat on the porch of the Eagle House—it was yet comfortable out of doors in the bright sunshine—old Jeddy Weeks, who always read the hotel papers and drank its ice-water and used its toothpicks, drew up a chair alongside him. As Jeddy polished his glasses, with the newspapers spread across his lap, he said, casually:

"Down at the depot yesterday, Blue.

Seen 'em ship your spotted pony. Goin' to some place in Jersey, Dixon said. Must have got a pretty fair price to ship her that far."

"The consideration was entirely satisfactory," answered Blueford.

"Dixon cal'lated some circus had bought her," continued Jeddy, after a little more polishing of his glasses.

Mr. Light let this surmise pass undenied. "Mis' Weeks would have it, though, that she'd been bought for some gal's pet," ventured Jeddy again. And again Mr. Light made no response. Jeddy, after adjusting his glasses, took an inquiring peep over them at his companion. He did not need his glasses to see that Mr. Light's silence was not accidental, and he unfolded his paper somewhat stiffly.

He had been reading about ten minutes, Blueford meanwhile moodily smoking, when he suddenly exclaimed, "Well, by ginger!" Blueford turned his head inquiringly.

"You seen the paper to-day?" demanded Jeddy, excitedly. "You ain't! Well, listen!"

Seizing the paper firmly in both hands, as though some one might try to take it from him, he read rapidly: "'Jessie Austin-Ridgeley and her husband, Charles Ridgeley, open a week's engagement to-night at the American, in 'A Millionaire's Daughter.' The company come directly from New York, where they have had a successful run of three weeks. Mr. Ridgeley, who is his own manager, spent the entire summer in England with the author of the play, David Hounslow, getting scenery and costumes ready. Mrs. Ridgeley, in order to study uninterruptedly, spent the summer incognito in a little village near Pittsburg called Belmont, where she was known as Victoria Shirley.'"

"Yes, I knew that all some weeks ago," said Blueford, calmly.

"And you ain't told anybody! Well, I got to tell Callie first, or she'll never forgive me." He crushed the paper in his pocket, forgetful or indifferent as to its ownership, and clattered down the steps. At the bottom he paused and looked up at Blueford's half-contemptuous face with a knowing grin. "Say, Blue! Where'd that hoss go?" he asked.

IN THE SECURITY TRUST BUILDING.

BY WILLIAM R. LIGHTON.

FROM every point of view within the growing city the vast red bulk of the Security Trust Company's new ten-story building loomed against the sky, a constant reminder to the townsmen that metropolitan dignity was upon them. Those who clung to their love of the good old

time felt a sense of sorrow over the passing of the pastoral days of village history; but others were ambitious for "progress" and larger opportunities and took a certain blood-thirsty delight in the thought that within the five hundred rooms upon the ten broad floors a thousand hopeful and hopeless, joyous and joyless men and women were passionately busy with working out the puzzling equations of their lives. Judge Henry Benton

celebrated his seventieth birthday anniversary by renting quarters in the new building and essaying to accommodate himself to a new way of life. The change was made against his inclination; but some of his contemporaries had set the example, and the fashion of example was hard to be resisted.

"I'm too old," he complained to those of his friends who had time to listen. "I can't begin over again. What's the use of my putting on all this new show of elegance?" But he went with the rest.

His three rooms in the Security Building were bright and pleasant, offering a broad

view across the city whose growth he had watched with such jealous fondness almost from the beginning. While the other pioneer lawyers of the town had confined their intellectual activities to the essentials of their profession, Benton had cultivated a breadth of sympathies, against these later years. One of his rooms was furnished and fitted for the especial accommodation of his books, and there he passed the greater part of his days. Sometimes

he attended to such business as was exigent; sometimes he gave himself up to the enjoyment of friendly visits with those who dropped in for old times' sake; sometimes he would sit through uninterrupted hours with his gray beard sunk upon his breast, dreaming as old men dream.



Drawn by Clyde O. De Land.

"HE WOULD . . . LOOK ACROSS THE COURT AT THE BENT AND BUSY FIGURES OF THE OTHER TENANTS."

The architecture of the building had left a wide court in the center, and upon this court many windows opened. From one of his own windows Benton had a general view of the opposite rooms and their occupants; and at times, when neither his books, his callers nor his dreams could satisfy him, he would wheel his armed chair to that window and look across the court at the bent and busy figures of the other tenants. He was not a victim of idle curiosity; his was the compassionate interest of one who had lived, striven and achieved, and who now had time to question the utility of such ardent effort.

Sometimes as his thoughts defined themselves, he would visit them upon the simple fellow who acted as janitor upon that floor.

"It's a funny world, Jim," he said once, while the man was ostentatiously busy with his feather duster. "Some say we're growing very hard and selfish nowadays. If we are, I should say it's due to the plain fact of weather-tight, sun-proof walls and roofs. Our walls shut us in, Jim, and circumscribe us. Living altogether withindoors makes us incane. I'd be willing to wager that three-fourths of the tragedies of to-day are conceived and enacted withindoors."

"Yes, sir," Jim agreed doubtfully, his duster inactive, his lips held apart in the grasp of their provisional grin.

"I see there are new tenants in Room 627," Benton pursued. "That room doesn't hold its tenants, does it? This makes the third change this year. But that doesn't matter; it's the little girl I'm thinking of. She isn't over eighteen; it's hard to be shut in as she is, all day long. She has a sweet child's face."

"She don't want no sun," Jim ventured. "Nobody couldn't make that girl quit 627, nohow."

"Why?"

"That man she's workin' for; he's why. He's sun an' moon an' stars for her. That's why. I been watchin' 'em."

"Ah!" Benton breathed. He looked again across the court. Through the opened window of the opposite room he could see the girl sitting at her desk, her arms crossed and her head resting listlessly upon them. It was that persistent list-

lessness of attitude which gave Benton sorrow. "Yes," he said, softly, after a moment. "What sort of a fellow is he, Jim?"

"Oh, I don't know," Jim answered.

"You don't like him? I hope he isn't a villain."

"He's just the same as one, or else I don't know. I swear, it looks to me like it's powerful funny, the way girls can't spot that kind of men, because it's so durned easy. That girl's like all the rest. If she takes a shine to a feller, why, that settles it; she don't ask no more."

"Has she any folks? Do you know about that?"

"I ain't never heard tell."

"What does she do over there?" Benton asked.

"Oh, nothin', only same as these other girls about here. Writes letters, an' keeps his books. Mostly I reckon she's just waitin' for that feller to say somethin' to her, so's to give her a chance to turn red an' look at him, the way they do. I see——"

The outer door of the office was opened, and Jim was instantly galvanized into active attention to his duties. Thereafter he did not offer to recur to the discussion. But the girl was often in Benton's thoughts, as she was often before his eyes.

She did not appear to be overworked, at any rate. She was only occasionally engaged over her books and with her typewriter; for a much greater portion of the time she sat, as Benton had seen, unoccupied save by her own thoughts. Benton wished that he knew whether they were pleasant thoughts. He was sorry to see that she had no acquaintance with the other girls in the building. During the brief nooning they were used to assemble in force upon the steps of the wide iron stairway, there to divide and eat their luncheons, seasoning their food with a sauce of shrill merriment. The girl in Room 627 invariably ate her luncheon alone, and the paper packet which she opened upon her desk was always small.

Two or three times Benton strolled through the corridor. Upon the door was painted, in the conventional gilt lettering of the building, "WORLD DETECTIVE AGENCY."

He knew nothing of such a concern; and when he questioned some of his friends he found that they knew no more than he, save that it was one of the multitude of new ventures which were constantly starting into fitful life as the city grew. The manager of the agency was one Weller, formerly a member of the city police force, and a man whose reputation for irresponsible gaiety was greater than his reputation for sterling worth. Taken in its entire aspect, the situation was not cheering.

Benton suffered his unanswered letters to accumulate for two or three days, then one morning he gathered them together and marched boldly around to Room 627. He had made sure that the girl was alone. When he entered, she was sitting in her wonted place, her elbows resting upon her desk, her chin supported upon her outspread hands.

"Good-morning," he said, gently. "Pardon me, but are you a stenographer?"

"Yes, sir," she answered, simply.

"Are you busy this morning?" he asked. "Can I get you to do a little work for me?"

"Oh, yes. I'm not busy. I'd like to get the work, very much." She drew toward her an open note-book, then sat waiting while Benton brought a chair to the side of her desk.

She had but little skill; hers was a plodding pencil, and she betrayed an excess of nervous agitation. Benton was rather pleased than otherwise, for the lagging progress gave him opportunity for studying the girl closely and undetected. His nearer view gave him no new facts. She was only one of that large class of inexperienced girls who have taken places in late years as wage-earners in business offices. Their presence gives at best an impression of impermanence, from the fact that their wage-earning is only an expedient, pending the actual determination of their destiny. There are few middle-aged women clerking in offices. No one has taken the pains to collect the statistics of the subject save by the process of surmise, no one knows what becomes of the fresh young faces which appear to-day and disappear to-morrow. Benton saw nothing in this girl that raised her above the general average. She was undeniably ingenuous; he could find no

other expression upon her face. Her forehead was high and full; her light hair was drawn neatly back and confined in a loose coiling braid; her lips were well formed and well colored, but expressed nothing beyond that pervading innocence; and her blue eyes partook of that assurance.

Though her work was slow, he had the satisfaction of discovering that it was exact. When the typewritten letters were delivered to him an hour or two later, they were examples of tidy form, and her spelling was faultless.

"That's good," he said when he had read them through. "I should like to give you more of this work, if you care to do it, Miss—— I don't believe I know your name?"

"My name is Annie Smith," she said; and Benton felt a queer inclination to laugh. To hear her pronounce her name made him think of rubbing a moist finger over pencil-marks already faded to illegibility. "I'd like to have your work," she said. "I'm not kept very busy. I'd be willing to work cheap, just so I can be doing something."

Thereafter he went to her regularly with his letters, though the glamour of mystery was quite gone. She had yielded the slight secret of her character upon that first acquaintance. She was very willing to talk, though her speech was timid and hesitating, as though she was ill at ease and in an attitude of defense against lurking surprises in the conversation. Benton wanted to see Weller, and at last this desire was gratified, though it left him far from pleased. Weller was tall and of large frame and muscle, quite after that order of physical architecture which we are used to seeing in police officers. His face was shaven smooth, which served to bring into plain view the heavy, down-drooping lines of the large lips. The dominant expression of the face was somber, and this suggestion was not relieved by the furtive habit of the dark eyes. There was nevertheless an appearance of strength upon the massive features. The man was full of that purely animal positivism which so often passes for force of character.

One morning, a fortnight after his meeting with Weller, Benton found the girl standing by the window, her hands clasped

over her head, her figure posed with a new assurance. She was singing softly to herself, her voice filled with a quality of buoyant happiness. She sat down and began to write as he dictated; but her hand trembled beyond her control, and she soon dropped the pencil.

"I'm afraid I can't do it this morning, sir," she said with a soft laugh. "I'm awfully sorry, and—I'm glad, too. I was married last night."

His brows contracted with startled surprise. "Married?" he repeated.

"I'm Mrs. Weller now," she supplied, with a quick blush. "We were married last night, after the office was closed."

Benton sat in silence for a time, looking curiously into her unabashed eyes. She seemed so unqualifiedly happy; yet fear was upon him. "Well, my dear child," he said at last, "I hope—I honestly hope — You must pardon my awkward surprise. I *am* surprised, certainly." He held out his hand, and she gave him hers, which he retained in a gentle pressure. "You've taken a long step forward, my dear. I hope——"

She interrupted with an irrepressible laugh. "Oh, we're going to be so happy!" she cried. "I know it was very sudden, but I'm not a bit afraid. I wish you knew him better. He's so big, and he seems so rough to most people; but he's so good to me. I've only known him a little while—just three months; but right from the start it seemed as if he was so *much* to me. And he says I can make him different. I *can*, too, Mr. Benton; I'm so sure!"

Benton breathed a long stifled sigh. "Yes, yes," he said, quietly. "Well, child; I—don't know. I should like to say something; but I know how empty any speech of mine must sound to you now. I hope your happiness may endure so long as you live. I like to see people happy." He smiled upon her, trying to make his speech confident; but she caught the smothered undertone.

"What do you think——" she began, in almost a whisper; then the door was pushed open and Weller entered. His face was flushed from chin to forehead, and his eyes burned. Benton arose involuntarily.

"I was just giving my good wishes to

your wife, Mr. Weller," he said, and he held out his hand to the husband. "You must accept my hearty congratulations."

Weller interrupted with a broad wave of his hand. "Oh, that's all right!" he cried, in thick accents. "Congratulate her myself. Pretty girl, ain't she? Been congratulating the boys, too. Excuse me. That's all right, old man; don't mention it!" His hand was making sweeping circles in the air, and his lips leered. "Mus' go now," he said, his figure suddenly stiffening. "Bus'ness is bus'ness, you know, an' then pleasure. Ain't that right? Sure! By-by, Baby." He went out hurriedly, lurching in his walk. "Goin' down!" he roared in the hall, and the elevator door clanked behind him.

The girl had not risen; she sat erect, with her hands gripped tightly upon the edge of her desk. Benton made several ineffectual attempts to speak, but a chill of revulsion froze his lips.

"My poor child!" he said at last. He laid his trembling hand upon her stiffly poised head, stroking her hair softly.

"Oh, please go away!" she begged, and Benton went sadly to his rooms.

It was unwontedly early when he arrived at the building on the following morning. As he left the elevator at the sixth floor, the poor ward of his thoughts was standing in the corridor at a little distance from the shaft, a picture of wretched anxiety. Her hair and dress were neatly arranged, but it was evident that she had passed a sleepless night. As Benton approached her she glanced up quickly; then her eyes fell and she turned away, avoiding the meeting. She began to pace back and forth through the corridors; he saw her shadow pass across the ground glass of his door many times. A heavier step struck by and by upon the tiled floor of the hall, and the girl paused before Benton's door, waiting until Weller's shadow had joined hers. The transom stood open over the door, and Benton listened without shame to what followed.

"Hello, Baby," Weller said, with a brave assumption of good feeling. "Just been up to the house, lookin' for you. How you feeling this morning?" She kept silence, in which he joined her for two or three awkward, slow minutes. "Say,

Baby," he said, at last, "it ain't no wonder you feel sore. It wasn't the way I ought to done, stayin' away all night like that; but I had sense enough to know I better stay away an' not come home when I wasn't fit, the shape I was in."

She replied with two or three choking, inaudible words.

"Yes, you are sore, too," he insisted. "I can see that; it's plain enough." Then another dull pause. "I oughtn't to done it, I know, and I never meant to, neither, till I run across some of the boys yesterday. They'd seen about the license in the paper, and they made me go with 'em and set up the drinks."

Then he stopped, but she had nothing to say.

"Say, don't act that way,"

he objected, after a time. "I don't think you ought to be so hard, just this once. Say, Baby, don't you love me?"

Benton heard a long, gasping sob; but there were no words.

"Well, I love you, little one," Weller urged. "You mustn't think I don't, just

because of this once. I won't do it no more; I won't, honest."

"You told me that before," the girl's low voice commented.

"Well, I know I did," Weller agreed readily. "I know I did; you don't need to tell me that. I didn't mean to, neither;

but you can't be mean when the boys come at you that way. I don't suppose I ought to drunk with them, after I'd promised. I was a fool. It ain't goin' to happen no more."

She was quietly crying. He put his arms about her and their shadows were merged into one as he drew her toward him. "Annie," he coaxed; "don't do that. That don't seem just right. We're married now, and I love you, and

if you keep on lovin' me, like I do you, why, this thing won't happen no more; I swear it won't. But you mustn't get mad at me. Tell me: you do love me, don't you?"

"Oh, Dan! You know I do!" she cried, helplessly.



Drawn by Clyde O. De Land.

"HIS HAND WAS MAKING SWEEPING CIRCLES IN THE AIR."

"Well, then!" he said with broad assurance; "that makes it easy. You just keep on lovin' me, and honest to God I won't drink no more, nor do anything you don't like me to." Then came another pause, while the girl's sobs grew slower and quieter.

"Oh, Dan! my Dan!" she said, softly, ending with a low laugh that sounded like an overflowing of joy. "Tell me again, Dan; is it true I can make you better? Is it really true?"

He raised his hand as though he were taking an oath. "It's true, every word of it, so help me God!" his rough voice answered. She laid her head upon his shoulder and was quiet.

He did not prolong the tension of emotion. "Say, have you had your breakfast?" he asked, in a few moments.

"Breakfast?" she repeated. "I don't know. I haven't thought about it. No, I haven't had any yet."

"Well, better get something," he said.

"No, no," she returned, quickly. "I don't want anything to eat."

"Oh, you mustn't go that way. Come on. I haven't had breakfast, either."

"Indeed and indeed, Dan, I don't want anything. I can't eat now. I could live forever without eating, if I know you love me. Besides, see how I look! I'll go with you for dinner. You go now and come back, quick, and I'll try and fix up a little, so I'll look like something. Kiss me first, Dan."

He stooped and kissed her. "All right; I guess I will," he consented. "I won't be gone but a minute, though; and I'll tell you what we'll do then: we'll lock up at noon, and take the afternoon off. We'll go 'out ridin', and then I'll take you to the theater to-night. How'd that strike you?"

They passed down the hall together, out of hearing, leaving Benton with his thoughts. A great fear was upon him, and his heart throbbled as though the suffering were his own.

"The poor deluded child!" he groaned. "Oh, the shame of it! In God's name, why do such men live!" Then sorrow gave place for a time to anger—an anger which was, strangely enough, directed against both man and woman. "After all,

they're only an average pair of fools. They've chosen the fools' course, and they'll probably go on with it. Why should I burden myself?"

Then followed three weeks during which Benton looked on at a spectacle of light and effervescent happiness—such happiness as the thoughtless indulge themselves in. Benton had argued with himself that these people lived only in the present moment, and that if the present moments were hapless, fortunately they did not endure for very long. But for all effects the present moments of the heedless are eternal. While joy endures, the future holds no threat; while sorrow or pain is ascendant, the future holds no promise. The immediate experience bears no relation to any other.

During those three weeks Weller went about his daily occupations with the manner of one whose past weaknesses were buried from sight and remembrance; and his young wife was radiant with implicit confidence. Benton knew well enough that such condition was impermanent; but there was nothing to be done save to wait.

His waiting came to an end one night with the close of the third week. He sat in his book-lined room, smoking one of the cigars which he allowed himself upon rare occasions, when he felt that a cigar was the only factor wanting for perfect content. The day had been warm and oppressive; but with the coming of night a soft rain had begun, increasing with the growing darkness, and this rain was beating upon his windows, driven before the gusts of a summer-night wind. He was sunk in the enjoyment which an old man takes in a deep chair and a book. The building seemed deserted; the corridors were silent, and the whining of the elevator cables had ceased; there was no sound that came to him save the whisper and splash of the wind and rain, and the dull roar and rumble arising from the paved streets of the city.

A shuffling soft-shod step moved through the hall, and the door of the outer office opened to admit the janitor, who peered into the library, raising his feather duster in salute.

"Hello, Jim," Benton said. "Want to sweep out?"

"No, sir; I was through in here an

hour ago," Jim said. "Say, Judge, there's something wrong with that kid over in 627."

Benton closed his book. "What do you mean?" he asked.

"Why, I don't know; but when I went in there to sweep, she was down on the floor, and her hands all tangled up in her hair, like she was tryin' to pull it out. She wouldn't say nothin' to me, nor look at me; so I lifted her up on her chair, like there wa'n't no life in her, and she's flopped down on her desk now, all spraddled out."

Benton slowly arose. "I'll go around and see about it," he said.

He found the young wife as Jim had described leaving her, her body fallen forward on her desk in abject lifelessness. As he entered she did not look up at him, and for a time

—long enough

to see that she was sunk in her misery far beneath any tempestuous mood—he stood over her. She was not sobbing; her breathing was deep and strong.

"Well, child," he began, softly. She gave no heed. He laid his hand upon her disordered hair. "Come, this won't do. Is there anything I can do for you? Tell me." She remained motionless, and he spoke with a sharper tone: "Mrs. Weller, don't be foolish. Sit up and tell me what's the matter." She answered with

a deep-drawn breath; then she suddenly threw herself upright, staring into his eyes, her hands clenched, her face flaming with anger.

"I don't care any more!" she cried.

"He's a weak, miserable liar! He may go where he pleases and do what he pleases."

"Hush!" he remonstrated. "Think what you're saying. You've no right to talk so. You must think of him first as your hus-

band, and then as a liar—if he is a liar."

"If he is a liar!" she repeated, hotly.

"He has lied to me twice since we were married, less than a month ago. Why shouldn't I say so?"

"Oh, by all means! Say it, if you think it helps matters," he retorted, with an old man's tolerant, tentative sarcasm. "But does it help? Do you mind telling me what he's been doing now? Maybe I can—"

"He's been drinking again," she interrupted, bitterly. "He's been drinking all day, ever since early this morning. And oh, he told me he wouldn't!"

"Well, well," Benton began, mildly. His mildness seemed to irritate her, for she sat once more erect.

"I don't want you to speak to me that way about him," she said. "It won't do any good. I can't excuse him, and I can't have any more confidence in him; that's all ended now."

"But, Mrs. Weller," Benton urged, "a man isn't wholly and hopelessly bad just because he stumbles sometimes under the weight of a burden of passion. Women like you are apt to be merciless toward



Drawn by
Clyde O. De Land.

"SHE'S FLOPPED DOWN ON HER DESK NOW."

your husbands when you discover that they aren't demigods, but only men of flesh and blood. You say you won't make any compromises with him; but you don't know, I suppose, that the life of the man himself is nothing but a long series of compromises, even though he struggles constantly against his passions."

She had kept her eyes fixed upon him with a mute wonder which moved him deeply. "But, Mr. Benton," she cried, "he *promised*! Doesn't that count for anything?"

In spite of himself Benton laughed. The concrete fact signified to the girl so much more than any abstract argument.

"Well, never mind that now. We shall have plenty of time to talk about it afterward; what we must do now is to find your husband. Do you know where he is?"

"I don't know, and I don't care," she said, with dogged insistence.

"Stop!" he said, sternly. "You must not talk so. You must find him, and you must keep him. Come; put on your hat."

She sat silent for a little time, knotting her fingers together, her head drooping; then she arose and without a word put on her hat and a waterproof cloak. Benton's sternness vanished and he smiled kindly upon her.

"Keep up your courage, child, and it may come out all right yet. You mustn't give up. Wait here a minute, until I lock up my office."

"Have you any idea where he is?" Benton asked, as they stood within the shelter of the great arch fronting upon the street.

"I saw him down on Washington Street just before dark," she answered, lifelessly.

"I don't think it's any use trying to find him. When he's drinking, he's always with some of those wretched men he knows, and they go everywhere."

The streets were very cheerless. The rain was falling steadily; the gutters were full of brown, foam-topped street-washings, and the wet pavement reflected like a mirror the scattered lights of the city. Benton drew up his coat-collar and pulled the brim of his hat low over his eyes.

"Come on," he said, firmly. "We'll find him. We'll go to some of the saloons. No doubt most of them know him, and we can get some trace of him. Come;

take my arm, child." She slipped a timid hand within the arm he offered, and he pressed her hand close to his side for reassurance; then they went out together upon the gloomy street. "There's just one thing you must bear in mind, Mrs. Weller," he said, in his unwavering manner of firmness: "He's your husband—not a very worthy one just now, perhaps; but we're going to find him first and then see what we can do. Don't forget that."

Benton went into the first saloon that lay in their path. It was a fashionable resort, richly furnished and decorated, lying in the uptown district. To Benton's questions the barkeeper replied that he knew Weller; that Weller had been in this place earlier in the evening with several companions, and that all had departed some time ago, bound for a place of greater freedom in the lower part of the city; and thither the searchers made their way.

The second place was of a distinctly different order; less rich in fact, but with a more glittering and gaudy splendor, and filled to overflowing with maudlin noises. This was the first that Benton had seen of such a place; there had been none such in the earlier, pastoral period of the town's history. The bar was doing a more thriving business than the other; there were five or six white-aproned men in attendance, coarse-featured and brutal. The man to whom Benton addressed himself at once put on an armor of close reserve. He knew no man by the name of Weller; Benton could see for himself whether such a man was there; he had no time to waste chasing around to look him up. Benton turned to face the clamorous throng, while the young wife clung to him in timid terror.

"Let's go!" she whispered, pleadingly. "I can't bear it. I'll let him be, rather than endure this." But Benton kept his place, letting his eyes range up and down the rows of tables. His quest was fruitless. Some private rooms were partitioned off at the rear of the main room, and from them issued the unholy sounds of drunken debauchery. Benton's whole nature was revolted, but he was in earnest. He led the way and pushed open the first of the swinging doors, taking care to keep the trembling girl close to his side. The room



Drawn by Clyde O. De Land.

"THE OLD MAN FELL BACKWARD, HIS HEAD HITTING SHARPLY AGAINST THE WOODEN PARTITION."

was nothing more than a closet, holding a few chairs and a table whose top was smeared with wasted drops of liquor. Around the table sat Weller and his companions, drinking, roaring at one another in the loose speech of frenzy. Weller faced the door, and he looked up, scowling. When he saw who the intruders were, he got to his feet unsteadily, his besotted eyes fixed upon his wife's white face. There was silence for a moment; then he burst out with an oath.

"What you doin' here?" he cried, wildly. He glanced from her to Benton, and his eyes narrowed with jealous suspicion as he staggered forward. "What you doin' here with my wife?" he demanded, hoarsely.

"Come outside, Weller," Benton said, calmly. "I want to talk to you."

"Outside?" Weller repeated with a shout. "Outside? What you doin' inside, with her? That's what I want to know."

"Hush!" Benton said. "Don't make a disturbance. Come outside quietly." Weller answered with a maudlin laugh; then upon irresponsible impulse he raised his fist and struck Benton with all his brute strength. The old man fell backward, his head hitting sharply against the wooden partition.

When he came to himself again, he was lying upon the floor of the wine-room, his head supported upon Mrs. Weller's knees, while a negro sprinkled cold water upon his face. He sat up with an effort. He was dazed, sick and dizzy; but he soon commanded himself. The room was empty, save for those three.

"Thank you," he said; "that will do; I'm all right now." He wiped the water from his face, then struggled to his feet. Mrs. Weller arose also, supporting him. She interpreted his inquiring glance.

"They've gone," she said. "Some of the other men took them away. We shan't see them any more." Her control was admirable.

Benton put on his hat and they went out together through the main room.

"You'd better not go home to-night," he said, when they were in the street. "He might go home too, and he isn't responsible for what he does. I'll send you to a hotel for the night; and in the morn-

ing you can come up to my office and we'll make up our minds what we're going to do."

The next morning Benton went as usual to his office, moved by the force of long habit rather than by present inclination. His injury had been slight, but he was stiff and sore, and his head ached. Weller came in early, presenting himself boldly. He was quite sober.

"Well," he said directly, "I come in to see what you want to do. I asked at the station, and they said you ain't got out a warrant yet."

Benton sat for a long time looking into the heavy face.

"Sit down, Weller," he said at last; and Weller dropped into the nearest chair.

"Well, I don't know what to do. What do you think about it?"

The blunt question made Weller stare, his grim jaw relaxed; but he recovered himself promptly. "I don't know as it makes much difference what I think," he said. "It's for you to say what's to be done, I reckon. I had my say last night. It's yours now."

"Where's your wife? Do you know?" Benton asked.

"No; I ain't seen her this morning yet. I wanted to see you first, before I went home."

"You wouldn't have found her at home. I sent her to a hotel last night. She was afraid to go home. She was afraid of you."

Weller stared doggedly; then a deep flush dyed his cheeks.

"I suppose that now you're sober, you've no more suspicion concerning her being with me last night?" Benton asked. "Let me understand that first."

"No," Weller admitted. "It's all right. I wouldn't thought anything about it, I reckon, if I'd been sober."

"If you had been sober we shouldn't have been there," Benton said, shortly. "We were hunting for you."

Weller's glance fell.

"Weller," Benton said after a time, "that poor little fool of a girl loves you. You made her a promise, and she knew no better than to trust you to keep it. You were in honor bound to keep it. Can you tell me why you didn't?" But Weller

was silent. "I can tell *you* why," Benton said. "It's because you're a selfish brute, and your brutish selfishness is stronger than anything else in you—stronger than your sense of honor, stronger than your integrity, and stronger than your love for that child-wife of yours. Taking you altogether, I think you're not much of a man."

Weller sat erect, his face rigid and darkening with offense.

don't want you to apologize to me, but I'd like to hear what you have to say."

Weller stared intently into the stern old face, passing his tongue over his dry lips. "Good God!" he cried, hoarsely. "You don't know! Nobody knows but them that's been through it. I *don't* drink because I want to; God knows I don't. It's because I can't help it. Them that talks like you do are the ones that's never felt



Drawn by Clyde O. De Land.

"BENTON AROSE AND STOOD FOR MANY MINUTES BY THE WINDOW."

"You don't like such plain speech, I dare say. But I'm not troubling myself about that; I'm simply telling you what I think of you, and the sum of my opinion is that you're a skulking coward merely masquerading as a man."

Weller's lips parted for hasty speech, but he thought better of it.

"Look here, Weller, I'd like to hear what you've got to say for yourself. I

the hell's-fury of the thirst. What do you know about it!"

"Those who honestly talk as I'm talking to you are the ones who have felt the heaven's-peace of decent manhood," Benton answered, quietly; "and that is stronger than any hell's-fury that ever stared any man in the face. It strikes me that it's a cowardly thing to say that you drink against your inclination, for you do nothing

of the sort. You drink because it is your strongest inclination, and there's no hope for you until you honestly admit it. If you were man enough to value sobriety and cleanness more than you value the sensations of debauchery and uncleanness, you'd keep yourself sober and clean."

His speech had in it the dynamic force of absolute conviction, and Weller lay back in his chair, subdued into inert silence, though his eyes were alive.

"It doesn't do any good to talk to men like you of abstractions," Benton argued. "A man who is vicious by natural bent and inclination has no power to conceive of virtue until it's fastened to some fact in his own life. You might listen forever to such talk without being waked up; you'd be put to sleep instead. But there's your wife; what do you think about her?"

Weller breathed a deep, ragged sigh, and his glance fell away. In spite of himself, Benton felt a throb of pity for the man, though he would not suffer it to come uppermost in his speech.

"Weller, you can afford to be honest in speaking with me. I don't want you to get angry, for that would spoil everything. I want you to feel that you deserve every word I've said to you, and that I'm saying it for your good. I have not the slightest feeling against you on my own account, because of what has happened; but I do feel very bitterly against you because of your wife. I want you to tell me fairly whether you think you have anything like an honest love for your wife?"

Weller struggled with something that rose in his throat. "What would be the use?" he muttered. "If I said yes, you wouldn't believe me."

"Tell me, man, do you love the girl? I think I can believe you."

Great tears started to Weller's eyes, and he hid his face in his outspread hands, his big body swelling with sobs. "God knows—I do!" he cried, "the best that's in me. God knows I'd give everything to be different, if I knewed how!"

Benton arose and stood for many minutes by the window, looking out across the city. He knew that he need be in no hurry with what was to follow. When a man like Weller is brought to the point of tears, he is noisy about it; and Benton listened,

well pleased, to the sound of the other man's heaving sobs.

"I wish—you'd tell me——" Weller said at last; and Benton turned to face him once more.

"It's really very easy," he said, calmly. "You must get over the fear that it's going to be hard. You are strong enough, I think, to make it easy for yourself. I have told you just what I think: you have made all this trouble simply because you've been a selfish brute. You haven't tried to get away from the center of your narrow circle of selfishness. That's the great fault in big healthy animals like you; you live so intensely to yourselves. But it won't do. There's not the slightest use of your thinking of regeneration while you keep to that way of life. You must widen your circle to include others. It isn't enough that you've married this little girl; you must *think* of her, man! Don't you see? I doubt if you could ever do anything to help yourself by merely relying upon your own unaided strength of will, so long as you think of no one but yourself. It will never do in the world. There are very few men who try or who really care to keep themselves clean and straight for their own satisfaction alone. That's almost as selfish and bad as the other extreme; it makes the man very cold and hard. Compassion: that's the word! You must do it for others, I tell you; then you'll find it easy, for that keeps the man's heart warm and tender and wholesome. You must do it for your wife's sake. It isn't enough that you feel for her a man's affection for a woman; you must think of what you are to her. She married you because she relied upon you and trusted you to bear yourself like a man. That puts you on your honor as a man, quite apart from the fact that you love her—as you say you do. Don't you understand what I mean?"

He had spoken in earnest, slow sentences, measuring them off to the time of his steps back and forth across the floor, while Weller listened with painful intentness. Benton paused at last by Weller's chair, laying his hand upon the heavy shoulder. "Don't you understand that?" he asked again.

"Yes," Weller replied, slowly, "I think

I understand." Then with a swift change of mood he sat upright, raising his hand as on that other morning, his face flaming with a sudden passion of energy. "By God! I'm going to do it!" he shouted. "I'm going to do it! I can do it!"

"Ah!" Benton breathed. "Yes, Weller, I think you can." He resumed his walk for a few minutes; then paused again before Weller.

"There's another thing I'd like to say, Weller: You must quit this business of yours and go to work. You have far too much idle time on your hands. You must find something else to do—something that will keep you hard at work for every hour of every day, while you're proving yourself. Good, hard, honest work is a man's only safe resource in times like this. What can you do? Are you master of any craft?"

"Yes," Weller answered, after a moment. "I was thinking about that myself. I'm an iron-molder by trade—or used to be. I quit that to go on the force. I'd like to go back to it again. I know you're right; I know that's what I ought to do." His passionate excitement was quite gone, his low voice dragged over the syllables. "But see here; there's another side to this. Do you suppose Annie—do you suppose my wife——" His words stopped there, and his eyes finished the question.

"Yes," Benton said. "She's a true woman, Weller; and no true woman ever refuses to give any one of us a chance to prove himself a man. You must see her and tell her all this yourself. Wait here, and I'll go down to the hotel and send her to you. I would better see her first, so that she won't be afraid to come." The sting in the words made Weller flinch; but he said nothing, and Benton went upon his errand.

Within a few days Room 627 stood vacant once more; and Benton felt an odd sense of vacancy in his daily life. Now that the matter had passed out of the circle of his own immediate experience, he felt something of the reaction which follows periods of tension; he was even apathetic; at the best he felt nothing of confidence as to the outcome, but held judgment wholly in abeyance.

A month passed. Benton neither saw

nor heard anything of Weller until one evening he came face to face with him upon the street. Weller was another man to outward appearance, clad in rough working-clothes, his hands and face smeared with the smut of the foundry. Benton held out his hand, but Weller did not take it.

"Not yet," he said, with a shake of the head; "not yet." He hesitated over the next words: "This is the night. I know it. I'll be glad when it's over."

"What?" Benton asked.

"It's on me again—the thirst." He said it in a matter-of-fact way, and Benton felt an accession of distrust, almost of loathing.

"Well?" he said. Weller looked down, scuffing his thick-soled shoe upon the pavement. "Can I do anything?" Benton asked.

"No," Weller answered, with blunt emphasis. "You can't do anything. I wouldn't want you to if you could. This is the night, and if I'm going to make it go, I've got to do it to-night, and by myself. To-night'll settle it, one way or the other. If I win out, I'll let you know." He turned and walked quickly away.

Benton stood looking after the hurrying figure until it was lost in the crowd; then he made a little gesture of dismissal. "Well, well!" he sighed. "That's all, I suppose. It will have to stop with that; it's quite beyond me."

But in the morning he found a note thrust under his office door, scrawled hastily upon a scrap of soiled paper. It was a blunt note, couched in the language of one whose experience with the pen had been altogether in the way of formal business correspondence:—

"Dr. Sir:—I beg to advise that I'm all right. I came out on top last night. I am pleased to say that I ain't afraid any more. If I can do it once I can do it again. You helped for which I am obliged. Annie she helped too.

"Yrs. Truly,

"DAN'L WELLER."

Benton's hand trembled as he held the scrawled paper before him. He read it through twice; then laid it upon his table and stood regarding it at long range.

"Well!" he said. "That beats me!"

A LITTLE THIEF.

BY OUIDA.

IT was a warm night in February; there was the scent of narcissus and violets already on the air, and the Arno was silvered by the light of a full moon, as it flowed under the arches of the Ponte Vecchio.

A small boy was leaning over the parapet and gazing at the water when he ought to have been in bed. But his bed was only a bit of sacking, with some dead maize leaves underneath it; and he liked better the radiant moonlight and the movements of the fresh, clear, pungent night air.

His family name was a fine and ancient one, but he was called only Lillino now. His parents were dead; he had only an old great-grandmother, bedridden in the one room in Oltrarno, where he lived with her. He kept her and himself by selling matches, and he was as thin as a match himself, but was a pretty boy, with his great brown eyes and his loose auburn curls, and such a wistful, pleading smile that hardly any girl or woman passed him without buying, and no dog without a kindly dab of the tongue.

His mother had died at his birth, and his father had shot himself after losing all he possessed at a gambling club; the offspring of a secret marriage, the child was left to his foster-mother, a good woman, who cultivated a little farm on the hills above Impruneta.

She and her spouse maintained him for seven years; then the husband deserted her and emigrated, and a year later she was killed by the steam-tram near the Gelsomino, and there was only her old mother left, the aged creature whom he called his "Nonna."

She was turned out of their little farm, and clinging to the child, and the child to her, they went down into the city to live, and she mended silken hose and he sold matches.

It was only in this last year, his tenth year, that the veins of her legs swelled so much that they kept her bedridden, and her sight failed her also, and the matches became their only support. One by one

all the little objects that his Nonna had brought with her into the town were sold, and there remained nothing but the ragged clothes which covered them both and a few miserable necessary things. They would have died of hunger and of cold but for the charity of those who were not much better off than themselves, and for the occasional alms which ladies, passing in the streets, arrested by the pathetic beauty of Lillino's face, put into his small thin hand. This was not begging, for every one took a box of matches, knowing that if they did not they would cause him trouble with the police, for in theory begging is forbidden.

Lillino's body was in the streets, but his soul was in the country. It was three years since he had seen it, but he had never ceased to think of it. "Let us go back, Nonna. Let us go back," he said continually. But the poor old bedridden woman could only cry feebly and answer: "Oh, my dearie, who would take us there? Who would keep us when we got there? We are here, and here we must abide. Perhaps if the saints would kill me outright somebody would be kinder to you and carry you out of this cruel place—all stones and noise and clatter, and full of food and drink for those whose bellies are full already, and never a bit or drop for those who starve in it."

"Do not die, Nonna," said Lillino, clasping his arms about her. "Do not die and go away into the earth. Pray, pray, do not. I have only you."

"My poor little one, and what good am I?" she murmured, laying her hand in blessing on his head. "An old log, not even good for burning, for I have no sap left in me. Alas! alas!"

But she was all he had to care for, this bundle of rags under her rugged coverlet, and he had known her all his life; she had been always exceedingly good to him, and in that time, though already aged, had been a strong and hearty woman and his earliest memories had been of merrily running beside her, with his hand on her skirt, to cut water-cresses in the ditches,

or drive the ducks to the rivulet, or gather olives, chestnuts, blackberries, wood-strawberries, or do any one of those other lighter labors which occupy the old people and the young children in the fields and woods, and make everybody useful from three years old to ninety.

Now Nonna was of use no more and Lillino tried with all his might to do his utmost to be of use enough for two. He never doubted that he belonged to her, or rather he never thought about it; he had always seen her near him, and he had always heard Mamma Rosa, whom he had been taught to believe was his mother, call her grandmother. No one had ever told him that he had patrician blood in his veins. This poor old creature, scarcely alive, except in the warmth of her affections and the pains of her limbs, was all he had on earth, and he clung to her with the tenacity of a tender and timid nature. His idea was that if only he could get Nonna back to the country she would become well and strong once more, and able to walk out in those green places and amongst those grassy streamlets which neither she nor he had ever forgotten.

"I am sure she would get well," he thought, as he leaned over the stone parapet and watched the river glide away under the moon.

But how to carry her there? She was like a log, as she said, with limbs which were wholly useless, without power to move any part of her except her lips, dependent on her neighbors for every bit and drop. Nothing but a miracle could ever raise her again on her feet; but Lillino believed in miracles, or, more truly speaking, miracles seemed natural to him—a constant part of daily life.

True, he saw them no more in the streets and the homes, but he saw them in the frescoes, in the sculptures, in the carvings in the churches, and he thought the halt and the blind and the sick could all be cured if Some One unseen and unknown would be good enough to do it. But all he saw and heard in the unkind streets began to make him feel that the real meaning of miracles was money—that strange, dirty, ugly paper thing which was, he saw, so powerful in such amazing ways. What was it, if not a miracle, that a scrap of

soiled paper, crumpled and dog-eared, could procure bread for the hungry and wine for the weak? Even those black-rimmed bronze coins—how much they could do, only passing from hand to hand! Lillino had not much understanding, and Mamma Rosa had been too busy herself all day long to attend to his education, either moral or mental. He groped his way as he could to his few ideas, and his thoughts were confused and tangled. But these two were clear to him: Nonna would get well if she went back to the country, and with money she could be taken there, carried, he was not sure how, but in some way, back to those vineyards and pastures and running brooks where his babyhood had been spent, and her whole life had passed. But the extremely scanty means he ever gained did not even suffice to keep life in himself and her, and pay for their one room under the roof.

This night, as he leaned over the river wall, the moon was at the full, and the water was high; it had a strange attraction for him as it flowed toward the weir reflecting the long double lines of the lamps. He came away from it reluctantly, not to be scolded by the person of the house for being out too late.

The garret which he and the old woman rented was a mere nook under the eaves of an old house. As he drew near it, on the moonlit flags of the old street he saw an object shining; his feet touched it, he picked it up; it was a little bag of golden chainwork with a gold snap; he opened it; he saw it was full of coins—such coins as he had never seen in his life, except in little bowls in money-changers' windows. The Madonna or Mamma Rosa had sent it. Nothing else occurred to him. It was a miracle! An answer to his prayer!

He slipped his hand which had closed on it into his ragged shirt, and took his homeward way, his ears singing and his brain turning, and his heart throbbing in his persuasion that Some One in heaven, Some One had heard and answered his prayer! Surely it was Mamma Rosa, sitting now beside the Madonna!

Mamma Rosa had always taught him, indeed, that what was other people's property he must never touch or take, but this thing was no one's; it was lying in his

path; it was plainly put there by some merciful hand; it was a miraculous gift, a gift of the heavenly host, who were so much kinder than these on earth.

He climbed the steep stone stairs, ninety-three from the basement to the attic, dark, slippery, foul-smelling, full of dust and mud and cobwebs; he hugged the little purse in his breast, he smiled to himself radiantly as he climbed up the steps one by one with tired, aching feet. He opened the wooden door by its latch and gently entered the room, for Nonna might be asleep, and it would harm her to startle her, even to tell her such good tidings.

Noiselessly he ran across the brick floor and sat down on his own bit of sacking, and began to think. Now he had all this money it would be easy to move his Nonna out of the city and carry her up, up, up, along the green and gracious ascent of the hills, and never stop until she could be set down under the peach boughs and the walnut leaves where the little brimming brooks were running amidst the grass.

He opened the pretty bag again and poured the gold coins out upon the sacking. The moon-rays shone also upon them. There were twenty. What they were worth he did not know; but a great deal, he felt sure. With them Nonna would be able to buy their farm, and they could live happily there, both of them forever, seeing the blossoms and the fruits come and go.

He longed to wake her, but he dared not; one of the women had told him never to disturb her when she slept. How glad she would be when she did awake and heard that they could both go home! There was a carter who lived in the house; he would take them up into the hills, making a couch of hay in the cart for Nonna; that would be easy to do, when once they could give him a shining gold-piece for his trouble. Once there, all the

rest would follow of itself. When once she could see the green grass again, and see the buds on the fruit-trees, she would begin to move her limbs and get back her strength, and they would pay to have a mass said every day in the church up above amongst the olives, a mass of thanksgiving to the Madonna and Mamma Rosa.

He had eaten only a bit of black bread all the day, and his brain was a little dim, and his thoughts were not very clear. He had been walking about on the stones ever since morning. His head ached and his feet ached, and his brow and lips were hot and dry, but he was so happy. The moon looked at him over the trees and seemed to smile; he lay down with his arms outstretched, so that they embraced the motionless body of his only friend, and his hands, clasping the little purse, rested upon the rags which covered her.

"She will be so glad when she awakes," he thought; "when she awakes and hears we can go home."

Then he, too, fell asleep and dreamed of angels and fountains of gold, and little red-throated birds singing amongst flowering fruit-trees, and grassy paths beneath the vines, and brown rippling rivulets, and Mamma Rosa standing smiling with the sun about her feet, and saying, "Our Lady sent me."

Then his sleep became too deep for dreams, and he breathed deeply, unconsciously, whilst the moon passed upward and its light ceased to shine upon his face and that of his Nonna.

The trampling of feet on the brick floor aroused him; a rude hand clutched his shoulder and another hand seized the gold. "Here is the thief," said a brutal voice, "and here is the lady's purse."

"The little heartless wretch!" said a voice as rude. "Look! He is safe here, he thinks, because the old woman is dead!"





GREAT HALL IN THE MIDDLE TEMPLE.

WHERE ENGLISH LAWYERS ARE MADE.

BY CHAMPE S. ANDREWS.

AN American, especially if he be a layman, invariably finds it difficult readily to comprehend the peculiarities of the English barrister and his schools of law. From whatever standpoint he views them, they appear to him unique in nearly every particular. The legal, social, historical, religious and educational aspects of the Inns of Court he finds strangely different from those presented by the familiar law-schools of his own country; so different, in fact, as to cause him no little confusion in his attempts to compare the two.

Then, again, the English lawyer himself is different, the system of laws and law-making is different, and likewise the machinery of the courts.

In the first place, the legal profession in England is divided into two classes, "solicitors" and "barristers." The former are controlled by the Incorporated Law Society, the latter by the Inns of Court. Solicitors, in a sense, are the business men of the profession. Litigants employ them at first hand, but they never directly employ a barrister. A solicitor gathers and system-

atizes the evidence and manages the practical features of his client's case, but he calls in a barrister as "counsel learned in the law" to pass upon different legal questions and to conduct the case before the court and jury. A barrister can control no business save what the solicitor brings to him. The young barrister must learn to wait before he can labor. Very strict and formal rules of etiquette govern the intercourse between the two branches of the profession. For fear that his motives might be misconstrued, a barrister will not dine with a solicitor; to preserve

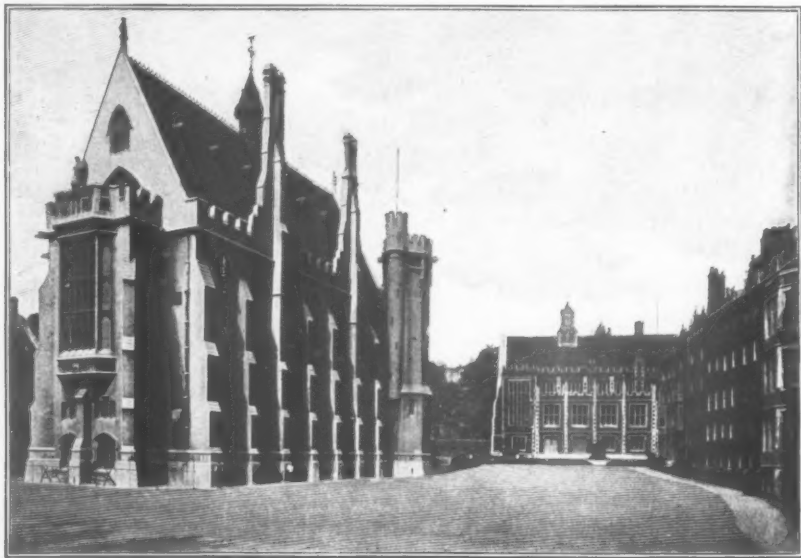


EFFIGY OF CRUSADER IN THE INNER TEMPLE.

his dignity and position, he is supposed not to ride in anything but a "first-class" coach. He never condescends to speak of remuneration for his services. The barrister's clerk is the diplomatic mediator who deals with such base things as fees.

The sitting of an English court is a matter of great ceremony and formality. High up above the lawyers and litigants sit the judges, clad in robes and immense white wigs. Between them and the lawyers is the clerk, clad also in a gown and wig, and surrounded by enormous record-books in which he writes with an ancient quill-pen. On old-fashioned

When the first case is called, and the barrister has addressed "his Lordship," the legal machinery is set in motion. This again is unfamiliar to the American. Distinctions between state, and federal or national, laws and courts are, of course, unknown. Nearly all of the courts of England and Wales sit in London, though occasional sessions are also held in a few of the other larger cities. The barristers who attend these occasional courts outside of London are known as circuit barristers, and after a certain time a barrister must choose between the local practice and the circuit practice.



LIBRARY OF THE MIDDLE TEMPLE.

wooden benches facing the court sit the barristers, arranged in order of rank. "Queen's counsel" come first, in silken gowns and wigs, and the junior barristers last, with gowns of "stuff." Behind them are the spectators and clients wondering how the legal dice will fall. The young lawyers present all appear as wise as sergeants of the coif, for when all forms are shrouded, and all heads as white as snow, of course all must alike be wise and learned. A spirit of calm quiet and dignity broods over the proceedings of an English court, contrasting strangely with the hurry and bustle of legal procedure in the busy States.

The Royal Courts of Justice, where sit nearly all the original, as well as appellate, English courts, are located on Fleet Street, in a part of London which is as thickly populated and as busy as any in the world. All about these ancient institutions there pours a great turmoil; but within their extensive inclosures, all is as quiet as a country churchyard. Fountains are playing, pigeons cooing, flowers blooming, and each Inn of Court, hoary with antiquity, stands a monument to the permanency of the English law and lawyer. All the rest of London might be obliterated but the Inns of Court would continue. With their sep-



THE CORRIDOR OF THE INNER TEMPLE.

arate chapels, libraries, dining-halls and hundreds of offices and residential chambers, each Inn of Court forms a complete, quiet little kingdom entirely sufficient unto itself.

Viewed from the American viewpoint, the Inns of Court are very remarkable law-schools. In addition to the ordinary functions of such institutions, they possess, by prescriptive right, an absolute control over the admission of barristers to practice in England and Wales. They disbar, as well as admit to the bar, the courts having nothing to say in the matter. An attendance of three years at an Inn of Court is essential before a student can be admitted to the final examinations for admission to the bar. To become a lawyer through private study in a law-office, as is done so often in America, is impossible under the English system. In a sense, these Inns of Court are survivors of the old trade guilds.

The expense of keeping the ancient buildings in repair, maintaining separate gardens, chapels, libraries, and corps of instructors, necessarily requires no small income. The

fees paid by the students are entirely insufficient to defray the necessary expenses, but the additional handsome incomes from the rental of chambers, render the Inns of Court self-supporting institutions of no inconsiderable wealth.

Two of the Inns of Court, the Inner and Middle Temple, descended to the lawyers from the Knights Templars, and to this day many names, ceremonies and customs of these Inns are traced to their religious predecessors. The Inner and Middle Temple were originally one institution, but now they are under separate and distinct control. Lincoln's Inn derives its name from Henry de Lacy, Earl of Lincoln, whose town-house once occupied its site. The history of the society of Lincoln's Inn is said to begin about the year 1312. As a matter of fact it is not known how long this society of barristers had existed before it came to occupy the present site of Lincoln's Inn. Gray's Inn formerly belonged to the family of Gray de Wilton, and from this circumstance arises its present name. Originally, in England, the law

was taught in hostels, *hospitia curae*. The use of the word Inn was substituted by the barristers when they came to occupy their permanent abiding-places, and continues to the present day.

Each society is governed by a Bench of Masters, known as "Benchers." The benchers fill vacancies in their own ranks, and are answerable to no one for their deeds. To be appointed to this board is rightly considered a very high honor, and carries with it certain interesting prerogatives and privileges.

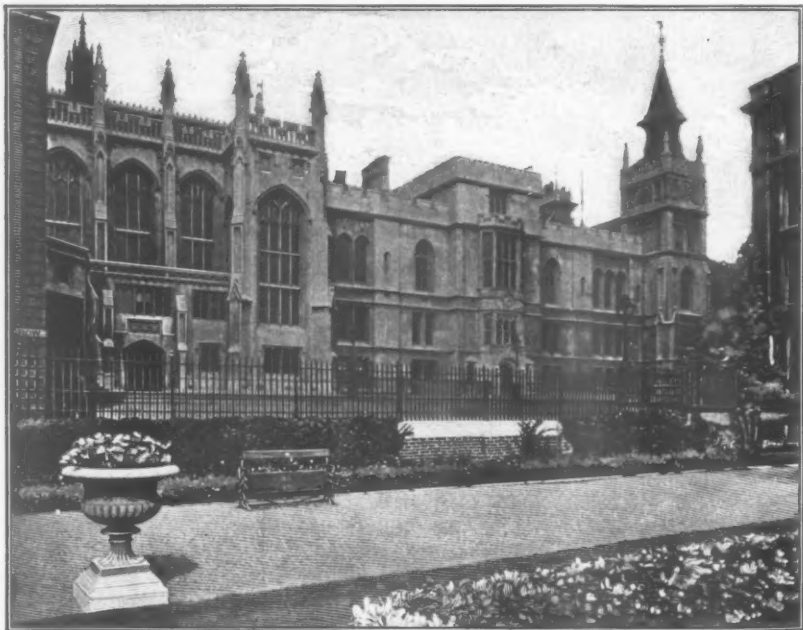
Each Inn is entirely independent of the others. Nevertheless, for educational purposes, at the present time they have intrusted the superintendency of all courses of study and examinations of students to a Council of Legal Education, consisting of twenty Benchers, five of whom are nominated by each Inn of Court. At one period in the history of the Inns of Court, legal studies were reduced to a minimum, though now the course of study is fairly broad and comprehensive. The old rule that a student shall eat a certain number of dinners each term in the dining-hall of his Inn is still

adhered to. They are supposed to promote sociability. A student must be present when grace is said, and to have his attendance avail him, he must not leave until the dinner is over.

The barristers of England have always been prominent in her wars. It is in the Temple Gardens that Shakespeare has Plantagenet and Somerset first choose the white rose and the red as the badges of their respective houses in the "Wars of the Roses":—

" This brawl to-day,
Grown to this faction in the Temple Gardens,
Shall send, between the red rose and the white,
A thousand souls to death and deadly night."

In the tumultuous times of 1641, when the London rabble became violent and began to indulge in rioting, five hundred barristers from the Inns of Court marched straight to the King and offered their services as his body-guard. These gentlemen also threatened that if it became necessary they would send down to the country and bring up their tenants to assist them. In reply to the Parliamentary delegation sent to demand their intentions, the four Inns



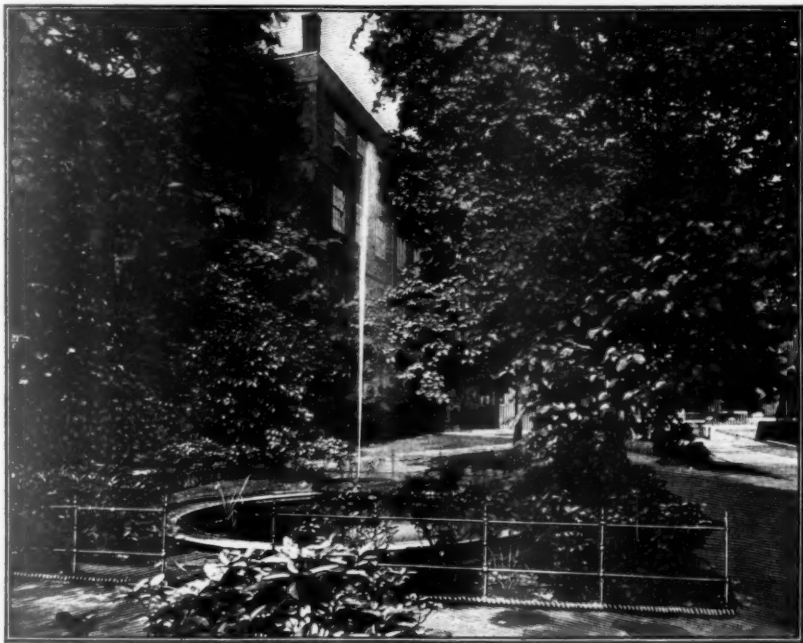
THE LIBRARY OF THE INNER TEMPLE.

of Court replied in substance that while they did not intend to interfere with Parliament, they did not mean to permit their sovereign to be insulted.

The Inns of Court again raised an organized body in 1584, to assist England against the Spanish Armada. At another time the famous Lord Lyttleton, the Keeper of the Great Seal, was granted a commission "to raise a regiment of foot souldiers, consisting of gent. of Inns Court & Chauncy & of all ministers & officers belonging to the Court of Chauncy," and

cellor, who had been a member of the previous corps.

The "Inns of Court Rifle Volunteers," another interesting feature of this institution of the English barristers, in spite of its title, "The Devil's Own," is one of the finest of her Majesty's volunteer regiments. It was no less a personage than King George III. who, in 1803 at the royal review held in Hyde Park on October 28th, first called this regiment by the name which has so persistently clung to it ever since. Earl Stanhope in his "Life of



FOUNTAIN COURT.

those enlisting were "to put themselves under his command, to serve his Majesty for the security of the Universitie & Cittie of Oxford." Lord Lyttleton died from a cold, caught while drilling his command. In addition to Lord Lyttleton's regiment, the Inns of Court also raised a regiment of cavalry.

The present organization may be said to date from 1859, when the modern volunteer system of England began to assume definite shape. The original members were sworn in before Lord Campbell, the Lord Chan-

Pitt" gives an account of the incident:—

"The King was in high health and excellent spirits when the Temple companies had defiled before him. His Majesty inquired of Erskine, who commanded them as Lieutenant-Colonel, what was the composition of the corps. 'They are all lawyers, sire,' said Erskine. 'What! What!' exclaimed the King. 'All lawyers? All lawyers? Call them the Devil's Own—call them the Devil's Own.'"

Some one has said it would be equally

appropriate to inscribe on their banners,
"Retained for the Defense."

The present regiment has a cycling corps in addition to a signaling corps, and is in every respect a thorough and well-equipped fighting body. In the riding and jumping competitions at the Royal Military Tournament, as well as in rifle competitions, teams from the Inns of Court Rifle Volunteers have been unusually successful in winning prizes. The bugle band of this corps, under Sergeant Beath, during the last encampment at Aldershot was admitted to be second to none in the British army.

In ye olden time, the merriest man in "merrie England" was the learned barrister. Then a little nonsense was relished by the wisest men far more than now. When the English drama was in its infancy, the barristers not only enacted the dramas written by Shakespeare, and Beaumont and Fletcher, but put on the boards many dramas of their own composition. The "grave and reverend bench" itself encouraged these amusements, and reigning sovereigns came not only to see and applaud, but to tread the stage as well. The Inns of Court in those grand old days were storm-centers of riotous merriment and good cheer.

The feasts of Christmas, Halloween and Candlemas were kept with a magnificence and splendor unknown in our prosaic times. The Master of the Revels in the Inns of

Court was a monarch who found his subjects ever ready to obey. At his command even the Lord Chancellor, Judges and Benchers forsook their accustomed dignity.

"The judge to dance his brother sergeant calls."

No electric button would suffice to start those wondrous revels. The jovial spirit of the age demanded that learned Judges must forsooth come down in person and dance three times around the blazing sea-coal fire.

"Full oft withiu the spacious walls,
When he had fifty winters o'er him,
My grave lord-keeper led the brawls;
The seal and maces danced before him."

The world has outgrown those simple days. Conventionalities rest upon us with a weight "heavy as frost, and deep almost as life."

Nowadays the Inns of Court are as quiet as the cloisters of the monk. A calm and serious spirit pervades every nook and cranny of the ancient places. But with this change has come a spirit of personal responsibility and philanthropy manifesting itself in such a work as is being carried on by the Inns of Court Mission.

This institution of the barristers' charity stands at 45 and 46 Drury Lane, marking the center of the "Sodom of London." So quietly and unobtrusively do the barristers carry on their work, that a visitor might live for months in London and not know of this wonderful life-saving station on the shores of the city's sin and wickedness.

The Inns of Court Mission and Workingmen's Club, though established as late as 1897, has done a work which numerous institutions many years older have failed to accomplish. The management of the Mission is intrusted to a very able and earnest young minister of the Church of England. The expenses of the Mission are borne by voluntary contributions from members of the four Inns of Court.

There is scarcely a single building connected with any of the Inns of Court that has not its own quaint story to tell. Love and war, comedy and tragedy, poverty and wealth, history and fiction, kings and subjects, all have added a strand to the warp and woof of romance and poetry woven around these quaint and hallowed walls. The chapels, libraries, halls, gardens, yes, even the very pavement stones, are replete with sacred associations and tender memories of the past.

The Temple Church is typical of them all. It was built by the Knights Templars about 1200, and dedicated in the presence of the King and his attendants. Since then it has stood a solemn spectator of London's stirring history. It bore the brunt of attacks made by Wat Tyler and Jack Cade, whose first aim was to "kill all the lawyers." The great fires of London



EFFIGY OF CRUSADER IN THE
INNER TEMPLE.



THE GRAVE OF OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

licked its very windows, the ravages of time and the elements have for seven centuries wrought manfully against it, but still it stands, at once the most perfect and appropriate relic of the Knights Templars of old, and the most interesting and valuable possession of the English barrister of to-day.

In 1609, James I. by letters patent granted the freehold of the Middle and Inner Temples, including the Temple Church, to the Treasurers and Benchers of their respective Temples. The original of this royal deed is kept in a chest under the communion-table in the Temple Church. To open this chest, the presence of the Treasurers of both Inns is necessary. When the Emperor of Germany visited the church in 1891 and asked to see the deed, the request of his Majesty could not be complied with owing to the absence of one of the Treasurers.

James Anthony Froude, in a lecture delivered in Edinburgh in 1885, eloquently described the famous "Templar Effigies" "which add much archaeological importance to our dear old Temple Church, one of the

attractions of this the greatest city in the world." Mr. Froude's words were:—

"A good many of us have probably been in the Temple Church in London. The Templars were famous for the beauty of their churches, and this particular church, now that the old pews have been cleared out, is almost in the condition in which they left it. In the ante-chapel there lie on the floor the figures of nine warriors, represented, not as dead or asleep, but reclining as they might have reclined in life, modeled, all of them, with the highest contemporary art, figures that have only to rise to their feet to stand before us as they actually were when quick and breathing on earth.

"They are extremely noble figures. Pride is in every line of their features, pride in every undulation of their forms, but it is not base personal pride. There is the spirit in them of the soldier, and the spirit of the saint, the spirit of the feudal ruler, and the spirit of the Catholic Church—as if in them was combined the entire genius of the age, the pride of feudalism, and the pride of the church, the pride of a soul disdainful

of all personal ease or personal ambition. . . . They [the Templars] had the noble loftiness in them of churchmen and warriors, loftiness too great when single, when double past endurance. You see it in all their actions, you see it in the lines of those recumbent figures in the Temple Church, lines fashioned by the habitual tone of their thoughts and perpetuated in stone by the artist who has seen and known them."

One of the most curious features of this ancient church is the "Penitential Cell." It is four feet six inches long and two feet six inches wide, purposely made small so as to prevent the imprisoned knight from reclining in comfort. There are two vertical openings in the cell, each four feet high and but nine inches wide. One of these openings faces the altar and through it the prisoner could see the ceremonies in the church, and reflecting on his wickedness, repent of his sins and disobedience.

The devotional services in the Temple are elaborate and impressive, and noted for the splendor and excellence of the music. Women sit apart from the men, and distinct sections are allotted to the Benchers, Treasurers and barristers of the Societies of the Middle and Inner Temple. The Master of the Temple Church has the honor of preaching to what is perhaps the most learned congregation in the world.

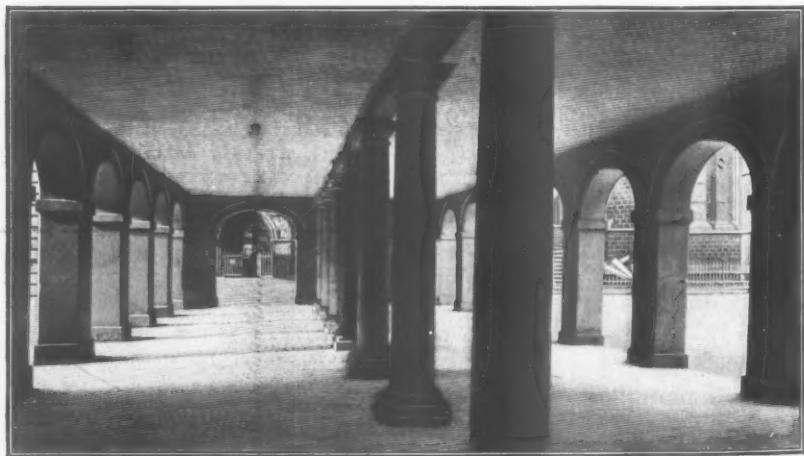
In scanning the registers of the various

Inns, one is struck with the number of literary men who, at some time in their careers, have been connected with the Inns of Court, either as residents or students. There has always been an affinity between lawyers and literary men. In the biographies of English men of letters, it is the rule rather than the exception to find it recorded that in a certain year the author entered an Inn of Court. Even to this day lawyers, who are supposed to subsist on dusty books and moldy papers, have a way of startling the world with some brilliant literary achievement.

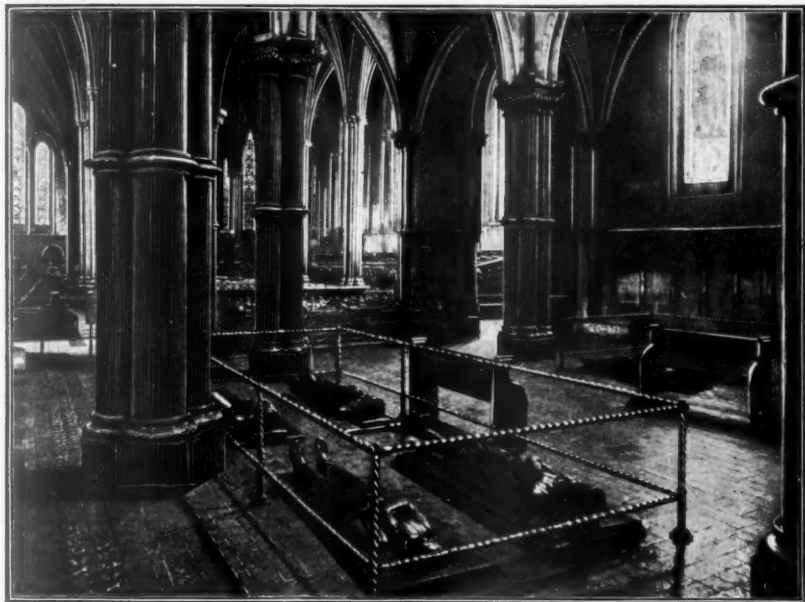
It is this subtle charm of association with literary men that, more than everything else, makes Americans delight to visit the Inns of Court.

In the chambers to the right the learned Blackstone wrote the "Farewell to his Muse," and began his famous "Commentaries." Above him resided Goldsmith, who furnished his rooms with the four hundred pounds received for "The Good-Natured Man." Goldsmith's noisy and merry friends caused more than one frown to flit over the face of the learned lawyer busy with the history of the English common law in the room below. Here in his chambers Goldsmith died, and not many steps away, in the graveyard of the Temple Church, he lies buried beneath a humble slab, in sight of the Master's garden.

Again, you recall at once how Ruth



THE OLD CLOISTER.



INTERIOR OF THE TEMPLE CHURCH.

Pinch, in Dickens' "Martin Chuzzlewit," met her lover at the very fountain gurgling at your feet. You can almost see her "coming briskly up with the best little laugh upon her face that ever played in opposition to the fountain and beat it all to nothing," and join in her rapture when John Westlock comes at last.

Miss Landon, too, has felt the charm of this spot, nestled away in the heart of London's roar:—

"Away in the distance is heard the far sound
From the shouts of the City that compass it round,
Like the echo of mountains or ocean's deep roll,
Yet that fountain's low singing is heard over all."

In the reign of Edward III., Chaucer was a student of the Middle Temple, and is said to have whipped a Franciscan friar who insulted him in Fleet Street.

Charles Lamb was born in the Temple, and Cowper attempted to commit suicide there. Gray's Inn is familiar to all who have read "The Uncommercial Traveler," while the "Old Curiosity Shop" remains standing not a stone's-throw from Lincoln's Inn.

The trees in Gray's Inn Gardens were originally planted by Lord Bacon. Pepys, too, knew the place, for in May, 1662, he records how "when church was done, my wife and I walked to Gray's Inn to observe the fashion of the ladies, because of my wife's making some clothes." In the "Spectator" and the "Tatler" we find these same gardens referred to as the pleasantest place in London, "with the choicest society."

It was in the hall near the fountain that the "Twelfth Night" was first enacted. Beaumont was once a student of the Inner Temple, and Sir Walter Raleigh of the Middle Temple. Fielding was a barrister, as every one knows, and Doctor Johnson has a set of buildings of the Inner Temple named after him, as has Goldsmith. Horace Walpole was a student at Lincoln's Inn.

No wonder then that Thackeray, himself a barrister, should write, in "Pendennis": "The man of letters can't but love the place which has been inhabited by so many of his brethren, or peopled by their creations as real to us at this day as the author whose children they were."



CUSTOMS OFFICERS EXAMINING TRUNKS ON THE DOCKS.

THE LITTLE TRICKS OF SMUGGLING.

BY LUTHER E. LITTLE.

SUCCESSFUL smuggling at the port of New York may be classed as one of the polite forms of crime.

The "low-lying rakish craft" of the yellow-covered story-books, manned by pirates, whose every yardarm could tell dark tales from the high seas, whose hold was filled with a rich cargo, destined to be secretly put ashore at midnight, and whose flag, if it had any, was the "Jolly Roger," is no longer to be reckoned with in enforcing Uncle Sam's customs laws. Bronzed, seafaring men with knives and "full of strange oaths," if they ever visited these peaceful shores, seeking to effect secret entrance for dutiable goods, are no longer feared or hunted by the officer of the law. The palatial ocean steamer, gay with the adornments with which highly civilized and loyal citizens love to surround themselves, flying the nation's flag, and crowded with the most intelligent and cultured of two continents, has taken the place of the aforesaid "rakish craft." The landing is in broad daylight, and the contraband goods pass down the gangplank in

the midst of the throng at the pier, and are confronted with the sharp eyes of the inspectors, who make arrests and seizures in a gentlemanly manner. As the smuggler and the smuggled wares are in good society, and in the open day, the detection of both must be by means adapted to meet these conditions.

Evasions of the customs laws which are most commonly met, and in the detection of which the inspectors are kept alert, may be divided into three classes.

There are the host of honest, law-abiding, scrupulously honorable men who return from foreign ports, with dutiable goods which they have purchased, in thoughtless ignorance that there are any customs laws, and who have no wish or intention to defraud the government. They have bought certain necessities or luxuries, simply because they could be had at less than the American price, and are surprised and pained when an unsympathetic inspector challenges their admission.

There are, second, those occasional travelers who have taken a chance that

they may evade the eye of the inspector and have deliberately concealed in their baggage, or about their person, valuables which they know are heavily dutiable. Undoubtedly they believe the customs laws are a species of partisan legislation which it is perfectly justifiable for them to beat if they can do it.

Third, there are the comparatively few professional smugglers. These last attempt to do, by wholesale and regularly, what the second class do perhaps once in a lifetime. With the one class, it is a bit

for examination. Opportunities for evading the laws are no greater or no less than they have been for that period, unless it is possible that the increase in travel abroad has decreased the chances of detection, on the same principle that the larger the crowd the easier a pickpocket may make a harvest. But this, of course, has been met by an enlargement and perfection of the machinery employed in detection, namely the subordinates of the Collector and the Treasury agents.

It is a peculiar relationship which exists,



A LINER COMING IN.

of lace, some precious stones, a quantity of gloves, in some instances valuable drugs or cosmetics, which the possessor wants for personal use or adornment. With the other it is business pure and simple. For twenty years or more the customs regulations and laws relating to smuggling have remained unchanged. Technically it is defined as bringing into the United States, or attempting to do so, with intent to defraud, dutiable articles, without passing them through the custom house, or submitting them to the officers of the revenue

under the national laws, between the Treasury or Customs agents and the traveler from a foreign land. But it is one which the conditions of the case, and the nature of human beings, make necessary. The passenger, prince or potentate or peasant, or wife or sweetheart or sister of any of these, if there be reason to suspect that evasion of the customs law is intended, is detained, searched and arrested. An innocent passenger has no redress if the detention and other annoying features are by customs officers who have reasonable cause

to suspect guilt. If a seizure is sustained by the Collector, or, on appeal, by the Secretary of the Treasury, and the value of the goods is less than five hundred dollars, they are sold by the Collector after proper advertising; if of more than five hundred dollars in value, they are reported to the court, and if condemned by default or after forfeiture by jury trial, are sold by the United States Marshal. Penalties for detected smuggling are heavy, in addition to the confiscation of the goods, as both fine and imprisonment may follow. The maximum of imprisonment is two years, and five thousand dollars is the greatest fine which may be imposed.

With such power to make trouble for the suspected passenger, and with such penalties for detected smuggling, the agent of the government charged with the duty of determining if an attempt to defraud the government exists, must be no average observer and must be possessed of no little tact. How shall he know just which one of the five or six hundred well-dressed ladies and gentlemen who are hurrying down the gangplank, to be met with the greetings of long-absent friends, has a valuable pouch of diamonds concealed in

his or her innermost raiment? How shall the inspector know which one of the thoroughly respectable-looking group has a "telescope" trunk with a false bottom in which are hundreds or thousands of dollars' worth of rare laces?

Without revealing the secrets of the inspection service, a few facts may be put down which will indicate pretty clearly the answers to these and kindred questions. The inspector who is considered competent to act as the government's eye in looking at the belongings of a shipload of returning tourists, is not a novice. He has seen other shiploads before and in the same circumstances. He knows how an innocent man or woman behaves on returning to his or her native land. The casual observer would never think of the little details which are the guiding-stars of the inspector. He reads and understands all the unusual looks, words and actions of the home-coming group. The turn of an eye under the visor of a steamer cap, which the crowd of joyous relatives and friends did not see; the little bit of nervousness as the inspector approaches the trunks; the slightly abnormal fit of a waistcoat or the inartistic hang of a skirt, have time and again told to the trained inspector the hiding-place of laces, and diamonds and

other jewels, which it was his business to take and hold, be they concealed in the most intimate recesses of the smuggler's apparel. Mistakes are comparatively few, for it seems to be demonstrated that the man or woman who can meet the eye of the inspector, from quarantine to the pier, with calm

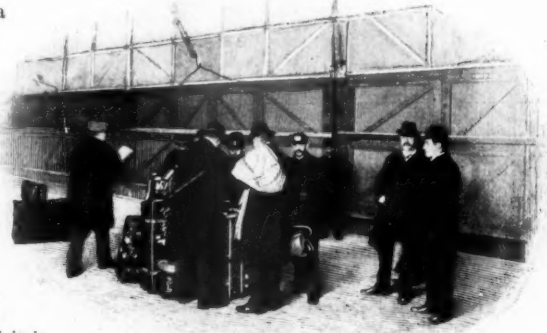
nerves, a steady look and a naturalness of personality, which the trained inspector can note at long range, is either one of two things, an honest person with no intention of defrauding the government, or one so expert in the art of deception, so used to the particular business of smuggling, that he has acquired the poise and the skill at evasion which



NEARING THE DOCK.

entitle him or her to be classed as a professional. If the person be of the first class, the inspector accepts the "declaration" and has no need to give further attention. If of the second class, the chances are more than even that cold, hard facts are in possession of the customs officer which give him the cue for his line of action. It may be stated, as a matter of the best observation possible to the government officers here, that we have very few professional smugglers, and it is seldom that any one is detected a second time committing this offense. Of course, if a person is once detected, he is, so to speak, a marked man and would naturally be under more strict surveillance than the ordinary passenger.

The government maintains a force of special agents at the large foreign cities, for the purpose of detecting any attempts at smuggling. With the throng of Americans who annually visit Europe, it would

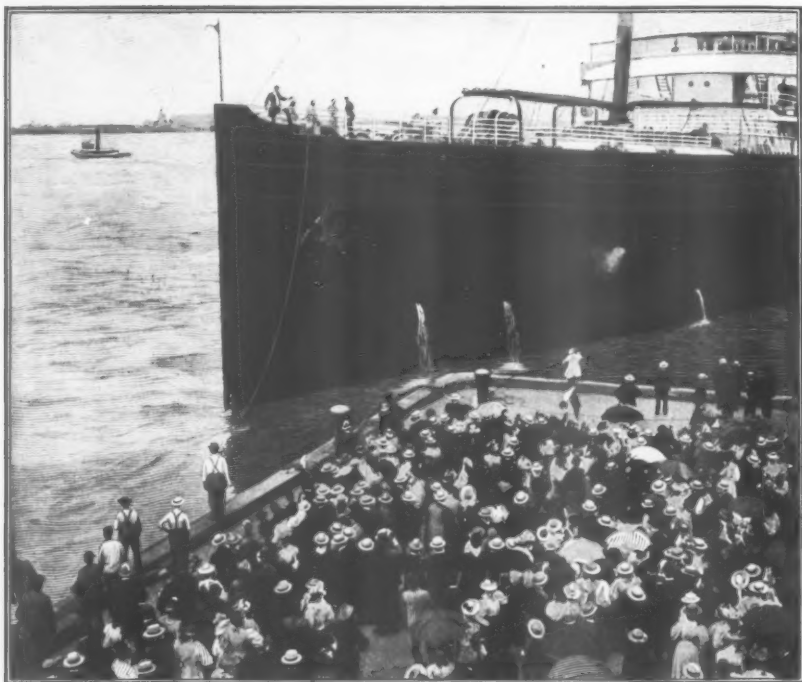


READY TO OPEN THE TRUNKS.

be impossible for these agents to exercise anything like general surveillance over them, with a view to ascertaining where goods were purchased in large quantities, out of the regular channels. Nor is this by any means the purpose or object of the government in maintaining the foreign force. But it is nevertheless true that large purchases or certain classes of goods,



CUSTOMS INSPECTORS EXAMINING TRANSATLANTIC EXPRESS PACKAGES.



A CROWD ON THE DOCK.

bought under circumstances which indicate that an attempt is to be made to evade duties, have been reported to this country, so that on their arrival no difficulty was met in detecting and making a seizure.

One case is on record where an American had visited a Paris diamond merchant and partially completed negotiations for a quantity of precious stones, to the value of many thousands of dollars. In the final attempt to complete the purchase, the two parties to it could not agree on terms and the American went away. A few days later word was passed among the "diamond trade" of that city that the American had purchased an equally valuable quantity of another merchant at a greatly reduced figure. The first merchant, in his disappointment at losing a good trade, reported to the United States agents that the stones had been bought presumably to be smuggled. A cablegram to the Treasury Department here resulted in an especial watch for that particular American on incoming steamers. When he arrived he

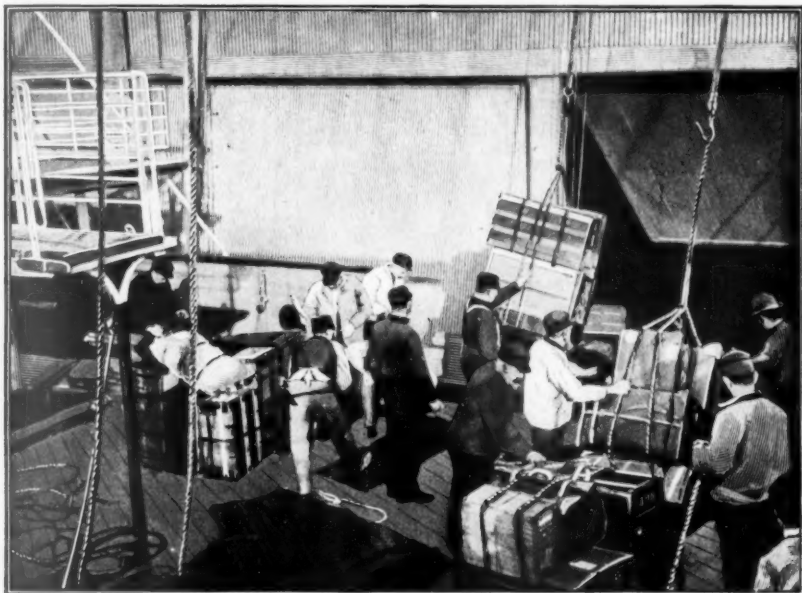
failed to declare his diamonds and was at once confronted with a statement of the date of his purchase, the street and number of the man from whom he had bought them and the price he had paid for them. Against such facts he could not make resistance and calmly revealed his gems and the seizure was made.

Sometimes anonymous information comes to the officials concerning suspected cases of smuggling, and in such instances the inspectors are especially on the alert.

While all the inspectors, who are engaged in the examination of baggage, are charged with the enforcement of the customs law, and keep a watchful eye on the passengers, there are, in addition, special officers, whose duties particularly lie in the direction of smugglers. These exercise constant vigilance and must have the discriminating knowledge to fit official action to the circumstances in each suspected case. Necessarily the goods handled by smugglers are those which are of large value and of small compass.

The favorite methods in the case of precious stones or other small articles have always been to conceal them about the person or in the false bottom of a trunk. Strange stories could be told by the special officers who have noticed badly fitting bodices that contained yards of fine laces, waistcoats that bulged out in the wrong place half hiding bags of precious gems, and even of passengers who limped because a diamond in a close-fitting shoe crowded a corn as the owner walked down the slanting gangplank. Some years ago, the special officers noticed a passenger whose

might have adorned a Spanish nobleman. His hair was iron-gray and his mustachios had evidently been through long years of careful grooming, which even the salt air of a six days' voyage would not wholly wilt. His dress was not much unlike that of some of the immigrants from southern Europe. A flaming red and yellow handkerchief was knotted about his neck. His coat, waistcoat and trousers matched those of the steerage rather than the first-cabin passengers. To the baggage inspector he said he had nothing dutiable. But that official thought it wise to look, and under-



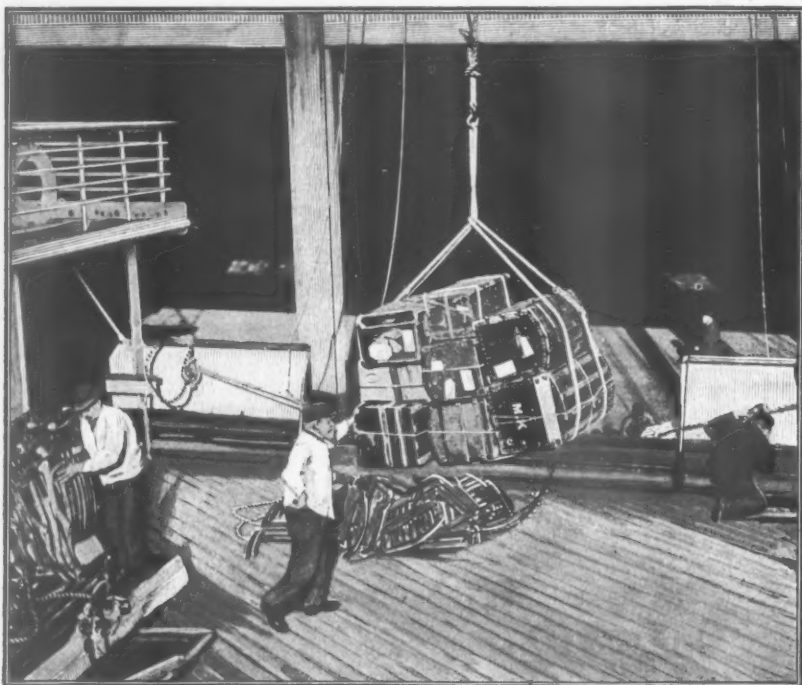
HANDLING THE BAGGAGE.

waist was altogether too large for the rest of his person. They took him aside and a search revealed that the too corpulent individual had on an undervest which snugly fitted his skin beneath his other clothing. It was lined with silver watches.

One curious incident is among the comparatively recent records of the customs officers at New York. From one of the European liners one day there came down the gangplank a man whose features and bearing were strangely out of harmony with his dress. He was well past middle age, dark-skinned and with a profile that

neath his rough exterior he found literally what the story-books point out for such cases, namely a precious jewel. Nor was it one jewel but whole caskets of them, of rare value, diamonds, emeralds, rubies and pearls, and some with quaint and costly settings, bestowed in pockets, belts and linings. The inspector thought he had a prize, and against protests in a foreign tongue, and almost tears, made an arrest and took the man to headquarters.

Investigation brought evidence that could not be mistaken that the man with the gems was what he then claimed to be, a



HOISTING OUT THE TRUNKS.

Mexican, of an old and wealthy family, on his way to his home with valuables which had for years been in the possession of other members of his house. He was taking the heirlooms to the city of Mexico. The customs laws of this country were almost a sealed book to him, and he did not know that his valuables might have been shipped in bond direct through this country to his destination free of duty. He thought he must pay for the privilege of carrying them through the United States and placed himself in the position of a smuggler. All the facts were carefully investigated, and as the scion of Mexican aristocracy gave good evidence that all he wanted was to carry his gems across the border-line to Mexico, he was allowed to do so.

In addition to the smuggling done by passengers on the ocean steamships, there is another variety carried on to some extent on freight-vessels. This cannot be successfully done unless by collusion with some of

the petty officers or employees of the vessels. There have been cases detected of vessels with false bottoms, beneath which quantities of cigars were brought in. Sometimes cigars are concealed in out-of-the-way places in the ship and landed generally in the night. Recent instances have been detected of collusion between employees and the would-be smugglers. Within their quarters various of the ship hands had concealed packages, boxes, bundles, and the like, of odd shapes and sizes, and apparently parts of their own dunnage.

Every seizure of actually smuggled goods makes it less likely that there will be other attempts. The knowledge that a perfect system of detection existed would be a perfect deterrent force, and there would be a situation in which the most thoroughly drilled and experienced hunters for law-breakers would find no lawbreaking on which to exercise their talents. That would be an ideal situation.

GREAT EDITORS OF AMERICA.

I.—THURLOW WEED.

BY CHARLES EMORY SMITH, POSTMASTER-GENERAL.

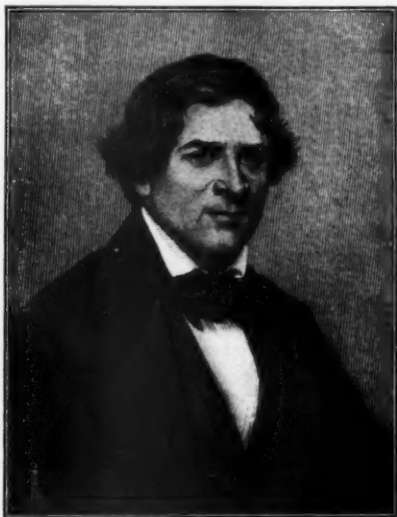


his potential influence spanned a period of half a century. His mastery reached into national movements, and molded conventions, administrations and policies. Until the rise of metropolitan journalism he was the most conspicuous editor of his state. He was at the same time the most adroit and consummate politician, perhaps, that the country has ever known. It is doubtful if any other man in all our history has so completely and successfully blended the attributes of the political oracle and of the political manager.

Mr. Weed's training was on the river sloop and in the printing-office. He was taught in the stern school of poverty and necessity. Like Benjamin Franklin, whom he resembled in his surpassing insight, sagacity and diplomacy, and Horace Greeley, whom he discovered and afterward rivaled, he graduated at the printer's case. Born only eight years after the organization of the government and two years before Washington died, he came to manhood in the era of good feeling under President Monroe and just before the outbreak of the stormy conflicts of Clay and Jackson. In that long and vehement contest he bore an active part. His political talent was demonstrated at an early age. Though not yet settled in life and holding no fixed position, he was one of the most efficient agents in combining the New York forces

of Clay and Adams against Crawford in 1824, and thus securing the ultimate election of John Quincy Adams. The same year he was elected a member of the state legislature, and with one later term in that body his official service ended. The highest stations were his to command and were freely offered, but he steadily refused them.

His life-work was rather that of a Warwick. It really began when in 1830, with the help of some friends, he founded the "Evening Journal" of Albany, to combat the old Albany Regency. For more than thirty years he remained the active editor of that paper, and while, at a later period, two or three of the masters of the craft on a metropolitan pedestal, like Greeley and Dana, exercised a wider popular sway, it is safe to say that no other editor has matched Mr. Weed in the double power of expounding policies and enforcing them through party action. He became the recognized party chief in his state. He impressed himself on men and measures. He formulated the declarations,



From a painting by Chester Harding.

THURLOW WEED IN 1843.

determined candidates, shaped legislation, controlled patronage, and directed the organization, the discipline and the policy of his party. No other man has shown such a combination of editorial ability and political genius.

Journalism, when Mr. Weed began, was unlike that with which this generation is familiar. It was little more than political pamphleteering. There were, indeed, short legislative reports, a few local items, such general news as came in the exchanges and infrequent mails, a weekly or bimonthly budget of foreign news brought by packet, the occasional letter of a traveler, and the miscellaneous clippings. The greatest display of enterprise consisted in securing the first copy of the President's Message procurable in New York, arranging to hold back the Albany steamer for it, rushing it through the printer's hands, and getting it on the streets before the rival paper. But the great feature was the political leader. There was no editorial staff. Mr. Weed's own account of his beginning is interesting. "I not only edited the paper without assistance, but for several years reported the Assembly proceedings and personally collected all news articles and local items, read all proofs and occasionally made up the forms. These duties gave me constant but pleasant occupation." His salary was seven hundred and fifty dollars the first year, which was gradually raised to two thousand dollars five years later.

Mr. Weed was pitted almost alone against a remarkable group of politicians. The Albany Regency embraced as strong and striking a combination of political talents as the country has ever seen. Its chief was the astute and crafty Martin Van Buren. Among his associates were William L. Marcy, Silas Wright, John A. Dix, Azariah C. Flagg, and several others who, if less conspicuous, were scarcely less shrewd in council. The chief became Governor, United States Senator, Secretary of State, Vice-President, and finally President. Marcy, an extraordinarily forceful man, became Governor, Secretary of War under Polk and premier of Pierce's Cabinet. Wright, a wise and able leader who exercised great influence for many years, was Governor and Senator, and declined to

be Vice-President. Dix, who in later years became the political and personal friend of Weed, served as Governor, Senator and Secretary of the Treasury. Flagg and several of the others held high state positions. Their organ was the "*Argus*," and its editor was Edwin Crosswell, who was one of the ablest of the group. But they all contributed to its columns, making a brilliant galaxy of political stars of the first magnitude.

Crosswell and Weed were born in the same town of Catskill, in the same year, but the former had greater early advantages. When Weed established the "*Journal*," Crosswell had already for several years been seated on the tripod of the "*Argus*." The battle, controversial and political, which immediately opened, between these giants, between Weed on the one side and the whole Regency on the other—a battle not only of discussion but of organization and management—continued uninterruptedly for twenty years, and throughout that period the intense struggle was followed with eager and absorbed interest and with implicit trust by the respective partisans. The manners and methods of the two active and constant combatants were widely different. Crosswell's leaders were chaste, scholarly and discursive. His style was classic in its finish and perfection. His discussion was logical, massive and complete. He wrought out his argument in the most careful and laborious way. He would stand over the form to the last moment and hold the press to revise a phrase or polish a sentence.

Weed's articles, on the other hand, were crisp and pungent. He had, when he chose, a charming narrative style, and, especially in his later years, often elaborated a description or an exposition in the most attractive manner. In these papers his writing was Addisonian in its purity and simplicity. But his best and most effective editorial work was the terse, incisive and trenchant comment which sharpened a single salient point and struck to the marrow of the issue. Instead of answering Crosswell's extended leaders with corresponding fullness, he would seek out the weak spot and the open joint in the armor and pierce the flaw. In this way he would often parry and pick a column with a few sen-

tences. He was a clever and dexterous paragrapher. He had a rare faculty of persuasive statement, and his reasoning was always clear and forcible.

In the higher attributes of the editor which are above mere form and involve insight, grasp and leadership, he towered above all the men of his time. The same qualities entered into his preëminence as a politician. In both relations he blended large views with practical skill in the rarest measure. As an editor he was equally sure in laying down the broad lines to be followed and in choosing the actual methods. As a politician he had as distinct a gift for projecting the great policies and movements of a party as for managing the men and the measures for their practical realization. The combination in his case was as natural as it was complete and masterful. In this age, when the days of the old party organ have passed away, and journalism has become a great and independent business enterprise and a distinct profession, the editor is seldom a political manager. He is a leader of public opinion and sometimes more potent than the manager, but he rarely handles political machinery. In the days of Mr. Weed, however, the party organ was the center and focus of party administration, and the functions of the editor and the party manager were united. They were more signally and successfully united in him than in any other man who has ever appeared in the field of American journalism, and, with the change of conditions, he is likely to remain without

a rival as the preëminent type of the editor-politician.

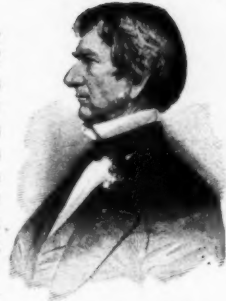
He had a positive genius for politics. His tact and deftness in managing men were unmatched. His methods were not arbitrary but rational. He was

rather a leader than a boss. If his direction was unquestioningly accepted, it was because it was recognized as the most adroit and skilful. It was felt, too, that his power was exercised for the common welfare and not for any personal end or selfish interest.

While he was the undisputed dictator of his party's nominations and appointments, he did not advance unqualified or unworthy favorites. The men whom he placed in responsible positions were of high grade, and no more creditable list of public officials can anywhere be found than the long and notable roll of state officers in New York that through a period of twenty years illustrated the character of his domination.

During the period that followed the death of Mr. Weed was in the zenith of Jackson's power. The Regency was in its zenith. Van Buren, its chief, became Vice-President in 1832 and President in 1836.

Marcy was elected Governor in 1832 and held the office for three terms, or six years. The fight for and against the United States Bank was waged with relentless vigor. But the financial crash of 1837, and the hard times that succeeded, changed the whole situation, and the pendulum of popular favor swung to the Whigs. In 1838 William H. Seward was elected Governor, and the scepter of political control passed to the hands of Mr. Weed. The long and close association of Weed and Seward has hardly a parallel in politics. Their acquaintance began in 1824, soon ripened into intimacy, and continued to be the most faithful personal and political friendship until Seward's death in 1872. They were singularly congenial, thoroughly harmonious in their views and sympathies,



WILLIAM H. SEWARD.



THURLOW WEED.



WILLIAM L. MARCY.

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Journalism, when Mr. Weed began, was unlike that with which this generation is familiar. It was little more than political pamphleteering. There were, indeed, short legislative reports, a few local items, such general news as came in the exchanges and infrequent mails, a weekly or bimonthly budget of foreign news brought by packet, the occasional letter of a traveler, and the miscellaneous clippings. The greatest display of enterprise consisted in securing the first copy of the President's Message procurable in New York, arranging to hold back the Albany steamer for it, rushing it through the printer's hands, and getting it on the streets before the rival paper. But the great feature was the political leader. There was no editorial staff. Mr. Weed's own account of his beginning is interesting. "I not only edited the paper without assistance, but for several years reported the Assembly proceedings and personally collected all news articles and local items, read all proofs and occasionally made up the forms. These duties gave me constant but pleasant occupation." His salary was seven hundred and fifty dollars the first year, which was gradually raised to two thousand dollars five years later.

Mr. Weed was pitted almost alone against a remarkable group of politicians. The Albany Regency embraced as strong and striking a combination of political talents as the country has ever seen. Its chief was the astute and crafty Martin Van Buren. Among his associates were William L. Marcy, Silas Wright, John A. Dix, Azariah C. Flagg, and several others who, if less conspicuous, were scarcely less shrewd in council. The chief became Governor, United States Senator, Secretary of State, Vice-President, and finally President. Marcy, an extraordinarily forceful man, became Governor, Secretary of War under Polk and premier of Pierce's Cabinet. Wright, a wise and able leader who exercised great influence for many years, was Governor and Senator, and declined to

be Vice-President. Dix, who in later years became the political and personal friend of Weed, served as Governor, Senator and Secretary of the Treasury. Flagg and several of the others held high state positions. Their organ was the "Argus," and its editor was Edwin Croswell, who was one of the ablest of the group. But they all contributed to its columns, making a brilliant galaxy of political stars of the first magnitude.

Croswell and Weed were born in the same town of Catskill, in the same year, but the former had greater early advantages. When Weed established the "Journal," Croswell had already for several years been seated on the tripod of the "Argus." The battle, controversial and political, which immediately opened between these giants, between Weed on the one side and the whole Regency on the other—a battle not only of discussion but of organization and management—continued uninterruptedly for twenty years, and throughout that period the intense struggle was followed with eager and absorbed interest and with implicit trust by the respective partisans. The manners and methods of the two active and constant combatants were widely different. Croswell's leaders were chaste, scholarly and discursive. His style was classic in its finish and perfection. His discussion was logical, massive and complete. He wrought out his argument in the most careful and laborious way. He would stand over the form to the last moment and hold the press to revise a phrase or polish a sentence.

Weed's articles, on the other hand, were crisp and pungent. He had, when he chose, a charming narrative style, and, especially in his later years, often elaborated a description or an exposition in the most attractive manner. In these papers his writing was Addisonian in its purity and simplicity. But his best and most effective editorial work was the terse, incisive and trenchant comment which sharpened a single salient point and struck to the marrow of the issue. Instead of answering Croswell's extended leaders with corresponding fullness, he would seek out the weak spot and the open joint in the armor and pierce the flaw. In this way he would often parry and pick a column with a few sen-

tences. He was a clever and dexterous paragrapher. He had a rare faculty of persuasive statement, and his reasoning was always clear and forcible.

In the higher attributes of the editor which are above mere form and involve insight, grasp and leadership, he towered above all the men of his time. The same qualities entered into his preëminence as a politician. In both relations he blended large views with practical skill in the rarest measure. As an editor he was equally sure in laying down the broad lines to be followed and in choosing the actual methods. As a politician he had as distinct a gift for projecting the great policies and movements of a party as for managing the men and the measures for their practical realization. The combination in his case was as natural as it was complete and masterful. In this age, when the days of the old party organ have passed away, and journalism has become a great and independent business enterprise and a distinct profession, the editor is seldom a political manager. He is a leader of public opinion and sometimes more potent than the manager, but he rarely handles political machinery. In the days of Mr. Weed, however, the party organ was the center and focus of party

administration, and the functions of the editor and the party manager were united. They were more signally and successfully united in him than in any other man who has ever appeared in the field of American journalism, and, with the change of conditions, he is likely to remain without a rival as the preëminent type of the editor-politician.



WILLIAM L. MARCY.

He had a positive genius for politics. His tact and deftness in managing men were unmatched. His methods were not arbitrary but rational. He was

rather a leader than a boss. If his direction was unquestioningly accepted, it was because it was recognized as the most adroit and skilful. It was felt, too, that his power was exercised for the common welfare and not for any personal end or selfish interest.

While he was the undisputed dictator of his party's nominations and appointments, he did not advance unqualified or unworthy favorites. The men whom he placed in responsible positions were of high grade, and no more creditable list of public officials can anywhere be found than the long and notable roll of state officers in New York that through a period of twenty years illustrated the character of his domination.

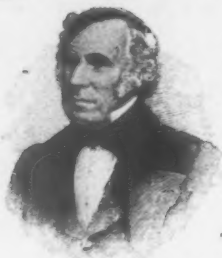
During the period that followed the death of the great Jackson, Weed was in the zenith of his power. The Regency was in its zenith. Van Buren, its chief, became Vice-President in 1832 and President in 1836. Marcy was elected Governor in 1832 and held the office for three terms, or six years. The fight for and against the United States Bank was waged with relentless vigor. But the financial crash of 1837, and the hard times that succeeded, changed the whole situation, and the pendulum of popular favor swung to the Whigs. In 1838 William H. Seward was elected Governor, and the scepter of political control passed to the hands of Mr. Weed. The long and close association of Weed and Seward has hardly a parallel in politics. Their acquaintance began in 1824, soon ripened into intimacy, and continued to be the most faithful personal and political friendship until Seward's death in 1872. They were singularly congenial, thoroughly harmonious in their views and sympathies,



WILLIAM H. SEWARD.



THURLOW WEED.



ZACHARY TAYLOR.

pert politician to manage his interests, and no political leader ever had a more devoted statesman to represent and expound his policies.

With unchallenged control of the party organization in New York, Weed's influence naturally reached beyond its borders, and his recognized skill was sought and exercised in wider fields. He was active in shaping the nomination and canvass of General Harrison in 1840. Preliminary to that struggle he had projected a cheap paper for wide distribution, and in seeking an editor he hunted out Horace Greeley, who had recently located in New York and whose vigorous writing on the *Common Era* had attracted attention.

The introduction of the two editors and the beginning of a relation which was marked at times by close coöperation, at times by radical differences, and always by mutual respect if not always by cordial friendship. Greeley's strong individuality, his intense earnestness, his virile English and his great dialectical ability, soon gave him a distinct and conspicuous position. Metropolitan journalism began to develop, and he was not many years in achieving rank as the foremost editor of his party. But he was wholly different from Weed in mold and temperament. While Weed was conservative and wary, albeit frank and candid, Greeley was radical, impulsive, erratic, vehement and aggressive. He had very much less of the political talent. When in after-years his famous letter dissolving the political firm of Seward, Weed and Greeley came out, it appeared that he had regarded himself as in the political partnership, but, in fact, he had never been a managing member. The incompatibilities were too marked. But, while often disagreeing, the two editors knew

each independent and thinking for himself, but each admirably supplementing the other. Seward was a master of statecraft; Weed was a master of management; no statesman ever

had a more ex-

each other's intellectual power. Weed from the first perceived Greeley's prodigious force, and Greeley in 1855 wrote, "Weed is a giant; he is, after all, the greatest man we have left, Seward not excepted."

Mr. Weed's sagacity was almost unerring and he did not allow his political sympathies to becloud his judgment. In 1831 President Jackson nominated his Secretary of State, Mr. Van Buren, as Minister to England. The majority of the Senate was against the administration, and the temptation to defeat Van Buren, himself an eager partisan, was very great. Against this policy Mr. Weed sounded a warning. He said that if Van Buren were rejected, it would put him in the position of being a political martyr, and inevitably lead to his nomination and election as Vice-President on the ticket with Jackson the next year. The warning was unheeded, and the prediction was exactly verified. At that time the United States Bank was the great subject of political contention. The Whig party was its champion. Mr. Weed believed in the bank, but feared the issue and declined to print Daniel Webster's speech for it. His political instinct as to its political bearings was justified by the event.

In the early spring of 1844, anticipating Clay's nomination for the presidency, he advised that Clay should write no letters. He has been before the country, urged Mr. Weed, for many years; his views are well known; there is no call for any utterance. The wisdom of the counsel was found in the fact that the Texas question was in the most delicate situation with the growing antislavery sentiment on the North, and that Clay, as a Southern man, would incur risk by any expression. Clay acknowledged the prudence of silence, but was afterward tempted into writing the Alabama letter on the Texas question, which swelled the Birney vote in New York, and thus cost Clay the presidency. It is an interesting circumstance that on two different occasions Mr. Weed gave Webster counsel which, if adopted, would have made him President. In 1839 Weed visited Washington, prognosticated Harrison's nomination, and urged Webster to accept New York's support for Vice-President. Had he assented

he would have been President on Harrison's death, instead of Secretary of State under Tyler. Again, in 1848 Weed went to Marshfield to induce Webster's consent to run on the ticket with Taylor. Again Webster declined, and so instead of President became Secretary of State under Fillmore.

Mr. Weed was active and influential in the nomination of General Taylor. He took special pains to ascertain Taylor's views, had conferences with his brother, and became impressed with the belief that not only had the hero of Buena Vista the military glory to make him an available candidate but that, though a Southern man, he was in sympathy with the predominant Whig tendencies on the slavery question. These considerations prevailed and Taylor vindicated the judgment. But again, as in 1841, death frustrated the triumph. Twice the victorious Whigs had seen the ripe fruit turn to ashes on their lips, and Mr. Weed, who had played a strong hand in both victories, was especially disappointed. In the last case he felt it the more keenly, as the turn of fortune put supreme power in the hands of Fillmore, of his own state, who was inimical to him and his friends. But that ascendancy was short-lived, and Mr. Weed's control was not seriously shaken. The advancing struggle between freedom and slavery was dissolving the flaccid and moribund Whig party and forging in the fiery furnace of a rising moral conviction a more rugged and resolute organization. While Webster had made his timorous and halting 7th of March speech, Seward, who had entered the Senate with Taylor's inauguration, had sounded the keynote of the higher law and had become the leading spirit of a quickened and robust antislavery movement. During the stormy conflict over the repeal of the Missouri Compromise and the Kansas-Nebraska issue, the brilliant New York Senator was establishing his place as the foremost leader of the new party, and Mr. Weed was reconstructing the organization on the new lines and successfully carrying Seward through reflection over the pitfalls of Know-nothing diversion and other obstacles. He was not unfamiliar with ephemeral manifestations which flamed out in spasmodic intensity like

the Native American excitement of 1854. He had himself in early life been the leader in the hot and transitory anti-Masonic demonstration, and the story of

"a good enough Morgan till after election," which had only a fanciful basis, had been imputed as a proof that he was an adept in political devices.

When, as the culmination of these contests, the great battle of 1860 approached, Mr. Weed was ready for what promised to be the crowning triumph of his political career. He prepared to make Mr. Seward President, with a general recognition that it would be his distinct work. Everything seemed ripe. Seward was the trusted and pre-eminent chieftain of the antislavery force. He held the position of primacy in the Republican party just as Clay did in the old Whig party. The nomination seemed to be his due by right of conspicuous service and of recognized leadership. He was unquestionably the favorite of the great body of the party, and all that political skill could do to effectuate the popular choice Mr. Weed did. But an overruling destiny decreed the selection of Abraham Lincoln for the coming crisis, and no one acknowledged more freely than Mr. Weed in after-years that there was a providence in the momentary disappointment. After the first heartburnings were over, he



DE WITT CLINTON.



GEN. WINFIELD SCOTT.



WILLIAM MORGAN.

took up the work of the campaign with zeal. He became the confidential and frequent counselor of Lincoln in many things, and rendered great and valuable service in the struggle for the Union.

The most delicate and important service was his unofficial mission to England and France. Louis Napoleon was intent upon intervening in our civil war, and the English government had a strong disposition to join him. Such intervention would have been disastrous to our cause and would probably have disrupted the Union. It was of the utmost importance to counteract the designs of the agents of the South, and to aid our official representatives in averting this catastrophe, Mr. Weed was sent, with others, upon the errand. For this service he had rare and peculiar qualifications. He was a natural diplomat. Though never speaking on his feet before an audience, he had extraordinary conversational powers. His talk was easy, fluent and fascinating. With a single person or in a small company he could develop an argument with marvelous skill. He was especially adroit and sinuous in meeting objections and in combating a counter view. With these gifts he held interviews with Ministers and others close to the governments, and his labors were remarkably effective. His discussion with the Duc de Morny was particularly dexterous, and fairly ranks among the most consummate diplomatic encounters of which we have any record. It made a deep impression, and there is every reason to believe that it changed the address of Louis Napoleon from the throne and modified a settled plan.

So long as the conflict between freedom and slavery had been of a political and moral character, Mr. Weed had antagonized the pretensions of slavery at every point. He had denounced the Atherton gag, had advocated the Wilmot Proviso, had strenuously opposed the Fugitive Slave Law, had resisted the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, had fought the Lecompton usurpation, and had earnestly combated the whole Kansas-Nebraska invasion. He had sympathized with Mr. Seward in his appeal to the higher law, written, as Lord Brougham

said, by the finger of God on the heart of man, and had publicly deplored the fact that Webster, in his vain hope of reconciling the sections, had fallen below that lofty level. But when the conflict passed from the domain of peaceful contention to the realm of war, his conservative nature asserted itself, and he opposed the radical policy which he feared would embitter the struggle, divide the North and prolong the war. He found himself out of sympathy with the predominant influence of his party; new elements were advancing to the control in his own state; and, having once before sought relief from active service, he preferred now, at the age of sixty-five, to retire and leave the helm to those more in harmony with the ruling forces. He withdrew from the editorship of the "Journal" in January, 1863. Thenceforth for twenty years, except for a brief time when he resumed the editorial pen on the "New York Commercial Advertiser," he lived a life of dignified ease, a revered sage who remained to the last an interested observer of the current of events and whose experienced counsel was often sought.

Those who are fond of historical parallels or coincidences will be interested in recalling that the middle periods of the last three centuries have each witnessed the potential influence of a remarkable man bearing the name of Thurlow. John Thurlow was the secretary and the trusted adviser and manager of Cromwell. A century later the imperious Lord Chancellor Thurlow was the powerful favorite of the King and the dictator of the House of Lords. Still another century later, the one American politician to whom their name was given was the maker of Governors, Senators and Presidents.

Thurlow Weed would have been a commanding figure in any age. Tall, striking in personal appearance, with piercing eyes and courtly bearing, a born leader of men, he was plainly destined to hold the scepter of power. No other man in our history has, without official station, exercised such sway through so long a period, and it is the glory of his unique career that his power was directed to the good of the state.

THE PILOT OF THE "SADIE SIMMONS."

BY JOSEPH MILLS HANSON.

CAPTAIN REAGAN gazed through the gathering dusk to where the dun waters of the Missouri caught the last reflections of the pale sunset sky. I knew a story was forthcoming. There was that softness in his eyes as he looked dreamily out over the great river, the theater of his life's crowded drama, that always precluded the spinning of a yarn.

As he sat on a hotel balcony in the cool of the summer evening, there was little in the hoarse voice of the restless city borne to us from below to remind him of those old days. The long, singing shriek of trolley-cars, the sharp clatter of hoofs on asphalt pavements, the hollow roar of moving trains from the great dome of the Union Station, were not the sounds familiar to his ears in the times when the big

stern-wheelers used to swing in from the current, churning and puffing, to tie up for the night by the long, flat levee out there, now lying silent and deserted with the sul-

len water lapping against its base.

The spectacles and sounds of the old steamboat days, the shouts and songs of the roustabouts loading wood by the light of flaring pine-knots, the cough of exhaust-pipes, the short clang of the engine-bells, the churn of the paddle-wheels, are gone. But the great river, brooding and mysterious, still rolls its resistless flood toward the far-off gulf, through rank mead-



Drawn by Vincent A. Svoboda.

"THE NEXT INSTANT TOMMY DUNCAN WENT OVER THE RAIL INTO THE BLACK RIVER."

ows and sunny bottom-lands, verdant forests and sweeping prairies, gray limestone cliffs and sun-tortured sand-bars, heedless alike of the changes of nature and of man.

Something of this kind may have been in the old captain's mind as he gazed into the twilight, for presently he moved impatiently, as if shaking off an unpleasant reverie, and turning to me, said: "Away back in the spring of '74, just after the opening of the season, I shipped as first mate of the packet 'Sadie Simmons,' which had wintered at Sioux City and was going to run that season between Sioux City and Fort Pierre. She was one of the regular type of flat-bottomed, blunt-bowed stern-wheelers usually met with on the upper river, designed for combined freight and passenger traffic, and was commanded by Captain Ed Treadwell, as upright and kindly a man as I ever had the good fortune to know. One of the pilots we took on for the first trip was Tommy Duncan, who had come down from Yankton on the first boat after the spring break-up.

"I had known him for years, and a nicer, straighter, better-hearted young chap it would have been hard to find among the river-men of those days. But nice and pleasant as he was, Tommy was one of those fellows that don't seem to get ahead, a sort of rolling stone. He had been on the river, boy and man, for six or eight years and he knew its bars and channels and shallows and cuts like a book, from Fort Buford to Sioux City, but for all that, he could never get and keep a steady job as pilot or anything else, to save his soul. I don't know what the trouble was. He just couldn't; that's all. He had lots of friends, too, among the boys, the free and easy, chance-met kind that never do a fellow any good, but are pleasant to have, just the same. But this spring Tommy seemed different some way. His manner was more serious than usual and he had thrown off his little slouchy ways and carried himself as if he took an interest in things and wanted to attend to business and keep his job. And through it all you could see that he was happy, happier than he had ever been. Before, he used to get into gloomy moods occasionally, because he didn't get along, I suppose, and it worried him not to be making anything of his life, but now he didn't have these moods any more.

"He was contented, and after a while I found out from him the reason of it, for

he had something of a liking for me and gave me more of his confidence, I guess, than he did any one else. He had spent the winter in Yankton, and there he met a girl who brought him up with a short turn and made him all of a sudden want to get out of his old roving, aimless life and settle down in a nice, quiet little home of his own. She was a waitress at the old Transcontinental Hotel, that has been torn down and forgotten many a long year ago, but in its day it was the best house in the city. Tillie Vail was her name. She was a little, innocent thing with dark hair and big, pleading brown eyes that made a man feel as if he ought to look around and find something to protect her against. Hanging around there in Yankton and seeing those eyes every day for a whole winter, it isn't any wonder that Duncan got to feeling that he'd like to protect her from everything for the rest of her natural life.

"Poor boy, he'd never been in love before, never cared a rap for a woman, and of course it came on him awful hard, as it always does with that kind. I never saw a harder case in my life, but it certainly was the making of him. He kept as straight as a string and minded his business so well that Captain Treadwell came to consider him the best pilot he'd ever had. And whenever we made Yankton, up or down, Tommy would go to see the little girl and they'd talk over their plans together, for they expected to be married in the fall. And when he was away he was writing to her and getting letters from her all the time. She seemed to think as much of him as he did of her and it appeared the least likely thing in the world that anything could ever come between them. But you can never tell what will happen in such matters.

"About the 1st of June on our second trip down, we'd laid over a day at Yankton to fix up a break in the engine. Duncan had been acting uneasy ever since we left Lower Brule Agency, where he'd got his last letter from Tillie, and as soon as he could get away he hurried off uptown. I had too many matters demanding my attention to wonder much what troubled him, and I forgot all about him until somewhere about midnight.

"I was taking my trick as officer of the deck, standing down near the gangway, smoking and looking over at the dark town and the dim line of bluffs beyond, when somebody came to the foot of the gangplank and started to walk up. He seemed pretty unsteady on his legs, though, for half-way he stumbled and fell flat, swearing under his breath. I ran down and jerked him up roughly, for if there is anything on earth makes me mad, it is to have a man come back to the boat in that shape. Getting him on deck, I took him over by one of the lanterns where I could see who he was, for it was a pitchy-black night.

"Well, sir, it was Tommy Duncan, drunk as a beast, with his face red and his eyes half shut and bleary. I was mad enough to have kicked him over the rail into the water, for to my certain knowledge Tommy Duncan had never been drunk before in his life, and for him to start now when he was getting on so nicely, with every inducement for keeping straight, was shameful.

"'What do you mean, Duncan,' I said, 'by coming back here in this condition? You ought to be horsewhipped, you contemptible scoundrel!'

"Oh, I gave him a fearful raking, for the thought of that little girl uptown there, who trusted and loved him, and what this would mean to her, made me fairly despise him. He stood and took it all without a word, staring at the deck, as sullen and unmoved as a wooden man. Seeing that I couldn't affect him at all in his present mood, I finally ordered him off to his quarters to sleep off his liquor, and told him to come to me next morning when he had sobered up. He stumbled off obediently and I didn't see him again until nearly two o'clock the next afternoon. We were just about passing Vermillion and I was sitting in my cabin, reading, when there was a knock on the door. 'Come in,' I called. The door opened and Duncan walked in. Well, sir, if it hadn't been for his figure, I actually don't believe I should have known the boy, he was so altered from the Duncan of only the day before. He looked fully ten years older; his eyes were bloodshot, wrinkles had come around his mouth and in his forehead, and his hands shook as if he had the palsy, when he took up anything.

"He apologized humbly for his conduct the last night. 'I was near crazy uptown there in the afternoon, sir,' he said in a shaking voice. 'I didn't know what to do, and I started drinking. I am ashamed of myself, Mr. Reagan, but God knows I wouldn't have done it if I hadn't been beside myself.'



Drawn by
Vincent A. Scoboda.

"SHE WAS A LITTLE, INNOCENT THING, WITH DARK HAIR AND BIG, PLEADING BROWN EYES."

crazy uptown there in the afternoon, sir,' he said in a shaking voice. 'I didn't know what to do, and I started drinking. I am ashamed of myself, Mr. Reagan, but God knows I wouldn't have done it if I hadn't been beside myself.'

"It seems that about a month before, just a day or two after Tommy left on the 'Sadie Simmons' on our last upriver trip, a fellow named Cragg had come into Yankton and put up at the Transcontinental. I remembered seeing him in Sioux City. He was a river-man, but had always worked between Sioux City and the downriver ports, where he was familiarly known as 'Slim Jack,' and had the reputation of being one of the most reckless and worthless fellows on the river, though a good enough man at his trade of steamboat engineer when he was sober. But the only real good thing about him, so far as I ever heard, was his looks, and there he certainly came in strong. He was one of the handsomest men I ever saw. His figure was perfect, and he carried himself as gracefully as an antelope. His face was dark, so dark in fact that I often thought there must be Spanish blood in his veins, but classic in outline, and he had large, black eyes under straight thick brows; eyes so eloquent that they changed and darkened and lighted with every shade of his feelings. His power over women was tremendous. He seemed to hypnotize them, and it was said he was none too scrupulous in his treatment of them, which was doubtless true, for it wasn't his nature to be scrupulous about anything.

"Well, this splendid-looking rascal laid around there at the Transcontinental for a month, waiting for a job, having lost his last one by going on a week's spree. And there he met Tillie Vail and fell head over heels in love with her. If he had had a spark of gentlemanly honor about him, love or no love, he would have left her alone, knowing she was engaged to another man. But he hadn't, so he went right in to win her with no regard for the other fellow. He completely dazzled poor Tillie as he had many a girl before. What could such an innocent little thing as she do against a man of his type? There she was, left to fight her battle all alone, with Tommy far up the river where he couldn't help her to remember her vows and no one else near to encourage and strengthen her. But she made a brave struggle before she surrendered. Even Tommy admitted that. He had seen in her letters that something was wrong—she was too honest to con-

ceal it altogether—but what the trouble was he could not find out until he saw her in Yankton that day before.

"When he went up to the hotel she told him everything in a perfect torrent of pleading and self-reproach. She said that she loved Jack Cragg and wanted to marry him, as he had asked her to do; but she should never know another happy day in her life, never, because she knew she ought to have been true to Tommy and instead she had made him wretched and she never could forgive herself; but would he try to forgive her and forget, for she wasn't worthy of such love as his anyway, and so on and so forth. It came on Tommy with such awful suddenness that it stunned him. He didn't know what to do or say. But when it was all over he stumbled down to the street and into a saloon and began drinking. Everything after that was a blank until he fell down over the gangplank at the boat-landing.

"The boy had told his story in a broken, dazed kind of way, but when he came to the end he straightened up suddenly with a wild flash in his eyes and brought his fist down on the table.

"'Mr. Reagan,' he cried, in a high, excited voice, 'I was a fool for drinking yesterday. I ought to have gone straight away from that hotel and looked for Cragg and when I found him, killed him. I didn't do it and he'll most likely be gone before I can get back there now. I'll not follow him purposely. I have strength enough left to keep from that. But, so help me God, if that man ever crosses my path again, I swear I'll kill him without mercy, for the sneaking, meddling whelp that he is.'

"I pitied Duncan from the bottom of my heart. But this wild talk of murder would never do at all. He would almost certainly meet Cragg before a great while, somewhere along the river, and if he held to this idea of killing on sight, he would stand a good chance of ending his life at the business end of a rope. So I began talking to him quietly about the foolishness of his conduct the night before, and as he grew calmer, gradually worked up to the main question, pointing out to him how little good would be accomplished by killing Cragg, what disgrace it would bring

upon his own name, and above all how cruelly it would hurt Tillie Vail.

"'Hurt Tillie!' burst in Duncan. 'Good God, Mr. Reagan, it's the only thing on earth that will save her. Do you believe for a moment that devil means to marry her? I know he won't.' He's ruined too many before. It's either his life or her honor, and it won't be the last if I can help it.'

duties satisfactorily and kept his position, though he became gloomy and taciturn to the point of surliness. His changed manner and the cause of it, were matters of common talk among the officers and crew of the 'Sadie Simmons,' though no one but myself suspected what a volcano was smoldering beneath his grim exterior.

"We loaded at Sioux City with a big consignment of government stores for the lower forts, and, with a fair-sized passenger list, pulled out for the trip about the middle of June. At Yankton I learned that Cragg had started for Bismarck on the 'Leadora No. 2' a couple of days before our arrival. The 'Leadora' was a faster boat than the 'Sadie' and we should hardly overtake her, even if she met with delays. This knowledge relieved me a good deal, for I hoped that by the time



Drawn by Vincent A. Sobotta.

"SHE TOLD HIM EVERYTHING IN A PERFECT TORRENT OF PLEADING AND SELF-REPROACH."

"From what I knew of Cragg I feared Tommy was right, though I pooh-poohed the idea for his own sake and tried to convince him that Cragg's intentions were good. But he shook his head doggedly, and left me at last with a repeated avowal of his intention to kill his rival at the first opportunity. Contrary to my expectation, Duncan continued to discharge his

Cragg got back, Duncan would have recovered enough from his first rage and bitterness to let him alone. But I did not realize what the loss of Tillie Vail meant to Tommy. She had been the first and only bright star in his lonely existence; she had roused all the best sentiments and ambitions of his being, every hope and longing of his life had centered around her, and

when he lost her it was like snatching bread from the lips of the starving man. Frenzy for revenge alone kept him from abandoning everything in despair.

"It took us two days to unload at Fort Pierre and then we used two more tinkering with the engine, an old one and always getting out of order. This bother put us a day behind the schedule and made Captain Treadwell angry, for he was a methodical chap and always wanted to make his trips right up to time. So when we got fixed up, about sunset of the fourth day, we ran over to Pierre, where some passengers and freight were to be taken on. Captain Treadwell had decided to start down that night as soon as we were loaded, although at sunset it was breezing up from the northwest, threatening a storm. The crew began work at once and Tommy Duncan, not being needed, strolled off up-town. I saw him go, but knowing Cragg wasn't there it didn't worry me. Pierre is said to be a pretty bad town even now, when a crowd of cattlemen come in from the ranges and start to run things, but compared to the Pierre of the early seventies, it isn't a marker. It was a mere village, two or three years old, of a few dozen frame shacks squatted on the prairie, but nearly all of them were saloons and gambling dens, which ran wide open all the time. The place was always full of roughs with plenty of money and guns, and bloody rows were of nightly occurrence, with somebody killed oftener than not. Well, Tommy wandered around for a while, looking in at different places and taking a drink or two just for the taste of the stuff, and about ten o'clock—we expected to pull out at half-past—he started back to the boat. Just then a great noise broke out in a near-by saloon, followed by a general rush of men from the doors and several shots inside. Tommy went back to see what had happened and learned that a rich cattleman named Devereaux had just been killed in a gambling row by another fellow whom nobody seemed to know. The sheriff of Hughes County happened to be in the saloon when the shooting occurred, and he promptly arrested the murderer and cleared out with him through a back door before any one could interfere. But everybody in town was around the

place in a minute, drawn by the noise, and a wilder crowd you never saw. The sheriff had disappeared with his prisoner, but in five minutes the crowd was divided into posses, one going over to batter down the doors of the county jail, others to guard the different roads leading into the country, and still others to scour the town and rake them out if they were in hiding. The crowd was crazy and bound to stretch the murderer's neck before morning. Having heard and seen all he wanted, Tommy started again for the boat, hurrying a little for fear of delaying us. It had clouded up dark as a pocket, with little spits of rain falling, and now and then a flash of lightning, and the wind was blowing up in good shape. As he got down near the landing, where he could see the lights of the 'Sadie' and hear the thump of the engines, he suddenly heard somebody running behind him, breathing hard and fast. The men, for there were two of them, almost ran into him before they saw him.

"Get out of the way, damn you!" shouted one, and Tommy heard the click of a revolver.

"What's the matter with you? I ain't stopping you," cried Tommy.

"Oh, is that you, Duncan? Thank God!" exclaimed the man with the revolver. "They've shot me in the side and I'm pretty near done. But this here's the fellow killed Devereaux just now. I've been runnin' him all over town tryin' to get away from the crowd, but there's no way out except by boat. They haven't thought of that. For God's sake, get him aboard and hide him. He's got to be saved and you'll have to do it. I'll faint in a minute and somebody must take care of him."

"Oh, well, all right, Larry, I'll take him," said Tommy, not caring much what he got into, so there was a little excitement in it.

"And protect him?" persisted the sheriff.

"Yes."

"Make him swear it, Sheriff. Make him swear it," insisted the prisoner, in a trembling voice.

"Well, I'll swear it then, you fool," said Tommy angrily, "but my word's good enough."

"The sheriff sank to the ground with a groan.

"Send somebody to help me on board. I must stay by him," he whispered.

"It was so dark Tommy couldn't make out much about his prisoner, except that

his height was rather above the medium, as he hurried him into a vacant deck cabin and slipped the bolts. The fellow was shaking with terror and exhaustion, and obeyed like a dog. Then Tommy ran for me, told me in a few words what had happened, and together we went out after the sheriff. I already knew from a late passenger that a shooting had occurred, so when we reached the wounded man, lying half unconscious in the sand, I leaned over and shook him.

"See here, Fairchild," I said, "you must brace up enough to walk on board between us so the crew won't notice you. There are a dozen Pierre men on and another just came down. He's in the saloon now telling them about the shooting and they're getting crazy. He

didn't see it, so he don't know your man, but if they find you're aboard they'll know he is and they'll lynch him."

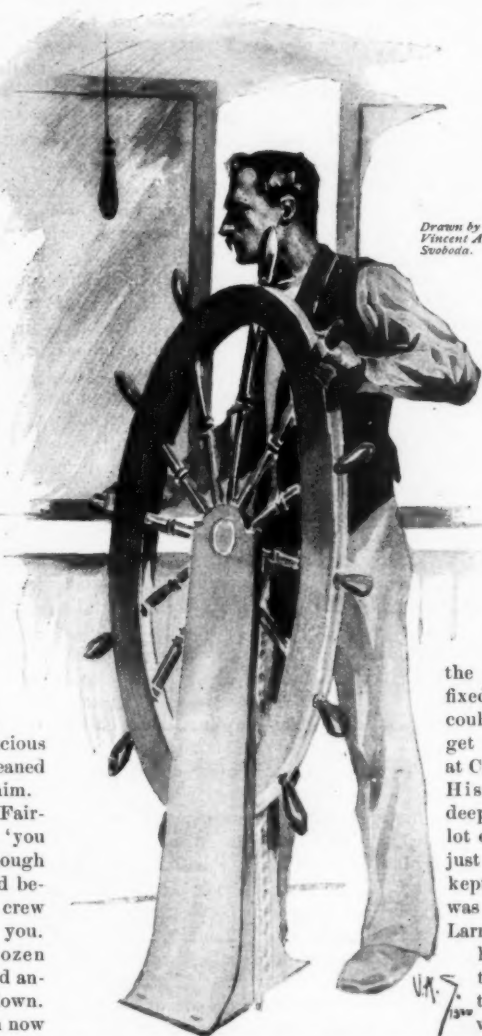
"Duncan's promised to take care of him," muttered the sheriff.

"Yes, but even with Treadwell and me, Duncan can't stand out against that crowd. The crew won't raise a hand to help us when they know the story of it. Come, try to stand up."

"Duncan and I got him to his feet and into one of the lower cabins, and there he fell down full length on the bunk in a dead faint. We locked the door, and after the boat had made its start, Captain Treadwell and I went into

the cabin quietly and fixed him as well as we could until we could get him to a surgeon at Crow Creek Agency. His wound was not deep, but he had lost a lot of blood and it was just sheer pluck had kept him up so long. He was a gritty chap, that Larry Fairchild, to risk his life and take all that suffering, just to give a rascal who well deserved hanging, a chance for a fair trial. I wouldn't have done it, you bet. I was sorry enough he had when the business was over.

"After we had got fairly under way, I



Drawn by
Vincent A.
Svoboda.

"UP IN THE PILOT-HOUSE DUNCAN WAS GIVING
HER A GOOD STIFF HEAD TO STARBOARD
AGAINST THE WIND."

called Captain Treadwell and we discussed the situation. If we could get the murderer safely to Crow Creek, he could be placed under ample protection to await trial. But we couldn't keep him in that cabin. Two locked cabins with mysteries inside would arouse the suspicions of the passengers.

"I discharged a fireman, yesterday, you know, Mr. Reagan," said Captain Treadwell, "and his place isn't filled. We might put him there."

"Just the thing," I exclaimed. "No one would think of looking for him among the crew, least of all the boilers."

"The Pierre men were still talking excitedly in the saloon when Duncan and I went to fetch the prisoner and put him at his work, so we had to be careful. We routed him out and told him shortly that he must obey us entirely if he didn't want to swing from the stack-braces before morning. Then we went around to the furnaces. As he came into the lantern-light, I glanced at his face with a mild curiosity and then all at once my heart stopped dead short and for the life of me I couldn't help an exclamation, for it was 'Slim Jack' Cragg sure as I'm sitting here, Cragg, whom I had supposed three hundred miles up the river and who hadn't entered my head the whole evening. If I hadn't been a fool and blurted out that way, Tommy might never have known, for you remember he'd never seen him.

"What is it, Mr. Reagan?" asked Tommy, turning round.

"Nothing, nothing, Tommy," said I, "only I——" and stopped.

"But my face and Cragg's, who was shrinking back away from him, must have given it away, for Tommy looked from him to me for a minute in a bewildered sort of way and then his eyes fixed themselves on Cragg's and the color gradually ran out of his face until it looked like a piece of dirty wrapping-paper.

"I'm not a particularly nervous man, nor an emotional one, but for a minute I was so fascinated watching those two that I was fairly paralyzed. I swear, it was the creepiest thing I ever saw. If either of them had said anything it wouldn't have been so bad, but it was all in their eyes, Duncan's blazing and then chilling with

the storm of passions working in him, and Cragg's dull and wide open with horror as he stared helplessly into the face of his enemy. His throat worked as if he were trying to speak, but no sound came as he stood backed close up against the wall. Tommy was some three feet in front of him, but suddenly I realized that he was getting nearer. You could hardly notice him move; his head went forward slowly and his body followed, but in a second I saw that he had drawn a knife and meant mischief. That broke my trance. I jumped forward and grabbed him by the arm.

"Tommy," I shouted, "what are you going to do? You have sworn to protect this man and here you are trying to kill him. What's your word good for?"

"He faltered an instant, then turned on me with madness still in his eyes, but of a different kind. 'Do you think I'll let that devil go, now I've got him? No! I told you all along I was going to kill him and I will.'

"That was before you promised Fairchild——"

"I don't care what I promised Fairchild. I didn't know it was *him*."

"That makes no difference. Are you such a lying sneak as that, then?" He stared at me wildly; he was beginning to realize.

"My God, Mr. Reagan, what shall I do?" he said, finally.

"Go to the pilot-house and relieve Whittier at the wheel, Duncan. Tell him it's my orders. And mind, it's a nasty night and you must attend to business."

"I knew up there he would have a chance to cool off and think. Instinctively obedient, he went without a word, and I took Cragg and set him to work at the furnaces. The other fireman on duty did not notice him, thinking him merely a new hand we had picked up at Pierre. I learned afterward that he had been discharged from the 'Leadora' when she was passing Pierre, for drunkenness, and had continued his spree until that night, when it culminated in the murder of Devereaux.

"The storm was continually increasing in violence and the rain falling in torrents, driven down on our starboard quarter by the fierce wind, as I came out again on deck. Every few seconds the lightning

streamed out in a blinding glare, revealing the lashing, foam-covered river and the bleak prairies on either side, their weeds and grasses beaten down by the tempest.

of twenty miles an hour and we couldn't have stopped her in the channel with backed engines.

"Up in the pilot-house, Duncan was giving her a good stiff head to starboard against the wind, and she was sidling along



Drawn by
Vincent A. Sciboda.

"I'VE COME TO ASK YOU, MR. REAGAN, WHAT I AM TO DO ABOUT CRAGG."

When the lightning failed, one could not see five feet in front of the bow. Though we were running at slow bell, the wind sent us pounding downstream at the rate

under the lee shore like a crab.

Altogether it was about as risky running as I ever saw, and I regretted that Captain

Treadwell had undertaken it. I found him pacing the forward end of the hurricane-deck, transferring the leadsmen's soundings to the pilot-house. He was rather nervous himself about the night, but determined to run as long as possible for the sake of Fairchild and Cragg. I stayed with him for an hour or more and then went to my cabin to get some rest, being pretty tired, but though I partly undressed and

crawled into my bunk I could not sleep. The creaking of the boat's timbers and the throb of the engines I was used to, of course, and they did not disturb me, but this very unusual occurrence of traveling at night, especially in such beastly weather, worried me, and besides I couldn't help thinking of Duncan up there in the pilot-house, fighting all alone with his devil of revenge. But even these things faded out of my mind after a while and I was just falling into a doze when the door opened softly and Duncan came in. Poor fellow, his face showed what a mental struggle he had been through.

"Sit down here, Tommy," I said, motioning him to a chair. "What is it?"

"I've come to ask you, Mr. Reagan, what I am to do about Cragg," he replied, coolly.

"Do? Why, that's a queer question to ask me. I don't know."

"If you don't know, then what did you stop me from killing him for, when I had a chance?"

"Because that would have been murder. Do you suppose I'd stand by and see you knife a man in cold blood?"

"Yes, that would have been murder," he repeated, slowly. "But now, Mr. Reagan, why shouldn't I let those Pierre men know who he is? They'd fix him in a minute, and it wouldn't be murder for me, either."

"Because you promised Fairchild you'd protect him. Haven't you sense of honor enough to see that, Tommy?"

"Oh, bother your honor. Mr. Reagan, I'm not a gentleman, and I never pretended to be. I don't believe all this stuff about a man being bound to stand anything just because he's given his word. Look here, now, put your notions of honor away for a minute and set this business out where you can look at it fair and square. Here's this Cragg. He's done me the worst wrong a man can do another. He's taken away from me everything I was living for, and working for, and he didn't do it honestly, either."

"He moved his head impatiently and sat frowning at the floor. At last he said: 'If I was sure that fellow really loved Tillie and meant right by her, I wouldn't touch him, because I want her to be happy.

But I don't believe it for a minute. He's too bad a lot. Still, I won't give him up to the Pierre men. If he gets to trial he'll probably hang for this night's work anyway. But here's what I'm going to do. When we get to the woodyard at the head of the Big Bend, I'm going to take him ashore and give him a revolver and we'll fight it out. If he's killed, it'll only be a few weeks ahead of time, anyway, and if I'm killed, it's an end of my troubles. That's fair, isn't it?"

"You'll not be keeping—"

"It's fair, isn't it?"

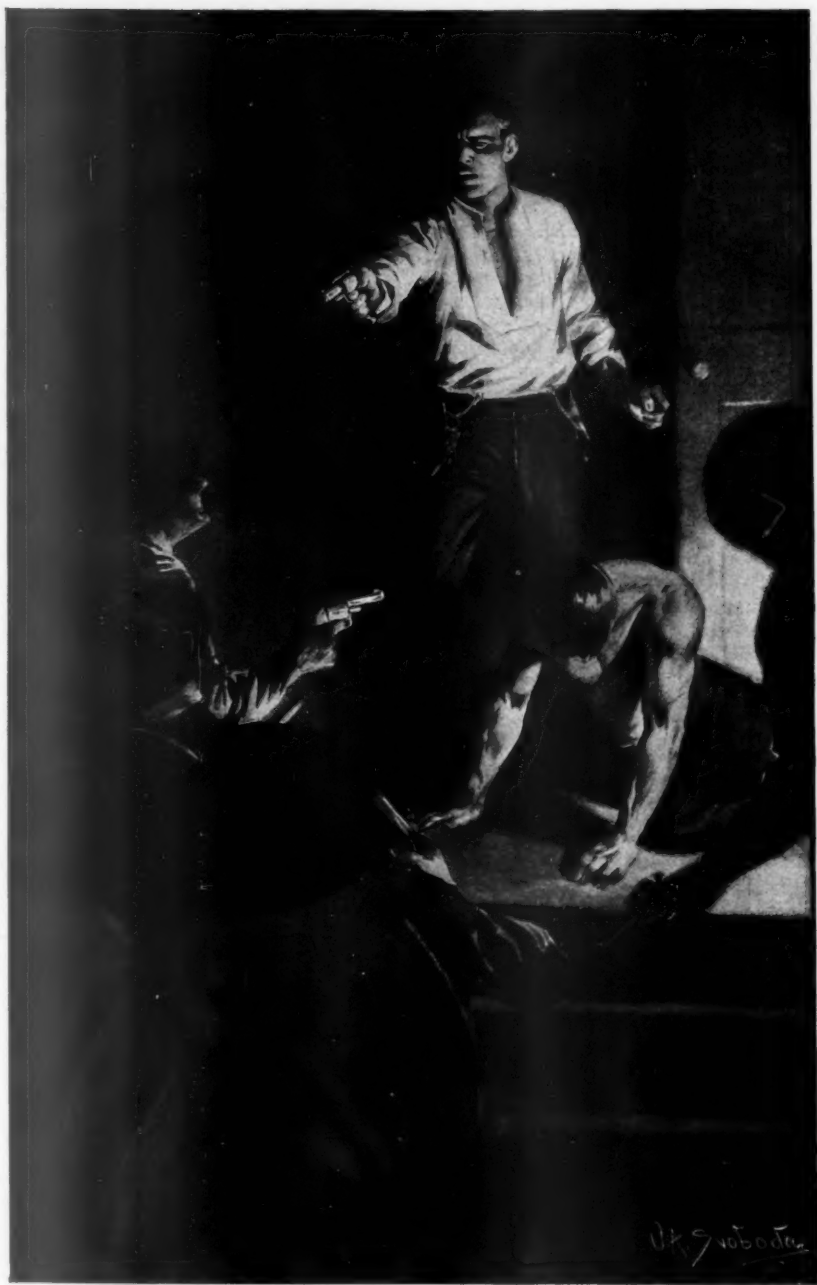
"His promise stood between; he would defeat the ends of justice. But— So I answered, 'I can't be your conscience for you.'

"Well, I'll be my own then, and I believe I'm right. Now I am going to talk to him and I want you to come along to see that everything is done square."

"Tommy," I cried, desperately, "I don't want to get mixed up in this. It's a nasty business, I tell you. Why can't you see things right? You know—"

"Come on, Mr. Reagan, please. I want to get it settled."

"So I got up obediently and dressed. We seemed for the time to have reversed our positions of superior and subordinate. All the while I was trying frantically to think of some way of stopping his crazy scheme. But it wouldn't come. Since his trouble I had never seen him so cool and self-reliant. He seemed almost cheerful as he sat waiting for me and I simply couldn't stand out against his wishes. We went out to the furnaces, I stopping by the rail and Tommy going in. I could see Cragg standing under the lantern at the far side with his back toward us. He was alone, and owing to the noise of the wind rushing through the place, he didn't hear Duncan as he came up behind him and peered over his shoulder. To my surprise, instead of speaking to him, Duncan looked silently for a moment at something Cragg was holding, then passed his hand across his eyes and turning, came softly out, plucking me by the sleeve as he passed. During those few seconds his face had changed again to the pale irresolution of two hours before. I was astonished, he had seemed so cool and determined when he went in.



Drawn by Vincent A. Svoboda.

"I JUST WHIPPED OUT MY REVOLVER AND JUMPED IN FRONT OF THEM."

"'What in thunder's struck you now, Tommy?' I asked, as we walked toward the stern.

"'Oh, I can't do it, Mr. Reagan, I can't do it! He was looking at Tillie's picture and crying. Yes, crying, the low-down scoundrel. I believe he does love her, damn him!' And betwixt relief and jealousy Tommy's strained nerves gave way and he began sobbing himself. 'Come, come, old man; brace up, this won't do,' I said, and putting an arm over his shoulders I led him toward my cabin. Just as we were entering, I saw the door of Fairchild's cabin, farther along the corridor, open suddenly and a big, long-whiskered cattleman came out and ran toward the saloon. I shoved Duncan into my room.

"'Stay there!' I said; 'I'll be back in a minute,' and took after the man down the corridor. As I dashed into the saloon he was running down one side, pounding on the cabin doors and yelling: 'Come out, boys. Get up! The man that killed Devereaux is on this boat.'

"'Stop that noise, you drunken fool!' I shouted. 'Stop it or I'll dump you ashore right here on the prairie.'

"'Ah, come off,' said he. 'I'm no more drunk than you are and you know it. We'll have your little stowaway, my fine mate, spite of all you can do. Eh, boys?' And he grinned at the crowd of cattlemen pouring out of the cabins.

"'What are you talking about?' I asked, trying to bluff him. 'There's no one on this boat you want.'

"'Ain't, eh? What's Larry Fairchild doing in there, then, stretched out with a bullet under his ribs? Aw, you ain't smooth enough, mate. Come on, boys.'

"'They were a tough, angry lot, and as they spread around over the boat there wasn't one without a big six-shooter in his hand, and some had two. Others besides the Pierre men had joined joyfully at the prospect of a lynching bee and there were probably twenty of them in all. The crew, of course, were too overawed to raise a hand against them. I ran to my cabin after my gun, meeting Duncan on the way, and together we went on deck. There we met Captain Treadwell.

"'Keep away from the furnaces,' he whispered. 'You'll only give Cragg

away going there. Mind, none of those fellows know him and if he keeps his wits they won't find out. Remember, he's simply a fireman we picked up at Pierre, *this afternoon*.' But the game went wrong. Cragg, seeing the crowd running all over the boat and knowing well enough what they were after, instead of staying there in plain sight, where no one would have suspected him, lost his head in a second and crawled in between the boilers. There a searcher found him in about a minute and dragged him out, yelling the news at the top of his lungs to the others. Captain Treadwell, always cool, had ordered the pilot to put down the port helm and run her nose against the bank, in the hope that some of the crew would come to after a while and help us put the ruffians ashore. When the uproar in the boiler space began, everybody made a rush for the place, expecting to see Cragg hauled out with a rope around his neck, but instead there was a great commotion in the midst of the crowd and first we knew he tore his way through, knocking men down right and left with his fists, and ran toward the bow, only to find a dozen men in front of him. Like a hunted animal he turned and dashed for the stern, which the wind had swung round until it stood straight out from the bank. Over the rail he went in one bound, a single pistol-shot ringing out as he leaped. Everybody rushed to the rail, and the next lightning-flash showed Cragg struggling thirty feet away against the fierce wind which was driving him into the current.

"'Then some one clutched me by the arm. I heard a voice close to my ear say, 'Good-by, Mr. Reagan,' and the next instant Tommy Duncan went over the rail into the black river with a big cottonwood stick he had snatched from a pile on the deck. We waited breathlessly for the next flash. There he was, back toward us, swimming out into the stream with the timber in front of him. Then Captain Treadwell came to his senses and ordered one of the boats lowered, and we manned her in a hurry, I can tell you, and pulled away after the swimmers. But it was hard work after we got out in the wind away from the lee of the 'Sadie.' The rain pounded down nearly blinding us and between the flashes we could tell nothing

of where we were going, it was so infernally black. Presently, however, when we had more than half crossed the river, I made out a man's head in front, sticking up over a timber. In a minute we got alongside and I reached over and pulled him in. It was Cragg.

"Where's Duncan?" I shouted, in a sudden frenzy.

"Oh, he's gone, sir," wailed Cragg. "He's drowned and I wish to God it was me instead. But he made me take the timber and it wouldn't hold us both up, so he dropped off. I couldn't help it."

"Well, sir, I'm a stolid kind of a chap, not much given to emotion, but a big lump came up into my throat then and I didn't dare to trust my voice for a while, thinking of poor Tommy down there at the bottom of the river where he had gone for the sake of giving his worst enemy another chance for life. What honor and self-respect and pride had failed to accomplish, his great unselfish love had brought about. Ah! that was love indeed; such love as not many women are honored with nowadays, for the love that will move a man to give up his hopes and ambitions and even his life, and to conquer envy and hatred and revenge, for no reward save the hope that it will make some one else happier, is not the common, every-day type of love.

"We held the boat against the wind for a few minutes in the forlorn hope that Duncan might come to the surface, but he did not, so at last we gave it up and pulled back to the 'Sadie,' taking nearly an hour of stiff, hard pulling to do it in. As we came alongside, all the crew and passengers were crowded around waiting for us and eager to know if Duncan was saved. Before I could tell them about it, Cragg, more dead than alive, was lifted on deck, and as soon as they saw him, five or six of the Pierre men made a rush for him. I'd seen all of that kind of business I wanted for one night, and I just whipped out my revolver and jumped in front of them.

"See here now!" I said, "you'll let him alone till I get through talking or somebody'll get hurt. You fellows are a nice pack of law-abiding citizens, you are. There's Sheriff Fairchild lying in one of those cabins with a bullet in him that he

got from one of your crowd for doing his duty. And out there's Tommy Duncan at the bottom of the river where you put him; because he wouldn't have gone if you hadn't tried to lynch this man. How many murders do you want to commit in one night, anyway? You all knew Tommy Duncan. There's hardly a man of you, there's hardly a man along the Missouri River from Sioux City to Buford, that he hasn't done some good turn for. Jim Burrows, do you remember the time he gave you money and sent you home when you went broke gambling at Running Water? Stocky Reno, have you forgotten fall before last when your boy, Dick, was scalded in the explosion of the 'Oriole,' how Tommy took care of him night and day for two weeks running and pulled him through? Oh, you do remember, do you? You're sorry he's dead, are you? Well, what I want to know is—are you going to let him die for nothing? Are you going to let him drown for the sake of this man here and then come in and say: 'Aw, damn Tommy Duncan, he didn't want this fellow lynched, but we're going to lynch him just the same'? Is that what you're going to do? If it is, come on and get him, you ungrateful, cowardly gang of cutthroats."

"But they didn't come. Some way the news about Duncan, and my talk, maybe, cooled them down and they let Cragg alone. We got him to Crow Creek and when his trial came he was cleared, they say on a technicality, but I've always thought the jury wouldn't find against him on account of Duncan's share in the business. He married Tillie Vail the next summer and from all I've heard he's made her a good husband as husbands go. It was that night's work made a man of Cragg, too, I believe.

"Poor Tommy! He and his hard questions of life have been forgotten this many and many a year. Perhaps he was wrong in the way he looked at things, but I don't know; they're questions that every man has to answer for himself and a good many make a botch of them. But I tell you, when the last call comes for us all, I'd be right glad to take my chance on a record, good and bad, as honest and conscientious right through as that of Tommy Duncan, the pilot of the 'Sadie Simmons.'"

A NATIONAL HIGHWAY COMMISSION.

THE attention which has been given to a recent article in THE COSMOPOLITAN by Julian Hawthorne on "A Transcontinental Highway" has shown the importance of bringing a proposition of this kind to some focus. It seems probable that if a route could be selected by a capable commission, the work of local construction would be taken in hand by the section to be benefited by such a highway.

As a preliminary step a commission has been selected consisting of:—

GEN. NELSON A. MILES, *Major-General commanding United States Army.*

MR. FRANCIS E. STANLEY, of Newton, Massachusetts.

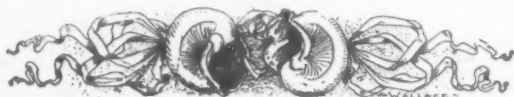
COL. PETER MICHIE, *Professor United States Military Academy.*

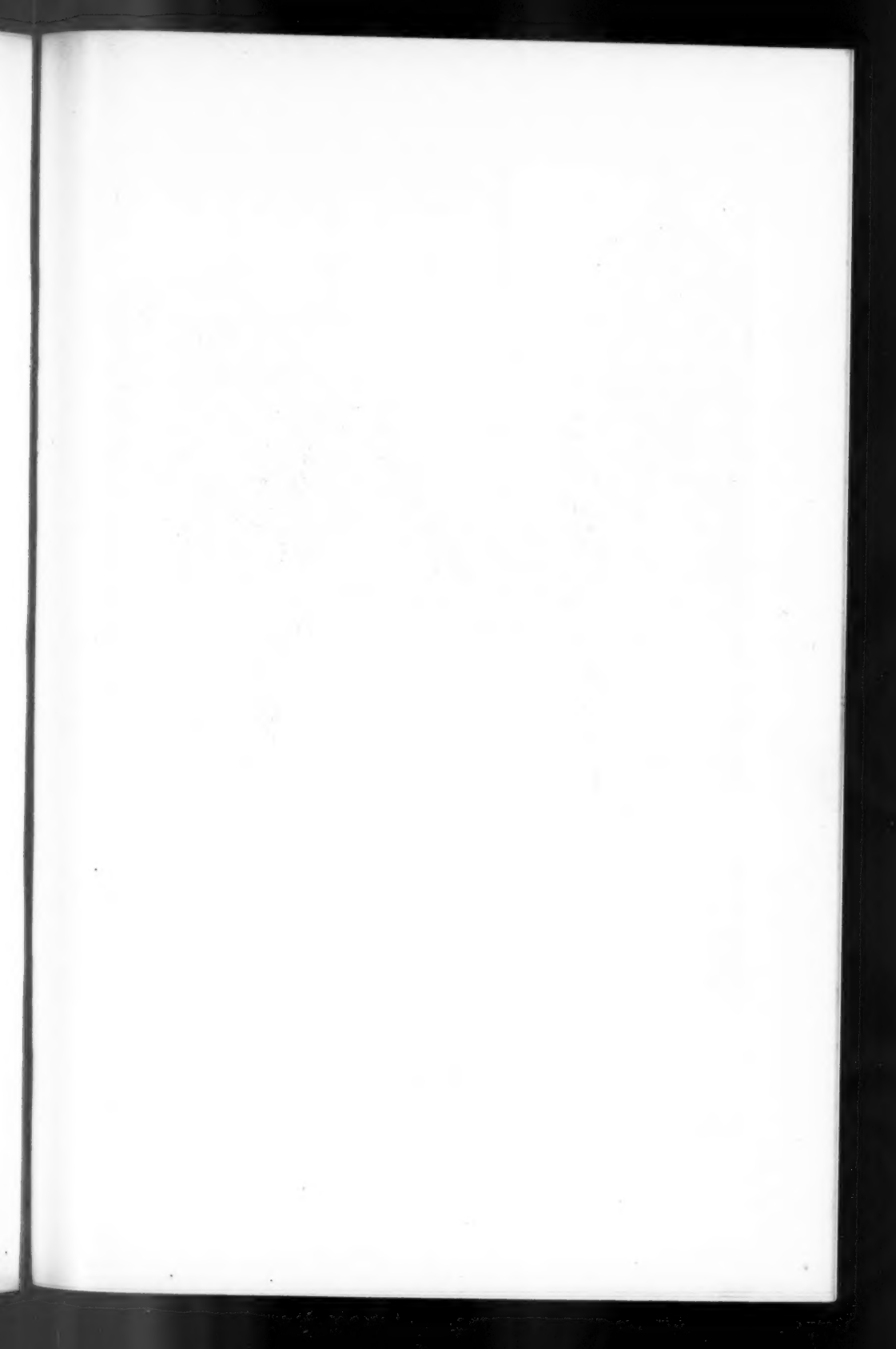
COL. RICHARD L. HOXIE, *Corps of Engineers United States Army.*

COL. SAMUEL E. TILLMAN, *Professor United States Military Academy.*

These gentlemen combine among them not only much knowledge concerning road-making, but wide information concerning the general topography of the United States as well. Two of them have served for a number of years on the National Surveys. All of them are men who will take up the consideration of this subject disinterestedly. It would probably be impossible to secure a more competent or more disinterested commission. They have agreed to give their services without compensation. When their report shall have been formulated, THE COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE will take in hand the work of presenting it to the townships and villages along the route proposed.

Undoubtedly the permanent advertising which each locality would secure because of the passage through its territory of such a roadway would be most valuable, to say nothing of the advantages to residents along a highway one hundred and twenty feet wide, constructed with reference to such swift motion as the automobiles of France have shown. In France records have already been made which almost equal those of the express trains, at a cost of one-sixth to one-quarter of the railway charges. It would be difficult to estimate too highly the importance of such a highroad, first as a local way and then as an object-lesson to the people of other sections.







Drawn by Clyde O. De Land.

"IT WAS THE THRESHING OF A LIFETIME."

See "The Confessions of a Seafaring Blackmailer," page 669.